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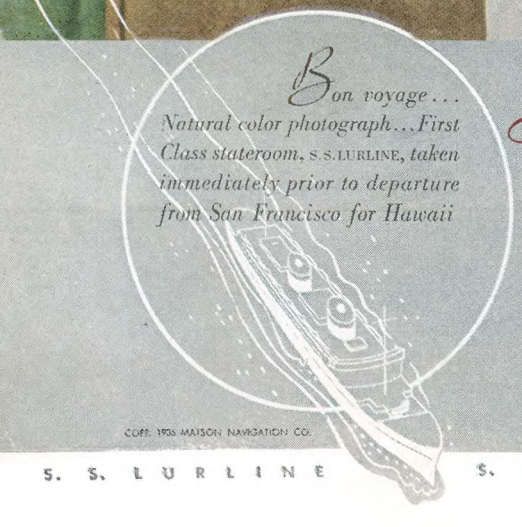
Natural color photograph . . . First Class stateroom, S.S. LURLINE, *taken immediately prior to departure from San Francisco for Hawaii*



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S. S. LURLINE · S. S. MARIPOSA · S. S. MONTEREY · S. S. MALOLO

All His...

yet he uses a 25¢ toothpaste

Mr. Pyne is a member of the famous Pyne family of Princeton tradition. Globe-trotter, golf enthusiast, international host, one of his hobbies is the collection of rare paintings and porcelains. Mr. Pyne is the recipient of numerous decorations from the Courts of Europe.

Mr. Percy Rivington Pyne, 2nd, of Princeton, N. J., Roslyn, L. I., and New York City, tycoon, philanthropist, art collector, and sportsman finds Listerine Tooth Paste superior.

It is no accident that men such as Mr. Pyne, with wealth and tradition behind them, are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste.

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Listerine Tooth Paste seems to meet all the necessary requirements—and that is why I like it.

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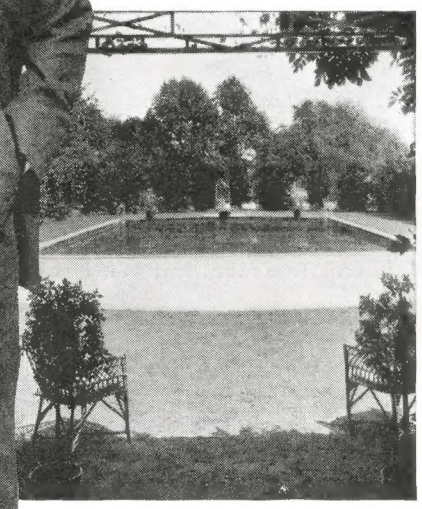
Listerine Tooth Paste comes in two economical sizes: Regular, large, 25¢ size, and Double Size, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

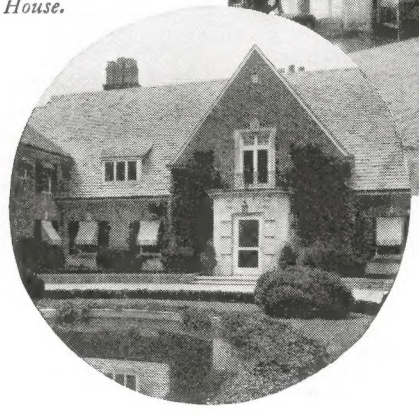


The spacious pool in Mr. Pyne's garden at Rivington House, Roslyn, Long Island.

(below) *The dining room in Mr. Pyne's Roslyn home. In the background the priceless Raeburns, a part of Mr. Pyne's magnificent collection of art treasures.*

The notable picture of Miss Arabella Reynolds by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The entrance to magnificent Rivington House.



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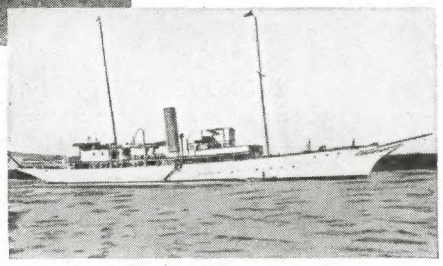

Yacht Mr. Pyne chartered on his last Mediterranean trip.

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MAY 1935 · THE MAGAZINE OF TODAY AND TOMORROW · VOL. CXIX. NO 5

The AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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Costumes for natural-color photographs on pages 32, 33, and 35 by BERGDORF AND GOODMAN

The characters in all short stories, novelettes, and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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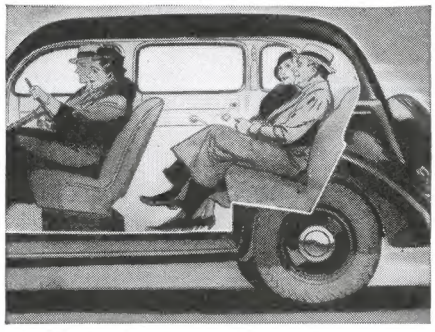

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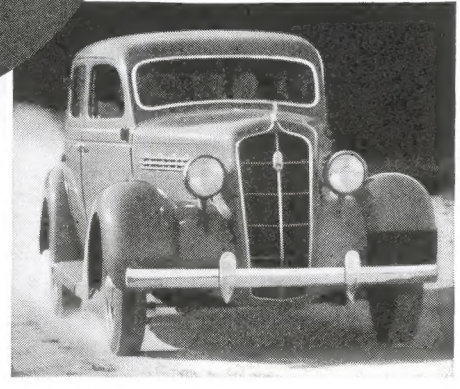

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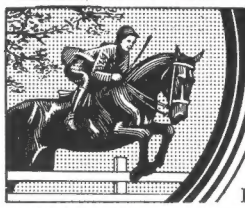

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Directory of Schools Continued on Page 8

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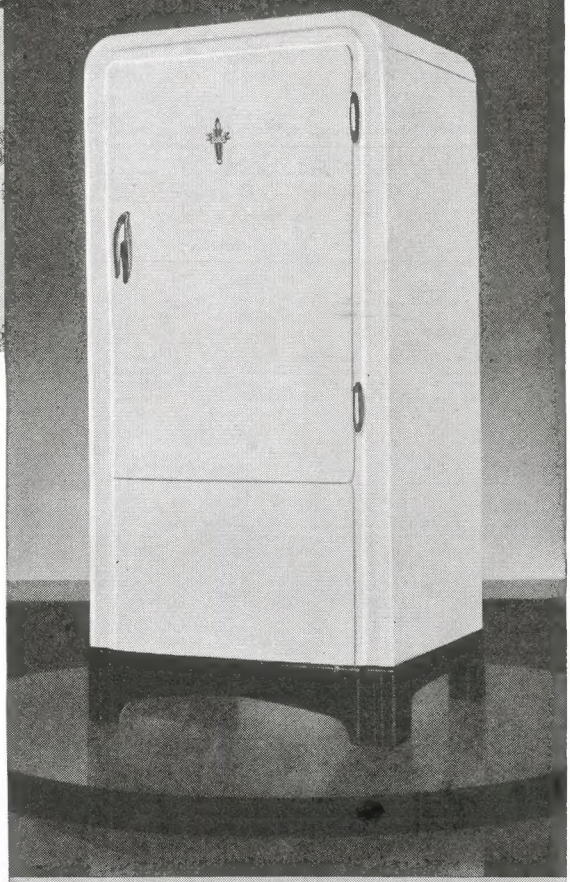

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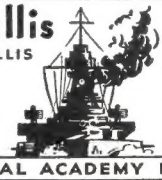

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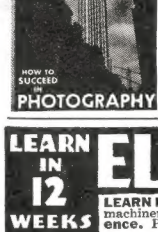

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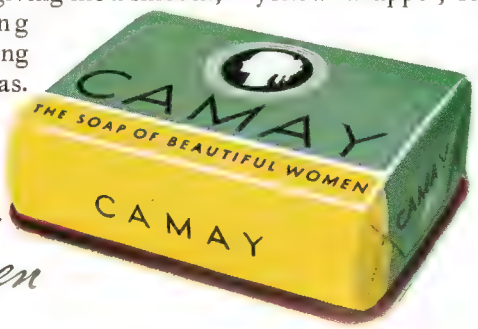


CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE MAY 1935

REVERENCE

SUNDAY morning at West Point. In a high-arched chapel hung with faded and bravely tattered battle flags, eleven hundred young men, trim in gray dress uniforms, bow their heads in prayer. As one man they repeat a deep-voiced plea for heavenly guidance, a prayer which each cadet has learned by heart as a plebe. It was written by Lieutenant Colonel Clayton E. Wheat, former chaplain of the Military Academy, who now teaches English there. A stirring prayer, swelling from the heart, uttering the hopes and desires of the army of American youth everywhere.

CADET PRAYER

O GOD, our Father, Thou Searcher of men's hearts, help us to draw near to Thee in sincerity and truth. May our religion be filled with gladness and may our worship of Thee be natural.

Strengthen and increase our admiration for honest dealing and clean thinking, and suffer not our hatred of hypocrisy and pretense ever to diminish. Encourage us in our endeavor to live above the common level of life. Make us to choose the harder right instead of the easier wrong, and never to be content with a half-truth when the whole can be won. Endow us with courage that is born of loyalty to all that is noble and worthy, that scorns to compromise with vice and injustice, and knows no fear when truth and right are in jeopardy.

Guard us against flippancy and irreverence in the sacred things of life. Grant us new ties of friendship and new opportunities of service. Kindle our hearts in fellowship with those of a cheerful countenance, and soften our hearts with sympathy for those who sorrow and suffer. May we find genuine pleasure in clean and wholesome mirth and feel inherent disgust for all coarse-minded humor.

Help us, in our work and in our play, to keep ourselves physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight, that we may the better maintain the honor of the Corps untarnished and unsullied, and acquit ourselves like men in our effort to realize the ideals of West Point in doing our duty to Thee and to our Country. All of which we ask in the name of the Great Friend and Master of men. —AMEN.

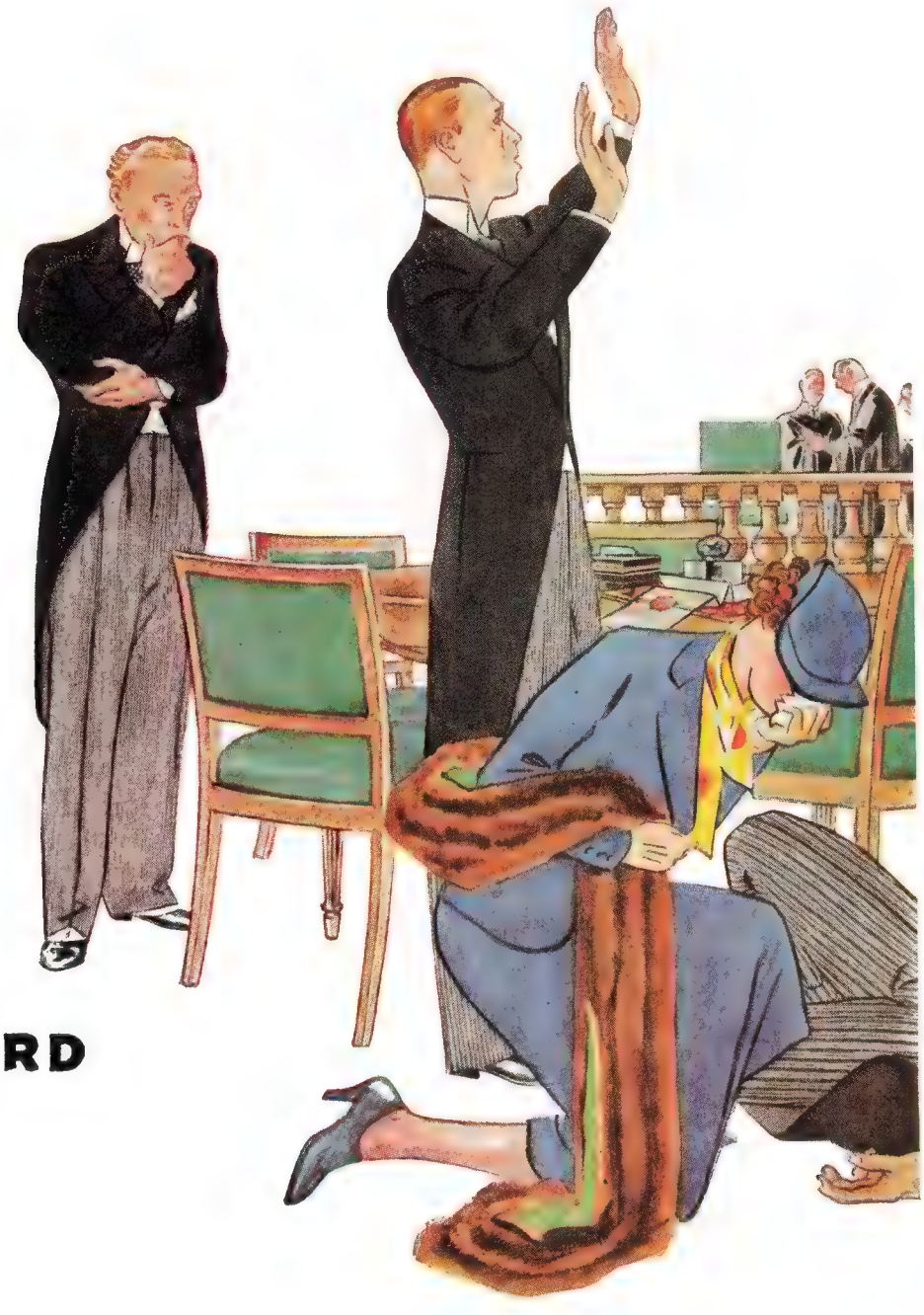
The Clock Strikes

By Leslie Ford

NOW that the nine black-robed justices of the Supreme Court have moved out of the Capitol to their new, gleaming temple of justice across the Plaza, the cold-blooded ingenuity of the murder of Thomas Pomeroy can never be repeated. The small semicircular chamber where they sat under the clock on the gallery—scene of the second step in the ruthless crimes that took place round the family of Thomas Pomeroy—has been deserted, and the sonorous "Oyez and oyez!" has rung for the last time under the felt-padded dome as the justices came gravely into the chamber.

There were exactly eleven people in the room at 12:45 that afternoon in October, apart from those who belonged: court attendants, members of the bar, and the nine justices. They were the eyewitnesses of the strangest event that ever took place in the historic old chamber—or that ever will take place, now that the Court has left the Capitol building, taking with it its dignity and power and prestige—as well as the stack of pamphlets that the murderer coolly lifted from the gallery landing.

It happened on Monday. Colonel John Primrose, 92nd Engineers U. S. A. (Retired), temporary special investigator for the Postal Department, and Sergeant Phineas T. Buck, 92nd Engineers U. S. A. (Retired), his guard, philosopher, and friend, came into the corridor in front of the old chamber in the Capitol shortly after half past eleven. Although Sergeant Buck usually walked a step behind the Colonel—it was a mark of respect, in the first place, and, in the second, he could see over his head quite easily—most people looked at him first. In fact, if it had not been for Sergeant Buck's grim iron pan, his rigidly erect six-feet-four and the great shoulders that had helped make him heavyweight champion of the Army years before,



most people would not have seen Colonel Primrose at all. It was only the way he cocked his head down and looked up with a pair of black eyes as bright and shrewd as a wise, wicked old parrot's that suggested something more than a pleasant elderly gentleman. Gray-haired and a little bald, one knee a little stiff, Colonel Primrose was below medium height and on the plump side, slow-moving, a little sentimental, and quite unmilitary. He sometimes wondered, in fact, if he had been military enough, in allowing Sergeant Buck to take complete charge of him the way he had, as chauffeur, valet, butler, housekeeper, and manager.

As they came into the corridor, Mr. Justice Pettijohn, stooped and fragile, was coming slowly from the elevator on his way to the robing room. As he saw Colonel Primrose his face clouded, and he stopped.

"I hear you went up to look into the Thompson Airways crash?" he asked.

Colonel Primrose nodded. "I hope you didn't lose anyone, sir."

"An old friend," Mr. Justice Pettijohn said sadly. He hesitated, a question in his eyes.

Colonel Primrose shook his head. "I'm sorry, sir," he said gently. "None of them were recognizable. The plane burned out in the marsh."

Mr. Justice Pettijohn passed his thin, blue-veined hand across his forehead.

"It's bitterly ironic," he said after a moment. "His crashing that way. He was going to address the meeting of the Women's Defense League here in the Capitol Building last night—on the place of women in military aviation. I'd expected him to lunch today."

He shook his head and turned away. Colonel Primrose watched him go slowly towards the robing room. Garrow, secret service man attached to the Court, bowed and opened the door for him. Colonel Primrose cocked his head down and turned stiffly to where Sergeant Buck's giant form was standing at attention behind him.

"He meant Julian Black," he said. "Strange, wasn't it?"

"You get it when it's coming to you, sir," Sergeant Buck said philosophically, out of the corner of his mouth. "Whether you're in an airship or home in bed. It's what they call fate."

COLONEL PRIMROSE smiled, and glanced at his watch. Men were busily dashing in and out of the clerk's office across the corridor. He looked at them curiously. Colonel Primrose was very inquisitive, both by nature and profession, and, furthermore, it was not often that he found himself on Capitol Hill so early in the day. In fact, he could not recall the last time he had attended a session of the Supreme Court. They were usually pretty dull, from a layman's point of view, and tourists kept coming in and going out, which made it harder than ever to keep your mind on what was going on. At the present moment, however, and for a very particular reason, he was watching the bustle and hurry in the narrow corridor with a lively professional interest.

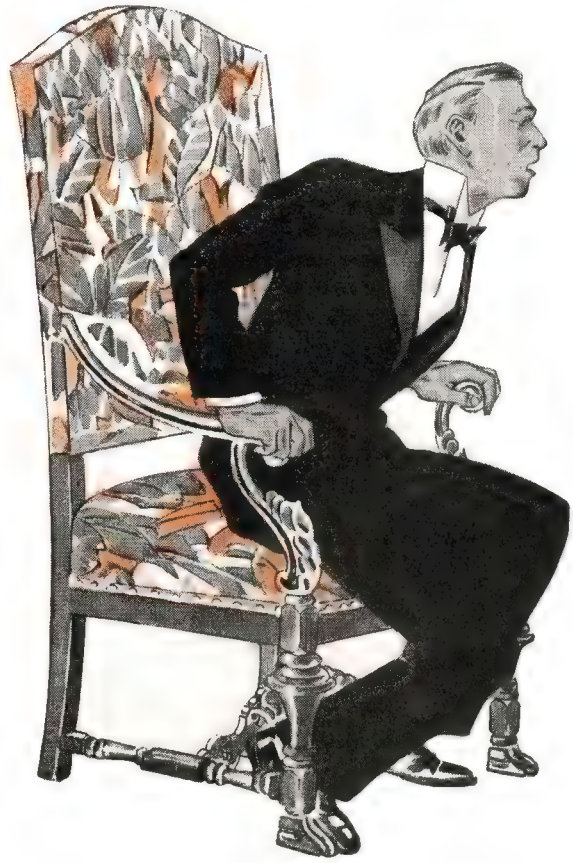
He went on towards the entrance and,

As the clamor of excited and frightened voices broke out, the secret service man knelt beside the lawyer's body

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY SAMUEL OTIS

without turning his gray head—it turned with difficulty, thanks to a German bullet through the neck—he took in the half-circle of a room, the domed ceiling, the illuminated skylights, the three red-velvet-draped windows over the low gallery. The gallery itself, across the end of the room opposite the entrance, was supported by pillars of Potomac marble that made a background for the mahogany bar and the nine dark leather chairs in which the nine justices would sit when the hands of the white-faced clock on the gallery rail stood at twelve.

Colonel Primrose stood an instant in the door, and then turned to a bench at the right. He sat down, straightened out his stiff knee with both hands, settled back, feeling the awed silence that hung over the room, and looked about him. In the space before the bar was a long table with four chairs where opposing counsel sat. Directly in front of the chief justice's chair was a sloped reading desk, where counsel stood to argue before the Court. Towards Colonel Primrose there were chairs arranged in semicircular rows, for members of the bar, and curved benches for the public, extending round the circumference of the room.



PAGES in blue knickerbocker suits kept coming in and out. Messengers, neat, respectable colored men, came and went, all very quietly, through the door at the end of the semicircle to Colonel Primrose's right. That door, he knew, led across a narrow corridor to the marshal's room. Off one end of the corridor was the attorney general's office. At the other end were a lavatory and a flight of iron steps leading up to the gallery. Colonel Primrose glanced up across the room at it. He could see a closed door at each end, left and right, of the semicircle.

Colonel Primrose, waiting for the justices to enter, was really not particularly interested in the architecture of the chamber, except for the blank niches on either side of the main entrance, once intended for statues but now fitted with leather seats just wide enough to hold two and a half people. One of them was now occupied by a dark-haired, furtive-eyed man in a brown corduroy Norfolk-jacket suit. In the other niche was a girl. Colonel Primrose had noticed her as soon as he sat down. She had on a blue-colored dress and a mink scarf. She had one lovely brown eye and one delicately arched but very definite dark eyebrow, and a soft mop of gleaming red-gold curls on one side of her head. The other eye and eyebrow and the rest of the curls Colonel Primrose had to take on faith, because of her felt hat.

She was sitting calmly there, her smart suède bag in her lap, studying the diagram of the Court which the attendant gives each person as he comes in.

Colonel Primrose's eye traveled along the curved benches in front of him. They were sparsely occupied by people, tourists obviously, staring about.

THE hands of the white-faced clock were moving towards twelve. The hushed silence in the room deepened. People sat forward in tense expectancy, waiting for the door behind the center chair to open. Abruptly the deputy marshal's gavel pounded a single stroke. People scrambled to their feet. The deputy marshal's sonorous voice intoned, "The Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States." The chief justice, tall, portly, clean-shaven, with stern, thin lips contradicted by a pair of twinkling blue eyes, moved into the silent room, followed by the associate justices.

"Oyez and oyez and oyez!" cried the deputy marshal then. "All persons having business before the Honorable the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting. God save the United States and this honorable Court."

The planes came close together again. Colonel Primrose raised his blackboard

Colonel Primrose's gaze suddenly flashed past Hilda Ellis to the garden window. "Buck!" he said quietly

As they sat down, not nine ordinary men in black silk, but nine august figures, beyond passion and prejudice, on their brows the majesty and wisdom of the Law, the clerk rose and called a name. One by one five men came forward, each bringing another man with him to sponsor for practice before the Court. The five new members filed to the clerk's desk, took the oath droned out to them, and departed with their sponsors.

THE spectators' benches began to empty.

"No wonder," Colonel Primrose thought. He remembered that Monday was the day the justices read their opinions.

"Report on Case 35," said the chief justice. His voice was clear and deep.

"No report."

"45?"

"No report."

"Case No. 2."

Colonel Primrose, agreeably surprised that there were no justices' reports, leaned forward. The girl in the blue-colored dress leaned forward, too. Colonel Primrose, glancing about the room, saw two young men come in through the marshal's door, and saw them both look across the room as if they knew the girl in blue color would be there. She smiled quickly. The young men sat down by the marshal's door.

Colonel Primrose looked down at the two men in morning coats who had taken their places at the counsel table. Having taken the pains to get an excellent description of Thomas Pomeroy, he had no trouble in picking him out—the very tall, burly man with heavy shoulders and a pink, shiny dome fringed with snowy-white hair. The other man, therefore, with the thick, sandy hair that looked like a cap, and the sharp, mobile face, would be Jerome Givler, partner in the law firm of Pomeroy, Knapp & Givler. He was sitting in the chair nearest the end of the table while Pomeroy spoke.

Colonel Primrose fastened his eyes on the two buttons at the tail of Thomas Pomeroy's coat and waited patiently. The few spectators who remained were beginning to leave. Colonel Primrose suddenly remembered that the coffered ceiling was felt-lined, and that was why it was impossible to hear anyone whose back was turned towards you. He glanced about the room. Nine men remained inside the enclosure, including the clerk, the marshal, and Garrow, the court detective. Ten people, not counting himself and Sergeant Buck and the girl in the blue-colored dress, were left on the public benches. Colonel Primrose's eyes wandered back to the big bald-headed man who was talking.

He shook his head. "Narrow squeak," he thought.

He leaned over towards his granite-faced sergeant, who was following the august lead of the chief justice and four of the associate justices in stifling a gigantic yawn.

"That's Pomeroy talking," he whispered. "Lucky devil!"

SERGEANT BUCK suppressed his yawn abruptly, blinked, stiffened to attention, and looked puzzled.

"He'd planned to come down in that plane," Colonel Primrose whispered. "Just missed it. His daughter, too. That's probably her." He indicated the girl in the blue-colored dress. "I don't see Mrs. Ellis."

"I read she's at the White House for lunch, sir."

Colonel Primrose nodded. Hilda Ellis, the noted (*Continued on page 160*)

Disarmament

—How?

By H. G. Wells

I SUPPORT the project of disarmament.

I support it on the supposition that what disarmament people have in view is world-wide disarmament, and also I assume that they are proposing the suppression of the manufacture and sale, for private profit, of any weapon whatever.

I will ignore here altogether two marginal issues: the question of the manufacture and sale of sporting weapons, and the desirability of an armed police. These are minor issues which can be easily dealt with if the major one is adequately controlled. And I will speak of weapons as meaning any material specifically made for the killing of men.

I do not see that there can be any insurmountable practical difficulty in controlling the manufacture of arms. Except in the case of rude swords and spears, bows and arrows, and so forth, the detection and prevention of illicit arms-making—given the honest co-operation of governments—would be far more easy than the control and prevention of the drug traffic.

Directly you come to weapons of precision and size, the supply of metal and chemical material and of the machinery required makes the control of the whole business an extremely simple affair.

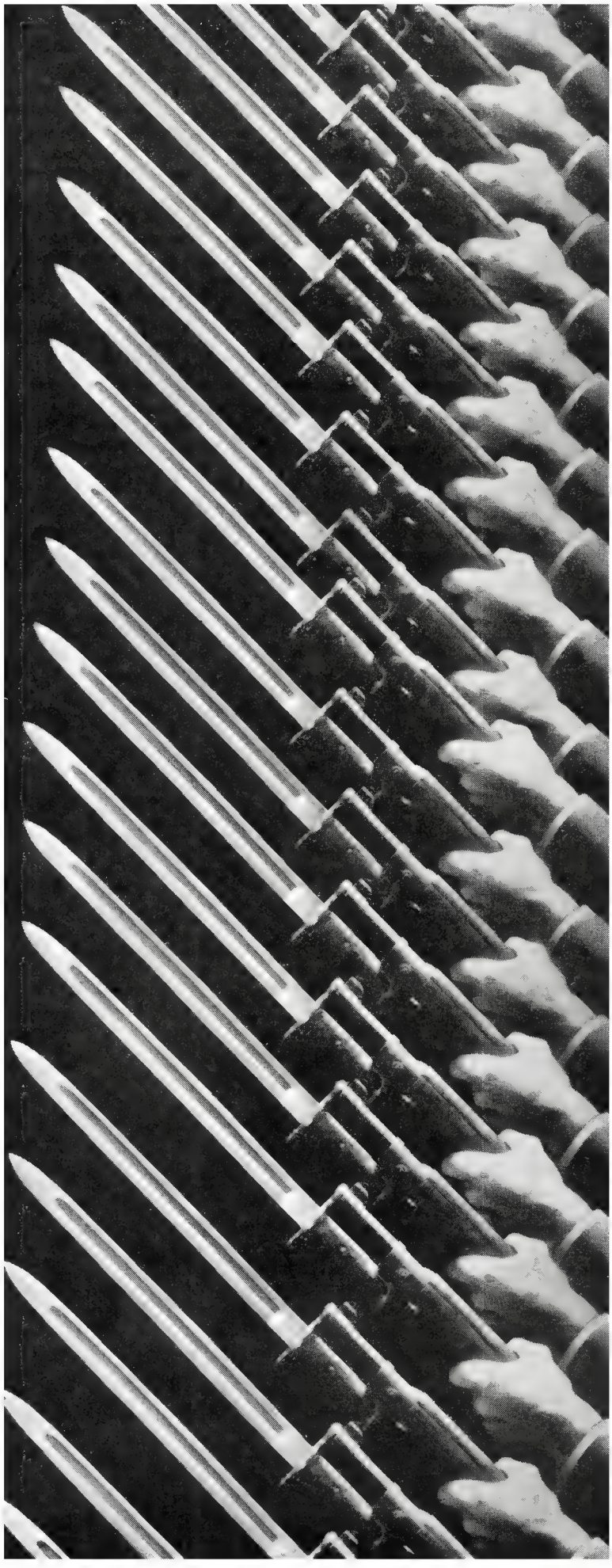
What I want to stress more particularly is the sense of the enormous mental and moral difficulties, the political and traditional obstacles, in the way of this proposal.

It is no good ignoring these difficulties or putting them aside for subsequent examination. They are vital now. If we say world disarmament, we have to mean it, to the point of its effective attainment. To say disarmament is like saying no more war or, as Lord David Davies does, let us set up a world police and run in anybody who starts war-making.

All that is just an empty cry, pious aspiration, amiable if slightly irritating childishness, until we begin to fill in the answer to the question, *And how?*

THE Prime Minister of Great Britain has asked—*And how?*

His recent speech on the arms trade was an eloquent display of how to ask for disarmament and do nothing about it. He spoke very beautifully of the horror with which he saw that British soldiers had been blown to pieces by British-made guns at the Dardanelles. He explained how passionately he wished for a complete control of private-



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUSTAV P. WEISSNER

profit armament production. And then he argued that to control private armament production, except through an extremely flexible license system, would throw multitudes of people out of work, and put the British at a great disadvantage against foreign powers.— Those wicked foreign powers!— And that in fact there is *nothing doing*.

It could be done quite easily, except for political reasons, and reasons of national defense and advantage. But those reasons bar it out of the scope of anything but pious aspiration.

I REALLY believe that there are people under the impression that by passing a few resolutions, subscribing none too liberally to a few peace societies, voting whenever possible for whoever is the leading professional pacificist, being excessively and artificially *nice* to foreigners, learning Esperanto, and taking away toy soldiers from their children, they can—without any further hindrance to their present occupations and habits—insure the peace of the world.

They can't. They will not understand the harsh realities of the case. They will not grasp the nettle of the truth, which is that since human society and states and governments have existed, they have been *warring* societies, that human history is a history of war, interspersed with periods of recovery from war and preparation for further war, that all the sovereign states of today were begotten in war and are organized primarily for war, that the uniforms in which our rulers delight are war uniforms, that the flag is a war apparatus, that those who say that war is in the nature of human society have a *very strong case*, and therefore that to propose to abolish war is to propose to reverse—to change fundamentally—the whole trend of humanity, the whole political and educational system in which we are now living. It is a change in human biology that peace advocates are demanding. It means a New Deal for the whole species. We cannot have a change upon this scale without paying a tremendous price.

This is something greater than ordinary politics. We are dealing with vast, comprehensive things. War isn't just a nuisance, an inconvenience, a waste. In the past it was little more than that, but not now. Now, with the new powers thrust into man's hands by science and invention, war is a plain threat to destroy civilization, to destroy all that makes human life worth living. Humanity is threatened with catastrophe and destruction.

It is an (*Continued on page 92*)

Opera Hat

By Clarence Budington Kelland

What has happened so far:

LONGFELLOW DEEDS was the sole literary personage of Mandrake Falls. He wrote poetry. In fact, he wrote the touching and inspirational verses which appear on Christmas cards, Mother's Day cards, and telegrams. He also played the tuba, was vaguely interested in his deceased father's wool, hide, and fertilizer business, and was completely pleased with life—until a Mr. Cedar, member of the law firm of Cedar, Cedar, Cedar & McGonigle appeared with the startling news that Victor Semple, an almost forgotten uncle of Longfellow's, had been killed in an accident, together with his son, and Longfellow was the heir. His inheritance included several million dollars, a New York house, a Long Island home, a Palm Beach house, and (most disturbing of all) the controlling interest in the Continental Opera Company, which had never made money and was not at any time expected to.

Longfellow and Mr. Cedar left for New York, where Longfellow was to meet an amazing and diverse set of his fellow men—and women. On the train to the city there was Madame Pomponi, temperamental and voluble star of the opera company. Madame was accompanied by her secretary, Simonetta Petersen, who at first was nothing more to Longfellow than a cool, distinct voice raised in the midst of Pomponi's dramatics. Upon reaching New York, he discovered that he also had a secretary, inherited from his uncle and named Roger Bengold. A succession of callers included Mrs. Garrison, a society leader who wished him to marry her daughter Theresa; and Signor Visconti, musical director of the opera company. Visconti spoke no English, had to talk through an interpreter, and had plenty to say—principally concerning the renewal of his contract.

Poor Longfellow, harried by his secretary and valet, weighed down by his white elephant opera house, began to feel that his uncle, by getting killed, had played him a dirty trick.

Let's go on with Longfellow to the opera company's directors' meeting. . . .

ROGER BENGOLD stepped to the door of the library and paused. Longfellow Deeds sat at his desk, his hair rumpled, his coat lying on the floor beside him, and the rug covered with discarded pieces of manuscript paper. He was in the throes of composition. Mr. Bengold coughed. Longfellow looked up and frowned.

"I must remind you," said Bengold, "that the meeting of the directors of the Opera is held this noon at twelve o'clock."

"Shucks," said Longfellow. "Can't they postpone it?"

"I'm afraid not. It is important. There is the matter of your election as president to succeed Mr. Semple—and other imperative matters."

"It just means I'll have to work tonight. This is a rush order."

"A rush order?"

"Yes," said Longfellow. "They need a new Mother's Day poem, and it must be in the mail tomorrow."

"Mother's Day poem! Ah—I mean to say!—I don't think I understand."

"I am a poet," said Longfellow

simply. "I write most of the poems you see on postal cards. This order went to Mandrake Falls and was forwarded down. They've used the last poem three years and it's what you might call worn out."

Bengold appeared a trifle bewildered. "Why must you write it?" he asked.

"Well, for a poem this length I get twenty-five dollars," said Longfellow.

"Twenty-five dollars!"

"Yes," said Longfellow with some pride. "I'm the highest-priced poet they have."

"You mean—you mean you write poems for postal cards for money?"

"It pays very well," said Longfellow.

"But you don't need twenty-five dollars. It is an insignificant sum. You—I mean to say—it is absurd."

"Why?" asked Longfellow, with some surprise.

"Because, Mr. Deeds, you are several times a millionaire and—"

"Twenty-five dollars is always twenty-five dollars," said Longfellow practically.

BENGOLD pondered this, and while he was pondering Longfellow thought about what could be done with that much money.

"It will pay the wages of my valet for a week," he said.

"But, Mr. Deeds, you ought not to do it. Consider your position. Consider your dignity. What will people think if you go around writing poems for postal cards?"

"In Mandrake Falls," said Longfellow, "they thought it was pretty remarkable. Yes, sir. The town was proud of me. When visitors came to town my house was often pointed out to them, and several times I was asked for my autograph. I don't want you to think I'm vain, Bengold, but my poems meant a lot to Mandrake Falls."

"This is New York," said Bengold dryly.

"Doesn't New York like poets? I thought it did. They entertained Masefield and made quite a fuss about him, and Noyes, and different ones."

"They didn't write poems for postal cards," said Bengold.

"I know," said Longfellow. "It's a kind of a knack. Not everybody can do it."

"But you can't! You mustn't! It's so—so undignified. Poems for twenty-five dollars."

"When," asked Longfellow, "did earning twenty-five dollars get to be undignified?"

Bengold was unable to answer that one. "I shall speak about the matter to Mrs. Garrison," he said firmly. "She will remonstrate with you."

LONGFELLOW shook his head. "I don't think it is any of her business," he said. "I really don't. I've spent all my life learning how to be a poet, and I like being one. It is a good kind of work, and it pays. I could lose all this money Mr. Semple left me, but I couldn't lose the ability to write poems. And, besides, it doesn't matter how much money you have, there's no law against making a little more, is there? I seem to spend a great deal."

"Only common people buy postal cards," said Bengold.

"I guess common people aren't so bad," said Longfellow. "If they were, there wouldn't be so many of them. I mean they would do something about it in Washington. I know a good many common people, and, for all I can see, the government had just as soon be paid taxes by them as to be paid taxes by uncommon people." He warmed to his subject. "What's wrong with common people? That's what I'd like to know."

"They are vulgar," said Mr. Bengold.

To this the only apt reply

Dide socked the stranger with such vigor that the man sprawled on the sidewalk

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Longfellow could think of at the moment was to say, "So is your old man," but he did not feel he knew his secretary well enough to make so flippant a rejoinder, so he kept silent.

"And postal cards are vulgar," said Mr. Bengold.

"How," asked Longfellow, "did Mr. Semple make all his money?"

"He first arose to affluence," said Bengold, "through the manufacture of overalls."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Longfellow. "I don't know who would buy overalls except common people. And overalls aren't so polite, either. I guess just as good people buy postal cards as overalls, and I think poems are a lot more élite than blue jeans. That's what I think."

"MR. DEEDS, the trouble is that you are deficient in social sensitiveness. Due to your background. Mrs. Garrison will remedy it."

"I wouldn't be surprised if she didn't," said Longfellow. "And there's another side to the matter. My firm depends on me. They have always paid promptly and well, and I have never disappointed them in filling an order. I couldn't walk out on them now—not just because I came into money. It's an obligation on my part. I got to be loyal to them."

"Nonsense, Mr. Deeds."

"And, besides, I like to write poems. And I'll tell you something else, Bengold—there are a lot of people would like to write them and make as much money as I can make. So you needn't bother Mrs. Garrison or anybody, because I am going to go right on writing just as many as I want to; and that's that. I will go to this directors' meeting, but I will come home afterwards and write my Mother's Day poem. I'm having a little trouble with it, though it starts out pretty good. Listen."

He cleared his throat and read:

"Whose hand, though wearied with the ladle,
Would pause to rock my infant cradle?
My Mother's!"

Longfellow looked up at his secretary. "That's as far as I've got, but you see the idea of it. . . . Is it time to go?"

"Immediately," said Mr. Bengold.

"Where is the meeting?"

"In Mr. Cedar's office. It has always been the custom to hold the meetings there."

"Cedar, Cedar, Cedar & McGonigle. I wish I could find something to rhyme with McGonigle."

They were driven to one of those monstrous buildings on lower Broadway which are incredibly filled with lawyers and with elevators which make no stop below the twentieth floor, and whose lobbies are thronged by people who look as if they had neither legal affairs nor a desire to ride up and down, but who seem to be using the great corridors as a short cut from some negligible spot to another one equally unimportant.

They were catapulted to the thirty-second floor and at the end of a hallway discovered double mahogany doors, upon one of which was lettered minutely the name of Cedar, Cedar, Cedar & McGonigle. Through these they entered a sumptuous mahogany waiting-room, where an odd-looking girl answered the telephone, counted petty cash, and whispered to the office boy that she saw McGonigle's son in a night club with something that looked as if it came out of a gold mine bearing a pickax.

"Mr. Lathrop Cedar," said Bengold.

"See fee zin," said the girl. "Name?"

"Mr. Deeds," said Bengold.

"Misser Deeds see Misser Lathrop Cedar," said the girl into her instrument. She looked up and nodded brightly. "Youcun go ri*tin*," she said mysteriously.

"You come," said Longfellow.

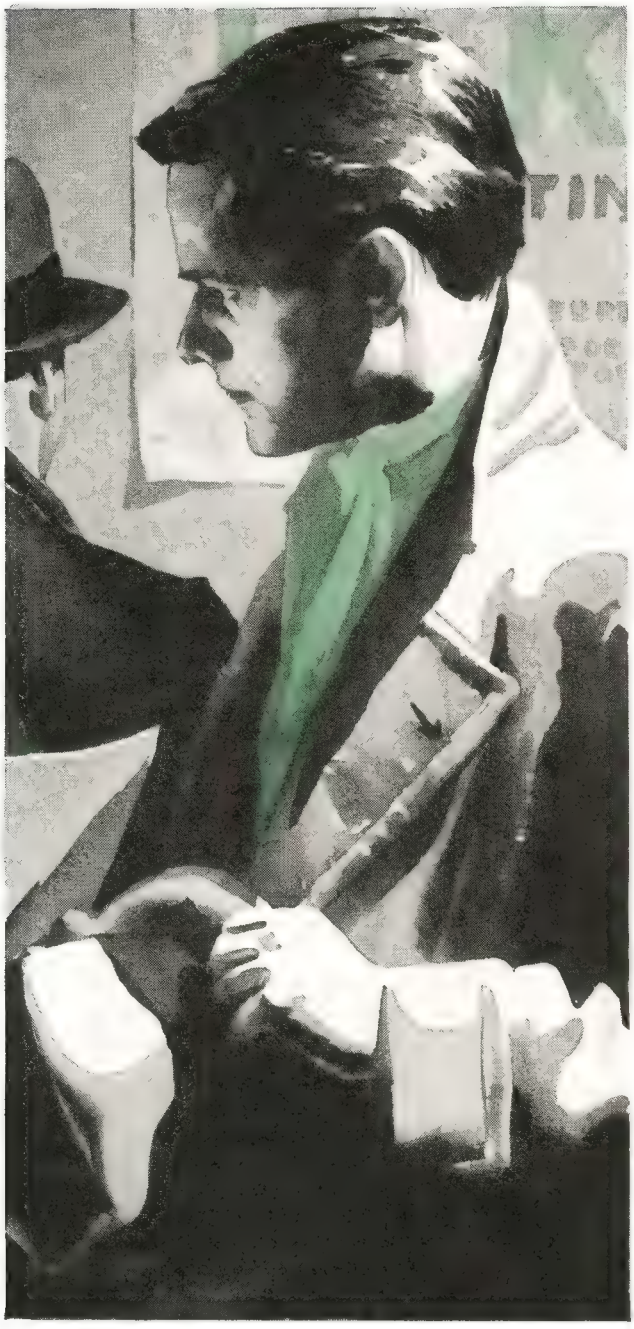
"It would be improper," said Bengold. "I will await you here."

Mr. Cedar appeared in the door—a signal honor—and conducted Longfellow into a vast legal library, down the middle of which ran a huge mahogany table around which were a dozen large mahogany chairs. The bookcases were mahogany and the room was paneled in mahogany, and expensive bronzes of persons riding active horses were scattered all about. Gentlemen occupied the mahogany chairs, and to these Mr. Cedar introduced his client. Longfellow, being in a state of embarrassment, caught none of their names, except that he thought one fat, pink, bald, onion-eyed gentleman was called Gullible. Which was, of course, impossible. Upon subsequent investigation it appeared that the name of this director *was* Gullible. Saturn Graves Gullible!

"Hello," said Simonetta Petersen, greeting him with a smile and a curt nod. "How do you like being a millionaire?"

LONGFELLOW shook hands diffidently and flushed a little, and wished someone would tell him where he was supposed to sit down. Mr. Cedar emitted a hearty, artificial chuckle, calculated to put everybody at his ease and to interject a note of humor.

"The first business before this meeting," he said, "is the election of a new president. I therefore propose Mr. Deeds for that office, so he may imme-



"I haven't really gotten into it yet," Longfellow answered, "but it seems to me I had more fun in Mandrake Falls"

diately be seated in the president's chair."

"Second," said Mr. Gullible.

"All in favor?" said Mr. Cedar.

"Aye," said everybody, and Longfellow felt himself being propelled to the chair at the head of the table. He sank into it and sat very stiff and erect.

"The order of business calls for the secretary's report," prompted Mr. Cedar.

"Move we dispense with it," said Mr. Gullible.

"I think we may do so," said Mr. Cedar. "Next, Mr. President, is the treasurer's report."

"Move we dispense with it," said Mr. Gullible.

"I think we may do so," said Mr. Cedar. "The next—"

Longfellow moved his hand in a bewildered gesture of protest.

"What does the president do?" he asked.

"He presides at meetings—" commenced Mr. Cedar.

"Then," said Longfellow, "I better get in practice. Don't you think I better get in practice? I guess I would kind of like to hear the treasurer's report. I—I guess I would kind of like to know how the business is getting along. I mean how much money it made, and all."

THERE was a silence of peculiar acuteness. Various directors looked at one another and Mr. Gullible cleared his throat explosively.

"I know about parliamentary law," said Longfellow in the awkward pause. "I was president of our debating club. Everybody thought it was a good idea to be familiar with parliamentary law, so I learned Roberts' Rules of Order almost by heart. We will proceed with the treasurer's report."

"The treasurer," said a tall, spare man in an afternoon coat and an abundant mustache, "reports a deficit of one hundred thirty-eight thousand dollars and eighty-seven cents."

"You mean we lost that much? Actually lost it! My goodness!"

"I think I should explain to you, Mr. President," said Mr. Cedar, "that the Opera is not conducted for profit."

"It isn't? What is it conducted for, then?"

"Art," said a small, pink, closely shaved, and dapper director. Longfellow reflected that pinkishness was a dominant color in the complexions of the directors.

"It is an Institution!" said Mr. Gullible.

"Exactly," said Mr. Cedar.

"We own an opera house, don't we?" asked Longfellow.

"We do."

"And give shows?"

"We provide opera," said Mr. Gullible.

"But you charge. I mean you sell tickets."

"In effect," said Mr. Cedar.

"But it doesn't pay?"

"That would be impossible," said Mr. Cedar.

"Why?"

THIS seemed to be a very disconcerting question, for nobody made haste to answer, so Longfellow made effort to find an answer himself. "We must give the wrong kind of shows," he said.

"Opera is Opera," said an elderly director didactically.

"I should think if it can't be made to pay you'd change," said Longfellow. "You just can't stay in business if you keep losing money. It stands to reason."

"Opera is an Institution," repeated Mr. Gullible. "It is our duty to the public to keep it alive."

"Why?" asked Longfellow, in an honest effort to solve the problem.

"The public demands it," said Mr. Gullible.

"They can't demand it very hard," said Longfellow, "or they would buy more tickets to it. I guess I don't understand."

"Would you, Mr. Deeds, deprive the people of an opportunity to hear the work of the great composers? Would you deprive them of a chance to listen to the world's sublime voices?"

"The way it looks to me," said Longfellow, "is that you wouldn't be depriving the public. I mean, they don't come, anyhow. You can't deprive somebody who won't come to the opera by not having any opera, because, if you do have it, it doesn't make any difference so long as they don't come."

This seemed a bit involved, even to Longfellow, but he felt there was a kernel of meaning in it some place.

"Who gets any good out of it?" he asked.

"The cultured music lovers of America," said the director with the mustache.

"Well, here's how it looks to me," said Longfellow. "It looks as if there weren't enough of these cultured music lovers. Now, take a grocery store—in Mandrake Falls, say. In all the town there's just one family that eats this Roquefort cheese, but there's a hundred families that eat rattrap cheese. So the grocer would be foolish if he stocked a lot of Roquefort and didn't stock any rattrap. His Roquefort would spoil on him, and he'd lose all the profit he'd make if he sold the other. That's common sense."

"But Opera is not a matter of common sense," said Mr. Gullible. "It is Art. It is the (*Continued on page 148*)

Still Fishing

By Arthur Stringer

KEMP resented the girl in the waders. The one thing he'd asked for, that day, was peace and quiet and a few hours of worm fishing. He wanted solitude to flow over his battered spirit like amber water over a channel rock. And he regarded that stream, hidden away between the Kittatinny Hills, as peculiarly his own, his own by right of discovery and occupation. He had nosed it out eight long years ago, and always it had stood there, a secret haven to which he could steal away from the noise of the world and recover his soul's composure.

But the girl in the ballooning waders of tan rubber was spoiling his day for him. He saw her long before she happened to catch sight of him. He sat in the deep shadow of the swamp maples, where the elderberry bushes fringed his favorite pool, studying her as she waded slowly but resolutely upstream, whipping each pool as she came. Her skin, he noticed, was a butternut-brown. Her profile, he also observed as she emerged from shadow into sunlight, was clear-cut and rather boylike under the faded brown felt which she wore tilted at a definite angle of adventure. Equally arresting was the fringe of leaders and artificial flies so carelessly depending from an equally faded hatband, reminding the silent watcher of a live oak festooned with Spanish moss. But the adroit and purposeful way in which she cast, as she pursued her preoccupied way up towards the swamp maple shadows, persuaded Kemp that she would be ready to laugh at his still fishing, at his long bamboo and his lowly worms. The fly-fisherman always did. They were made that way.

So he pointedly disregarded her. He sat motionless, studying a dragon fly that hovered above the pool dimples. When the girl came to a stop, within twenty paces of him, he refused to look up.

"Still fishing?" she casually and somewhat contemptuously inquired.

Kemp resented both the question and the intrusion. And he attempted, in his

deliberated reply, not only to incorporate some shadow of that feeling in his speech, but also to intimate to the invader that he was not a back-township yokel with the brain of an angleworm.

"If you are using the word 'still' in its adjectival sense," he answered, "I must acknowledge that I am resorting to the more primitive and also perhaps the more natural method of piscatorial enterprise. If, on the other hand, the qualifying word is adverbial, I'm equally ready to admit that, even in the face of singularly discouraging results, I am continuing my efforts."

The girl with the poised three-ounce rod looked at him, for a solemn moment, with quite solemn eyes.

"Any luck?" she inquired, still with her exasperating casualness.

"Nothing to speak of," Kemp was compelled to admit.

She moved a little closer, the ghost of a smile curving her lips. Her cool eye assessed his empty creel, his bait can, the copy of *Marius The Epicurean* lying between the sandwich box and the wicker-covered thermos.

"Well, we're both in the same boat," she said, growing suddenly solemn again. "I haven't had a strike all the morning."

"The day is still young," proclaimed the mordant-eyed Kemp.

HER frown deepened as she looked up from studying the brown water that rippled about her wader-tops.

"There's something spoiling this stream," she pointedly announced.

"Does that mean me?" promptly demanded the man on the bank.

She looked at him for a moment and returned to her study of the water.

"You're welcome to fish here if you want to," she airily conceded. She essayed a skeptical cast across the limpid-surfaced pool. "But what's the use of fishing when you can't land anything?"

He looked at her with open disapproval.

"Fish," he tartly retorted, "isn't everything to fishing."

"Have it as you will, Izaak Walton. But I prefer waters with fish in 'em. And there ought to be trout here."

Kemp withdrew his line, examined his bait, and returned it to the water.

"There would be, I assume, if noisy intruders didn't frighten 'em away."

That held her for a moment. But her eye, as it ranged along the tumbling water, remained speculative.

"Father had this stream stocked twice, this spring, from the state hatchery. And we haven't bothered much about trespassers. They don't seem to know much about it."

"I knew about it," Kemp stubbornly asserted, "when you were still in rompers."

"Did you, (*Continued on page 119*)

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

Kemp, resenting the girl's intrusion, pointedly disregarded her as she came closer. "Still fishing?" she inquired somewhat contemptuously

Flying Phantom

By Jack Lincke

A young American flyer, who went overseas two years ago to train Chinese army pilots, brings back a gripping account of his adventures. . . . Bandits, battles, love, and zooming mystery

YOU'VE never been in Lo-yang, China? It's just three jumps the other side of Hell and 600 miles northwest of Shanghai.

I was there in the fall of 1933, resting on a 50-pound bomb beside my airplane, cussing China, bugs, and bullets, while Bob White, another American pilot, supervised loading our machine guns and bomb racks.

We'd just landed with eighteen green Chinese pilots on our way north through Honan province to find and kill the Lao Hoo—the Black Ghost of Honan.

This buzzard had been smashing villages in Honan with such an affectionate abandon that the Chinese had begun to think he was a warlock. We couldn't convince them he was just a man in an airplane carrying guns and bombs. "No, Mastah!" He was a winged monster with a hundred evil claws that ripped things to shreds on every black night.

I couldn't keep from thinking about all the other places I'd rather have been, and in imagination I strayed clear back to Seattle, where I'd flown until my boss went bust; then to those darn' Chinese flight students who thought they had done me a favor when they arranged my contract to train pilots in China. I had trained them, all right, and I'd probably wind up by getting them knocked off.

I could see Jania at home in Shanghai, watching the sun set over Bubbling Well Road, wondering how I was making out. I could see her deep, raven hair and full lips, the living porcelain of her skin, and the luxurious figure of her. Out of the bedlam raised by the Chinese pilots and mechanics I could hear a quiet Russian voice saying, "Be careful, Pop. I love you." I would have given anything to be there with her; out of the heat, isolation, and filth of Lo-yang. A pilot will do some of the craziest things for money.

The expedition had started going crazy in Manila, when Bob and I got stuccoed with some friends of his and missed our ship.

We had sailed from Seattle for China in April, 1933. Bob, an exceptionally clever acrobatic and combat pilot, had served with the Chinese the year before; in fact, the previous February he had been shot down by the Japanese at Shanghai. In Tacoma, before our departure, he and I had worked out almost daily, practicing dogfighting and acrobatics.

FROM Manila we took passage to Hong Kong on a freighter, and had to take a Chinese ship out of there for Shanghai. That was bad.

As soon as the ship cleared Repulse Bay and stood out to sea there was a wild stampede of Chinamen over the decks, and we nearly got trampled.

"Will you tell me," I asked a young

chap near us, "what is going on? Is this China national jitter day?"

"That's pigeon cargo," he laughed.

"They don't look like pigeons to me. I'm not that far gone."

"You don't understand," he said. "They sneaked aboard and they're running from the comprador."

"How long will this stampeding keep up?"

"Till we reach Shanghai—four days. It will be a hard trip. Would you two like a drink?"

We went to his room.

"First name's Laddie," he said, jerking a cork.

We found him a likable cuss for a Britisher. He looked like a high-school kid; about twenty-five, though, tall and slender, blond and blue-eyed. I couldn't imagine what he was doing in the Orient, but I didn't ask him and he didn't pump us, so we concentrated on the glowing pleasure of the moment.

For the rest of the voyage "Laddie" and Bob and I were as inseparable as the three crows. Arriving in Shanghai, we parted company, and Bob and I checked in at the Nationalist airdrome at Lo-yang. From the middle of June until the first of September we were busy training Chinese student pilots. Then came the order to set out for Honan Province on the trail of the Black Ghost. It was now September 6th, and here was Lo-yang and here we were. . . .

My woolgathering was busted up abruptly when one of the Chinese mechanics let a bomb slip out of his hands. It brought me back to Lo-yang with a start, and I nearly jumped over the hangar.

A few minutes later we heard the horrible nasal bleating of Chinese singing, and knew that General Liu Chen Hou was arriving with a detachment of 2,000 foot troops to use against the bandits in the province. Liu told us when he got in that we'd have plenty to do. The Black Ghost Lao Hoo had been ripping the countryside up the back night after (*Continued on page 130*)

Jack Lincke has been flying ever since he was seventeen. He's thirty now. First plane was a war surplus crate he bought from the government in 1922. Learned to fly it during holidays while attending a military academy in Missouri . . . until the ship cracked up. Later, at Montana State College and his home town of Butte, he mastered tricks of army piloting. After a flying prospecting trip to Alaska, he landed in Tacoma, Wash. There he met the Army-trained pilot with whom he soldier-of-fortuned to China and who shared with him the experiences related here. Lincke now has more than 2,000 flight hours to his credit—hours of high adventure

Powder-puff Champs

"This," Bing said, whipping an uppercut to the gambler's chin, "is what we call a home run with the bases loaded"

AFTER the game that afternoon, while the disgruntled fanatics were still streaming across the diamond on the way out, Bing Cannon walked over to the field box where Miss Kerry Kildare sat. She had pomegranate lips which needed no festooning via the vanity box. She had saucy eyes, impudent curls, an impertinent nose. She had a delicious little figure, lithe and rounded, which made you think of mermaids doing swan dives and jackknives and performing other one-piece convolutions of grace and beauty. She had freckles, too, a cluster of them dotting the crimson tan of her cheeks like leopard spots.

You would have noticed these points about Miss Kerry Kildare, but Mr. Bing Cannon was oblivious of them. The young lady might just as well have been a scarecrow. Bing had perplexities on his mind, burdens on his shoulders, things on his chest. The cowlick cresting his red head bristled.

He said, "Well, lady, what do you think of it now?"

Kerry squared her shoulders slightly, compressed the lines of her mouth momentarily, and then smiled. If you had known her famous father, the late Timothy Kildare, you would have said that she was at this instant a miniature replica of him in his best fighting mood. Before a battle, during a battle, and after a battle, Tim always smiled.

She said, "Hello, Bing. You look hot. What do I think about what?"

"About the jam we're in. Do you know what the loss of this game means? It means that we're in a tie for the pennant. If we lose the play-off we're out of the World Series."

"What's jammy about that? Isn't the other team in the same fix? Or is it your idea that we ought to follow the French custom of wiggling out of a tight hole?" Kerry

By James Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

"Listen," said Kerry to the team's young manager, "you think because I'm a girl I don't know anything about baseball. You forget I'm Tim Kildare's daughter"

asked, still smiling.

Bing's blank look showed that he did not comprehend.

"When a Frenchman thinks he's beaten he walks over to his opponent, bows courteously, and says, 'I retire.' It's perfectly ethical and saves the trouble of losing. Of course, we could retire."

Bing said, "This is no joking matter. If we lose that play-off—"

Kerry interrupted: "I know a sure way to beat that situation."

"What?"

"Don't lose it."

"Are you telling me? Why, we've lost eight out of the last ten games. Two weeks ago we had the old bunting tied in so many knots it looked like Grandmother's darning cotton the cat's been playing with. Now take a peek at us."

"You will, please, Mr. Redhead, take the accusing tone out of your voice. I didn't lose your old ball games."

"Who knows?" he said belligerently.

"Are you blaming me?"

"Not yet."

"Tell your players about it. You're the manager, aren't you?"

BING leaned on the rail and looked at the girl. The time had come for plain talk.

"Listen, lady; I'm going to tell you something. Do you know what's the matter with this team? Well, I'll tell you what's the matter with this team. Their morale is shot."

"What does that make me—the firing squad?"

"Yes, if you want the truth," he said. "The players have gone to pieces under all this razzing the newspapers and fans have been handing out to them about a woman being the owner of this ball club. Think of it, the hardest-boiled bunch of big leaguers the game has ever known now having a girl as their boss. Tim Kildare's man-eating, head-busting, jaw-socking team of bruisers in the hands of a lady. The roughnecks of our national pastime being steered by a female of the species. Ouch! No wonder."

Kerry's tones dripped honey: "Well, I suppose I could play Lady Bountiful and turn the deed of the ball club over to the first little dirty-faced urchin I met in the street, if that's what you mean."

"The hardest blow of all came when Grant, of the *Press*, started calling us the Powder-puff Champs," Bing went on without heeding her suggestion. "And has the name stuck? Did you hear those hyenas out behind third handing us the razzberry this afternoon? I'm telling you folks are beginning to think we're a troupe of hip-swinging rah-rahs with that schoolgirl motif. It's in the cards that we're licked. The players feel it. The fans believe it. Everybody sees it coming."

Kerry said evenly, "I can tell you two fellows who don't."

"Who?"

"Me, for one."

"That's a big help."

"You, for another."

For a moment Bing forgot his troubles and let his gaze linger upon the young woman who was the sole occupant of the field box. It was the most famous box in organized baseball. Its location was just to the right of the home dugout, clear of the wire screen and about midway between first and the plate. Every afternoon for fourteen years, since he had retired from active play, the late Timothy Kildare had sat there watching his club in action when the boys were playing at home. Six league champions had come his way during this period, and four times the Kildare clan had swept to victory in the World Series. The Kildares were called the Royal Family of Baseball. They had been in the game for more than fifty years.

SUDDENLY it occurred to Bing that Kerry was quite a different person from the curly-headed little brat he used to see tagging around at the Old Man's heels, munching peanuts and gobbling soda pop. In the seven years which had intervened since he had joined the Kildare outfit she had grown up. He was the boy wonder of baseball then. For that matter, he was still the boy wonder. In baseball the one thing a boy wonder never gets over being is a boy wonder.

"I'll tell you something about yourself," Kerry said. "Tim Kildare picked you to run this team because you're no quitter. He hated a quitter."

"Who said I was quitting?"

"Nobody. I said you weren't." She leaned over toward the team's young playing manager in a confidential atti-

tude. "Listen. You think because I'm a girl I don't know anything about this old game. You forget I'm Tim Kildare's daughter. They didn't recite 'Ba, ba, black sheep' to me when I was a yowling baby testing my lung power. It was 'Blah, blah, baseball.' The first nursery tale I can remember hearing was about Fred Merkle forgetting to touch second and Johnny Evers calling the turn on the play. If you'll look up your baseball history you'll find that they had a play-off of that game. With the pennant at stake, too. And what happened? Why, everybody picked the Giants to win and the Cubs to lose. But the Cubs did then what we're going to do now. They won."

Bing was beginning to catch the significance of a remark the Old Man had made to him last June, shortly before he died: "There used to be a big ache in my heart because I didn't have a son to carry on the Kildare baseball traditions. Well, keep your eye on my little girl Kerry." But this was the one last request of his mentor and idol which Mr. Cannon had not bothered about. He had failed to keep his eye on Kerry. He was too busy driving the team through a terrific campaign. Then, too, the surest way for an ambitious young baseball manager to stub his toe would be to have girl trouble.

He said, "I wouldn't mind if the team was just in a slump. The trouble is they've lost their fighting spirit. This sissy business is under their skin. I'm beginning to think it was just a smart trick on the part of the other clubs."

Kerry said, "Well, are you going to let yourself be outsmarted?"

Bing stuck out his jaw. "No."

"Swell. Spoken like Connie Mack, John McGraw, Frank Chance, and Fred Clark, all rolled in one. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know yet."

"Would you resent ideas?"

"Have you any?"

"I'm thinking. This team prides itself on being tough, doesn't it?"

A SMILE flickered across Bing's face. "Fifteen-minute eggs, every one of 'em. You see, they learned baseball under your father. He had no use for the efficacy of moral suasion on the baseball diamond. His technic was claw 'em and chew 'em."

"Yes, I know. Dad was the apotheosis of the fighting spirit, plus the embodiment of the sock and slug principle. Friendship with the enemy was treason in his code. Treat 'em rough and make 'em like it—that was the idea. If you pat 'em on the back be sure you do it with a lead pipe. You can't get around the bags if you stop to shake hands with the basemen."

"Yeah, those were his sentiments."

"Oh, I know the whole rigmarole. Dad's favorite economic axiom was, 'Did you ever see the public snapping up ringside seats for a love feast?' And he always advised, 'If you feel like kissing somebody, take a shower.'"

"You're not as dumb as I thought you were," Mr. Cannon conceded.

"That ought to make me a shade brighter than the village idiot," Kerry said.

"What were you thinking of?"

"The idea is still in the works. If the finished article materializes I may try to sell you a bill of goods."

THERE was an unexpected caller at the Kildare home that evening. Mr. Herman Rothman draped his bulky figure over a chair in Tim's den and waited for Miss Kildare to answer his summons. It was a room hallowed with memories of Larry Lajoie, Three-Fingered Brown, Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, Hans Wagner, Christy Mathewson, Eddie Collins, Walter Johnson, Chief Bender, Home Run Baker, Joe Tinker, and others of the baseball great. Even Pop Anson, Dan Brouthers, Amos Rusie, and Mike Delahanty of still earlier recollections had sat in these ancient, comfortable armchairs in the long winter evenings and talked baseball with Tim Kildare. You see, the antipathy the Old Man had for camaraderie on the playing field did not extend beyond the limits of the diamond. He would shake his fist at "Jawn" McGraw in August and have him as an honored dinner guest in October.

Mr. Herman Rothman was of a new and different school. True, baseball was his business, but his operations were not exactly for the uplift of the national game. Mr. Rothman was the big shot in the business of baseball pools. He got a great deal of fun and enjoyment out of his occupation. It was really amusing how suckers kept striving to beat the other fellow's game. And no other fellow had a more foolproof, watertight, ironclad game than did Mr. Rothman. Seventy per cent against the player—that was all.

So the traditions of the room in which he sat were meaningless to Mr. Rothman. He was strictly business. He was also a cross between a bull and a wolf, with a certain strain of the rodent family in his make-up, especially about the eyes. The stupendous physical aspects of the gentleman were a heritage of his pugilistic aspirations, when he thought he was a heavyweight fighter, a conclusion in which he stood alone. The characteristic of rat was something else. It had not been necessary to acquire any part of it. Nature had generously endowed him with it all.

The message he had sent to Kerry by way of the maid who had admitted him was to the point. It was scribbled on a card, and read:

Miss Kildare:

I want to see you about buying the ball club. HERMAN ROTHMAN

He had not thought it necessary to identify himself further than to sign his name. Everybody knew Herman Rothman; Miss Kildare surely would. Miss Kildare surely did. Her father's idea of the gentleman was still fresh in her mind. Tim had a list of objectionable forms of living things which needed extermination. Mr. Rothman was Public Objection No. 1.

He eyed Kerry with evident approval when she entered the room. A nifty little jane. Perhaps after he had negotiated the business in hand he might give her a break by dating her up for an evening out. Pretty girls were his dish. He had lots of them on his staff. It was something to be seen around town with the celebrated Herman Rothman.

She said, "What made you think the club was for sale?"

Her abruptness surprised him. Fair enough; he preferred not to waste words.

"The club's going on the market at the end of the season, anyway."

"Who told you that?"

"It's in your father's will that this was just an experiment—you being the owner. If you win the pennant the property can't be sold for another year, at least. If you lose they call in the auctioneer."

Kerry was familiar with the terms of her inheritance. "You seem to know a lot about my father's will."

He winked impressively. "I make it a habit to know things."

"Well, suppose you're right. First of all, though, we have to lose."

"You're going to."

"Yes?"

"The team's shot to pieces. You haven't a chance of winning that playoff. I'm here to offer you a better price than you'll get after you lose. That's square, ain't it?"

"Except for the catch in it."

He looked at her questioningly. She saw no reason to mince words. The presence of this man in her father's den, complacently puffing on a cigar which he had not even asked if he might smoke, irritated her beyond words.

"I think too much of my father's memory to let his ball club pass into the hands of racketeers."

ROTHMAN sat up with a jerk. There was an ugly droop to his thick lips. "Oh, yeah? So that's the way you feel, is it?" He flicked the ashes off the end of his cigar and rubbed them into the rug with the tip of his shoe. "You're pretty good on the fine talk, sister. Well, if you ask me, I'd say if you have so much respect for your father's memory, you'd let a man run the club."

"When a man comes along I may."

He stood up and brushed imaginary specks off his shoulders. "I wasn't going to say this, but I see you're looking for it. Keep on and you won't be able to give the club away. You've made it the big laugh in baseball. Tim Kildare's hard mugs. Ha, ha! Look at 'em. The

first thing you know you'll have the team wearing wrist watches and tying their hair up in pink ribbons and bowing to everybody before making a play. 'Pardon me, my dear Alphonse.' 'After you, my dear Gaston.' Ha, ha!"

Suddenly Kerry's countenance became a kaleidoscope of shifting emotions. Incredulity. Perplexity. Wonderment. Enlightment. She smacked the arm of her chair with a nervous flip of her palm and gave a hysterical little laugh.

"Grand! Marvelous! Superb! The very thing."

He wondered whether she was making fun of him. "What's the big idea?" he asked sullenly.

"You'd never guess," she said. "Mr. Rothman, I owe you a debt of gratitude. Thank you for calling. Be sure to come out to the game. You'll enjoy it."

"I think I will," he snapped. "And I'll tell you something else—I think you won't."

"Take a tip—don't bet against us."

"It's money in the bag." He laughed. "Powder-puff Champs! Lollipops! Ring-around-Rosie! Beach pajamas! Lipsticks! Doll-babies! A smart frill trying to get away with a man's game. So long, sister. I'll be seeing you."

MR. ROTHMAN stuck the cigar in the corner of his mouth, strode out of the room, and was gone.

Kerry hurried to the telephone and called Bing Cannon. . . . She had a project to put before him. She thought it was important. Would he? . . .

The more Herman Rothman thought about his interview with the young lady the more incensed he became. He was certain he had the right dope on the late Tim Kildare's will. It had been given to him by a man who ought to know. He was certain also that the team was sufficiently demoralized to lose the forthcoming game, which would simplify the purchase of the property. But taking chances was not Mr. Rothman's way of doing things. He was essentially a sure-thing player. He wanted the ball club for various reasons. It would give him the prestige his wealth warranted. Furthermore, it would give him an excellent gambling device which would always click the way he dictated.

So next morning he got in touch with Bing Cannon, and met him by appointment outside Bing's apartment house. Mr. Rothman sat at the wheel of a fancy roadster.

He said, "Come on; we'll take a little spin up the line." He knew Bing casually, as men of his kind have a speaking acquaintance with personages in the world of sports.

They sped along in comparative silence. On an outer boulevard they came to a parkway lined with benches. Rothman stopped his car at the curb, got out, and said, "Let's sit down here. I want to talk to you." He walked over to one of the benches. Bing joined him. The neighborhood was practically deserted.

Rothman said, "What are you going to do about this baseball game?"

Bing glanced at him sharply. "What do you mean?"

"If you lose, the club will be offered for sale. Tim Kildare fixed it that way in his will. He wanted to see if his daughter could run a baseball club. If you win, she stays in control. If the club finishes one, two, three next year, she gets permanent possession of the property."

"So what?"

"So it's worth a lot of money to somebody if the team loses. I want to buy it."

"Where do I fit in?"

"I'm ready to cut you in. A slice of stock. Contract for five years as manager at a fat salary. What say?"

"I'm thinking."

"Listen, mister, you've got everything to win and nothing to lose. This rut the team's in is hurting your reputation. Your players couldn't beat a bunch of bushers right now. You're licked, anyway, so why not play on the right side?"

"Is that your whole proposition?"

"No. I've got five grand here to clinch the bargain." He reached into an inside pocket and pulled out a wallet, running his fingers over a sheaf of bills.

CANNON stretched himself lazily, stood up, walked leisurely down the sidewalk a short distance, returned, and stopped in front of Rothman.

"I've got a better proposition," he said.

Rothman glanced at him hopefully.

Bing went on, "Rothman, they tell me you used to be a prize fighter. Right?"

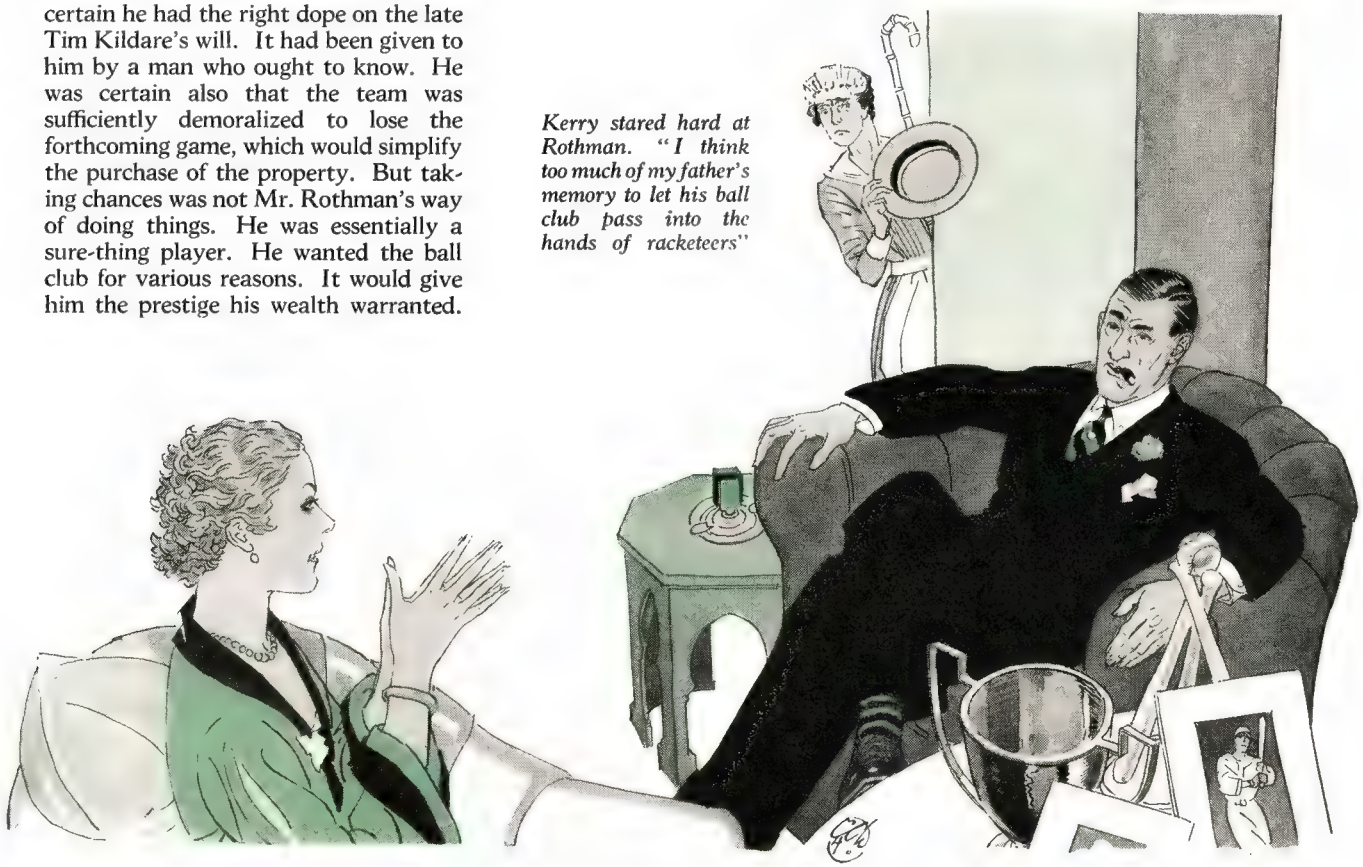
"Right."

"Swell. That fits in perfectly with my proposition." He made a quick movement, grabbed the gambler by the coat lapel, and jerked him to his feet. "I wouldn't want to take an unfair advantage. I wouldn't want to pick on a puny guy."

There was a livid hue to the racketeer's face. "Have you gone nuts?"

"Call it that. At any rate, I'm going to take you to the cleaners'. You need it, rat."

Rothman (*Continued on page 113*)



Kerry stared hard at Rothman. "I think too much of my father's memory to let his ball club pass into the hands of racketeers"

QUESTIONS BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

ANSWERS BY HIROSI SAITO

Question. You have lived in the United States for a good many years, Mr. Ambassador?

Answer. I came to Washington in 1911 and stayed for five years. Then I was assigned to London. I was Japanese Consul in Seattle for two years and Consul General in New York City for five; from 1923 to 1928. I was again assigned to Washington in 1933, but after a few months as Chargé I was sent to The Hague as Minister. I became Ambassador to your country at the end of that year, 1933. In all, I have been in the United States for fifteen years.

Q. And you feel, then, that you are fairly well acquainted with the characteristics, beliefs, and prejudices of Americans?

A. It is a big order to know all those things, but I feel I know something of the American psychology, the American characteristics.

Q. Let me begin by asking a very frank question: Just how great is the possibility of war between the United States and Japan?

A. My frank answer is that there is no possibility whatever. Our commercial relations are not competitive in any sense, but complementary. There is no such happy coincidence between two major countries in other parts of the world. Furthermore, there is, politically speaking, no reason at all for war.

Q. But why, if there is no chance of war, are your countrymen alarmed by such unimportant incidents as our decision to have our naval maneuvers in the Pacific this summer?

A. It is unimportant, in a way. But, at the same time, those things appeal to the imagination of the man in the street. We would, if possible, rather not have popular sentiments excited, especially at a moment when rumors are abroad. Of course the naval maneuvers are not intrinsically anything at all.

Q. Do you believe that the United States is wholly to blame for these rumors of an impending war with Japan?

A. I wouldn't say the United States is wholly to be blamed. We have our own share. There are misunderstandings on both sides, and historic facts have given rise to suspicions and misapprehensions in the United States and also in Japan. These are sometimes exaggerated in the mind of the man in the street.

Q. Would you say, then, that we have been consistently anti-Japanese?

A. No, I would certainly not say that. American opinion toward Japan was very friendly until after the Russo-Japanese war. Until that moment the American people had thought that Japan was a child who could be patronized. But when Japan won that war the Americans thought that the child had become intractable, cocky—is that what you say?—and began to feel that Americans shouldn't give too much encouragement to this cocky young man. But I think Americans are, at the bottom of their hearts, sympathetic and friendly toward Japan. As evidence, the wonderful generosity shown at the time of the great earthquake and fire in 1923. It was spontaneous. Judge John Barton Payne, that splendid gentleman and chairman of the American Red Cross, who died recently, once told me his experience on that occasion. When he started his drive for the Japanese relief fund, he had set the mark at $5,000,000. The amount of contributions increased daily, much to his gratification, until it reached, far surpassing his most sanguine expectation, the enormous sum of $11,000,000.

Q. And we have, by our foreign

The Japanese Ambassador Takes the Stand

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

policy, needlessly aroused the resentment and the anger of your countrymen?

A. I think you have done that inadvertently on some occasions. For instance, during the administration of President Taft you proposed the neutralization of the Manchurian Railway. The Japanese public took it as an attempt on the part of the United States to deprive us of the position won in the Russo-Japanese war which cost us so much in blood and tragedy. Of course, Secretary of State Knox had no such idea. He thought neutralization of the railroad would be a step toward stabilizing the situation. He had that in mind, but we took it in the wrong sense and rather exaggerated the situation.

Q. What single act on our part, would you say, has done most to offend the Japanese?

A. I suppose it is your 1924 immigration act. The Americans had reasons enough for passing the law, but from the Japanese point of view it was a case of discrimination, a discrimination between Europeans and Asiatics, and we thought it was another instance where the Americans showed a gratuitous attitude of racial superiority. But really the question is only one of discrimination in principle; actually, under a quota system such as you apply to Europeans, only about 180 Japanese could be admitted each year. Now, I think, there is a growing sentiment in the United States to amend that law.

Q. Is there any possession of the United States that would be valuable to Japan? Do you want the Philippines, Hawaii, or Guam?

A. No, we do not covet any territory belonging to the United States. Moreover, we are willing to enter into any kind of agreement with the United States to guarantee the independence of the Philippines if those islands are to become independent.

Q. That is, an international agreement?

A. Yes, an international agreement. Well, of course, we may hesitate to conclude such an agreement if you are going to retain your naval base or some privilege there which would not make the Philippine Islands exactly independent.

Q. You wouldn't consider that the type of independence we have given Cuba, for example, is real independence?

A. Cuba is on the other side of the United States, in the Atlantic Ocean, so we don't mind what sort of independence you give to Cuba. But, so far as the Philippines are concerned, the independence should not be qualified if the islands are to be assured perpetual neutrality.

Q. Do you regard our recognition of Soviet Russia as part of the American anti-Japanese policy?

A. There is not a man in Japan who thinks that way. We know that America took that (*Continued on page 106*)

Gavin turned to Chloe. . "Doesn't your marriage mean anything to you?" he asked gently

Worth the mending

NATURAL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPH DIRECTED BY MARIO COOPER
ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON, PHOTOGRAPHER

By Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger

CHLOE'S airplane luggage was stowed away in the back of the roadster and she was sitting quietly beside the Judge as he drove up from Nashville into the beginning of the Cumberlands.

"Divorce is a very hard word, Chloe," said the Judge, apropos of nothing. "Up in New York they have a lot of divorces, most of them mistakes . . ."

Chloe said nothing. She drew her lips tight to stop their trembling.

"It's good to have you with me this Commencement. I've gone seven years now. Going to be a trustee of the university as long as I live, by gad, if they let me. Be a new experience for you, Chloe—"

Chloe had known all along that "Uncle Judge" was trying to amuse her, that he was taking her along to divert her mind and build up her morale, so that in the end she would fly peaceably back to Tim—like any other wife after a visit to relatives. The Judge fancied himself as a fixer, a *deus ex machina*, cupid, or what you like; Chloe's heart warmed to him, but this wasn't anything the Judge could fix. He couldn't grasp the refined cruelty of a situation like hers and Tim's. Chloe, tacitly and with no scenes, with even a polite kiss at parting just as if she *had* been any other wife going away on a short visit to relatives, had left Tim Sargent. She knew that Tim had understood, that the clean, casual break would appeal to his sportsmanship. There were orchids for her at the train and more orchids when she arrived at Nashville. They were for appearances, of course. She appreciated Tim's delicacy in not sending gardenias—gardenias, which were Chloe's favorites, which looked like Chloe, which were in essence strangely moving memories of a time when Tim had the right to send gardenias to a different, younger Chloe. . . .

"It seems a shame to tote you to the mountains when you only got to Nashville last night," volunteered the Judge kindly, "but I'm entitled to my only niece when I can get her—isn't that right?"

"Yes, darling."

Chloe looked gratefully at the great head with its mane of graying hair, into the keen blue eyes and down the wise little lines down the cheeks.

THEY drove into the dying sunlight. This was a beauty that caught at Chloe's throat, made her want to relax the vigilance of the past months, relax charm, stop trying, stop keeping everything bottled and under control—cry, cry, cry. . . . But she only joined in with a shaky treble in the mountain tune the Judge was whistling.

"Around the mountain I must go—if anything happens let me know— This morning, so soon." They went on: "Wake up, darlin', don't sleep so late—the crawfish man done pass our gate— This morning, so soon. . . ."

"I keep forgetting you've been in this part of the world before," murmured the Judge.

"Am I that different, Uncle Judge?" asked

Chloe with sudden wistfulness. "Have I changed so much?"

"You look a little harder, a little tireder, than you did at eighteen or twenty, Chloe baby—and a lot more stylish." The Judge finished with a chuckle, "It doesn't matter if a lady looks a mite tired if she can get herself up like one of those New York magazine covers, does it?"

Chloe smiled wryly. She knew there were smudges of tiredness under her eyes—she had seen them in the mirror that morning—and her hair, drawn back into an intricately simple swirl in the back, gave her face an unusual fragility. For the rest, her tailored suit and felt hat, with the yellow gauntlet gloves, contributed to the effect of a gallant slouch—a brief, graceful gesture of defeat.

"It's only that—illusions go, Uncle Judge. They go and leave you, and you kiss them good-by—*pouff!*" Chloe flicked her finger tips from her suddenly unsmiling mouth toward the mountain sunset. "Do you know any John Donne? . . . 'And so, good morrow to our waking souls . . .'"

The Judge was silent. The tightening of his heavy jaw muscle showed Chloe that she had, obscurely and unaccountably, hurt him. Only then she caught her first sight of the university, and she too was silent.

THE university, with the village of Marytown, stood on the level plateau at the top of the mountain. The cross, memorial to the brave young men of the mountain who had crossed the sea and died in France, stood at the very edge of the plateau as it dropped sheerly downward, and, lit perpetually by an arc light, was the first sight of Marytown to one approaching it from the valley below.

Chloe bit her lip. "Charming approach to your little college," she said lightly. It was Chloe's habit to be very casual when she was stirred to strange emotion on sudden notice. "By the way, don't they go in for theological students here? I seem to remember that."

"There's a graduate school of theology, yes," said the Judge. "Used to be a law school, too, but it's moved to Chattanooga."

"I don't like to see young men running around in constant prayer," Chloe said, and was instantly sorry. She knew very well that it hurt Uncle Judge to make light of religion or of church, just as it hurt him when she mentioned divorce ever so casually—just as a paving of the way.

"This is partly an inn and partly a dormitory," explained the Judge as they arrived. "At least thirty lads live here on the top floor, mostly seniors. Watch out for them, Chloe."

There was a faint bitterness in Chloe's laughter for the years that had come between her and the glamour of being seventeen. These boys would think of her as an elderly matron. She was twenty-four, and she felt old, old, old. She felt as she looked—a fashion drawing of what the smart woman will wear—yes, and what the smart woman will do and think and feel. . . . What she *must* feel.

"I'm so tired," she said suddenly, and her voice quivered. "I'm so tired."

"You aren't going to make an old man eat his dinner alone, are you?"

CHLOE was not. She managed a faint smile as the proprietress of the inn, who was also house mother to the resident students, led her graciously to the pine-paneled room which was hers for the week.

"This is lovely," she said truthfully; "beautifully done," and when the door was closed, threw herself briefly on the wide, canopied bed. "Tim," she whispered softly, "Tim—I'm so sorry it all had to end like this—"

She let the cold water run a long time on her wrists. Changing her suit for a black-net dinner dress, she went down to join the Judge in the dining-room.

"Come and meet the trustees, Chloe. We all vote together on everything from textbooks to new bathtubs for the freshmen—"

The table of charming old men rose in a body.

"Gentlemen, my little niece from New York." said the Judge easily. "Mrs. Sargent—Colonel Hopkins, of Chattanooga—now there's a foxy one, Chloe! And Mr. Leighton, from Texas, a regular beau with the ladies, and Dr. Tom Beverly and General Macon, of West Point, an old Marytown man himself."

Chloe smiled and gave each of them her hand.

"This little lady ought to be sitting yonder with the students," chuckled Dr. Tom Beverly. "She doesn't want to bother with old duffers like us."

Chloe assured them that they were the perfect age for men, old enough but not too old—while mechanically her eyes wandered to the students' table, where the thirty resident boys were laughing and talking and consuming vast platters of fried chicken. There were slender, reticent boys; there were great, hulking football players with heavy shoulders and big hands; there were dark boys, medium boys, and a few blond boys, boys with glasses, and boys with the beginnings of mustaches on their upper lips. They were seniors and their ages ranged from nineteen to twenty-two or three. They were heartbreakingly young. They looked like Tim Sargent in his last year at Princeton, Tim, whom Chloe Temple had married in the June of that year. She winked back two threatening tears and ordered melon, to begin. . . .

It was too early in the week for the girls to arrive for the Commencement formals, and one of the boys had observed the square solitaire and hoop of smaller diamonds on Chloe's slim fourth finger as she passed their barrage of eyes.

"She's married," he observed regretfully to the others, "but not to the old boy, because she calls him 'Uncle.'"

Clay Wyatt, of Virginia, listened to Eddie but added helpfully, "She's probably divorced. I like that type, long and slinky and kinda sophisticated—"

"Going to date her up?"

The others hung on Clay's answer, because Clay was something of a social arbiter in the senior class. He lit a cigarette and puffed long and luxuriously. He raised his black eyebrows in thought and said at last, "You know, I might, at that. She's not bad, fellows, not bad at all. Really rather swell. Stick around and see the fireworks—"

And so it was through Clay that Chloe met Gavin Scott—and it was on account of Clay that the girl from Vicksburg they called "Little Fool" came tearfully to Chloe in her desperation.

"Oh, but, Uncle Judge, do you think I ought?" Chloe had asked the Judge, with pleased amusement. "I mean, it's sweet of the boy and all that, but I'm too old to play with these children . . ." Her voice drifted off into wistfulness, because, after all, when the Judge was at his meetings there was nothing to do but take long walks by herself or knit on her yellow sweater.

He patted her shoulder. "Honey, that's why I brought you. Go on and have a wholesome good time with the students. Trot around to their fraternity hops and do Commencement up brown. But keep your wedding ring on your finger and make sure they introduce you as 'Mrs.' right off the bat."

Chloe smiled. "All right. I'd like to see what sort of life they have here. Clay Wyatt asked me to the Delta house tonight."

MARYTOWN'S social life depends largely on its fraternity row. The students' everyday amusements take place in the bosoms of their fraternities. In Commencement week there is a stagger system of open house. This was the night the Deltas were hosts.

"Listen; wear that black thing with the long sleeves and no back, won't you, Chloe?" asked Clay Wyatt during the afternoon. "You're smooth in everything, but especially so in black."

"Request number?" Chloe lifted her brows in lazy amusement, and wore the dress. She was surprised at herself for dressing so carefully for Marytown; she brushed her carefully swirled hair till it made a subtle gleam around her small head; she outlined her mouth with scarlet paste, and, feeling like a débutante, when she had claimed the trick for her very own, she touched the tip of her mascara brush lightly near the corner of her eye, making the small black dot

which had seemed so wicked and alluring to the eighteen-year-old Chloe. Over the dress went a long black taffeta wrap, balloon-sleeved and fitting closely at the waist.

She kissed the Judge on the top of his head where he sat at the bridge table and went out into the cool mountain night with Clay. They circled the library and the ivy-grown chapel with the clear, sweet bell, which chimed ten o'clock as they passed.

"You know, you're beautiful," said Clay seriously, and it did not sound like Clay's line, grown familiar in the last day or so. The script should have read, "You know, you're a pretty smooth little number and I may fall for you—just for the fun of it." Clay, with his white flannels and regulation dark-blue coat with flat white flower in the lapel, with his hair brushed smooth with high lights, was in character, and the words were not. He had hesitated oddly before the "beautiful."

"Thank you, Clay," said Chloe, unwilling to laugh.

"And it seems as if you must have a husband hanging around somewhere," he went on, still in that odd, flat voice.

Chloe swallowed and said, "Oh, I have a husband, very much alive and kicking. He's in New York. I came South to visit my uncle. Tim—Tim may come to join me."

"Oh."

Chloe felt as though the lie were in a good cause. She rubbed her fingers together because they were dry and cold. In her mind was a sardonic amusement at the thought, the very idea, of Tim's coming after her. Tim, who followed the market so closely from day to day, who would be playing polo at Meadowbrook by now—Tim, who would be polite at all costs but who was already relieved that she was gone . . . already enjoying himself, already accepting invitations for week-ends on Long Island, long, noisy week-ends in which polo took up most of the time and drinking the rest. Not that Tim drank much, but the week-end guests did. Polo, cocktails, polo, highballs, polo, dinner, and liqueurs. . . .

THERE was dancing to the radio at the Delta house, and fruit punch on the table. The students wore white flannels or linen suits, and the girls, much in the minority and recruited from all over the mountain, wore cotton and organdie evening frocks. Chloe knew clothes. She looked them over with a practiced eye. Before she was married, she had had a bowing acquaintance with fluffy little $16.95 evening dresses herself. When you were that young, you needed only that and the thrill of a party to make you pretty and excited. Chloe could remember.

"Dance?" said Clay.

"Dance," assented Chloe absently, and drifted with a sinuous little movement into his arms. Her débutante year had left her the sort of dancer who can survey the room and the people with expert appraisal, murmur provocative, meaningless little phrases into her partner's ear, and follow any trick of rhythm or step with effortless grace, while her mind is a thousand miles away.

"And can you step!" marveled Clay as she followed him easily into a current grapevine, a tango slide, and a local step called "the shag," in quick succession.

Chloe had not been thinking. "Yes?"

"Listen, what I mean is you can dance, shag and all."

They strolled to the long French windows as the music stopped for station announcements. Chloe listened to the familiar remarks about a national product that (*Continued on page 156*)

Chloe sat in the swing thinking of what she would say when she met Tim

Strategy of the Extremists

Another of General Johnson's challenging articles in which, from month to month, he gives readers of *The American Magazine* his views of the national scene. His conclusions and analyses are drawn directly from his experiences in a key position in the New Deal. Whether you agree or not, you'll find them pungent and stimulating

By General Hugh S. Johnson

IN THIS piece I shall make four points:

1. That continued depression has created a pool of justified resentment such as could control any election—not by victory but by division—and that the only element now lacking to make this division effective is leadership;

2. That there *is* available, potentially at least, leadership sufficient to make effective aims dangerous to our present form of government;

3. That—party or precedent aside—our momentary hope is in the President and our vital question is whether—as a faithful mirror of opinion—he shall reflect the ideas of our lunatic fringe or the hopes of those who have at least a five-cent stake in America;

4. That stupid business and banking leadership, which helped bring about the depression, can complete its blunders if it continues to render lip service only to the President.

This country has never been on a hotter spot than threatens it in the eighteen months between now and 1936. Any form of government has failed when men under it can no longer count on earning a living for their families in the sweat of their labor—asking neither charity nor help from any man. For five years millions of town workers have not been fully able to do this. For a longer period a large group of farmers have had their means of independent living threatened or taken from them.

ALL these people have barely existed in a gloom of fear and desperation. Counting those of all ages dependent on these ex-breadwinners, all this is just another way of saying that, for five years, pretty nearly half of us have had no sign of the only excuse there is for *any* kind of government—security in the chance to work for our daily bread.

It might be just for us to demand some new kind of government that would give it to us if we only knew which way to turn. Nobody knows just what kind of government would do the trick. But there are plenty of would-be leaders who *say* they do, and plenty of desperate people willing to follow almost any fool attempt if only the man who tries to sell it to them can make it look good enough or add it up to seem to make some sense.

This vast discontent is a great pile of tinder of resentment. Some of our new spellbinders with patent plans to end this misery by some flaming magic, are possible sparks that could easily set it on fire. They fill the air every day with threats to do so.

This is the very stuff of which bloody trouble is made. This does not mean red revolution, but it is beyond doubt that *without such a mind in so many people and without such firebugs, there never was a revolt. All* the material is here

"Our new spellbinders . . . men with crazy schemes . . . We are the world's prize suckers"

DRAWING BY ROLLIN KIRBY

for a call to arms or a revolutionary election.

This is not scare stuff. Our people, above all others, resist and never favor any rough stuff about their government. But, while we do not like to fly to arms, we are the world's prize suckers. I saw the day when to speak in the country against the League of Nations was a sure sign of a pro-German attitude—almost treason. After Bill Borah and Hi Johnson got through telling this sheepherd the truth about it, the whole League bunk went up in a puff of steam in three months—like water on a red-hot stove.

As a nation we change too fast—we are great on the 100-yard dash but not so hot on the marathon. Our danger ahead is ballots—not bullets. We may vote our way of life out of the window without knowing what we shall put in place of it—the champion boob trick of all time. The chance to do that is just around the corner, because all the material for drastic change is here and ready.

I spent a month recently in the real heart of this country—the Middle West. I was digged from that pit—compounded of its clay. I know the ferment there and I heard the hooey that is being pumped into it over the radio nearly every day. Our people are eating it up. Washington is a center of interest as never before. I am no Paul Revere but I say with all solemnity that this is a serious hour.

YOU can't laugh this off, and you can't bulldoze it into silence by saying it is unpatriotic to speak about it. You might as well say that it is unpatriotic to say, "Here comes a cyclone"—or to duck for the nearest cellar. This thing is *here right now.* If we still have a short time to talk about it, it certainly is ostrich nonsense to stick our heads in the sand and wait till the wind blows the breeches off us on the plea that it is a bad thing to talk about.

If this were war, fire, famine, pest, or drought, it would be a better and a braver thing to grin and bear it than to beef about it—but it isn't. There is enough of everything in this country to fill every creature craving—food for the hungry, warmth for the shivering, and both the need and the means of work for almost every idle man. But—like the evil spell of some bad fairy casting black magic both over us and over the vast plenty which we all should enjoy—*something* keeps people idle where the need for work is great, hungry before mountains of food, and comfortless in the presence of every comfort. That *something* grows out of what we as an industrial nation have or have not done. But that is water over the dam and can't be helped.

The important thing now is what we do or do not do in the very near future. On that very probably depends happiness or misery— (*Continued on page 111*)

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE PAGES

Handy to Have

By Phyllis Duganne

DAN was pleased with himself for having smuggled the gun past the Mexican customs officer. The worn-looking dictionary that was not a dictionary at all had been his own invention, suggested, of course, by those tooled leather volumes that lie about on people's drawing-room tables, filled with cigarettes. He wanted to tell Alex about it, but already Alex was bombarding him with questions.

How was Eddie? And Professor Wagner? Did the campus crowd still go down to Limpy's Saturday nights?

Dan stifled his own impatience. Alex was two years older than he, and had been with this oil company for eighteen months. Dan felt like a schoolboy beside him.

The dusty truck rolled over what Alex apparently considered a road, and Dan's eager eyes devoured the landscape.

"Tell me about Mexico, Alex," he pleaded.

Alex gestured with one hand. "Here it is, Danny—you c'n have it!" But he grinned, and went on: He'd like the outfit; they were a swell gang. Fielding, the boss, was a good egg; been in Mexico thirty years, had known Villa. Anderson and Baldridge were both M. I. T. men; Vin O'Brien was from Leland Stanford, and then there was Luke Dillon. Another company had brought him down from Texas as a gunman, but there'd been a row, and he'd drifted over to their camp three months ago; drank some, but a hell of a nice guy.

"I brought an automatic," Dan put in eagerly. "I thought—gee, Alex, I know I'm still wet behind the ears, but I thought maybe it would be a good idea." Alex was grinning at him again, indulgently, and Dan flushed; the hollowed dictionary seemed suddenly like a kid's trick. "You wrote me about this bunch of bandits—"

"Yeah," said Alex, his grin fading. "And it looks like writing about 'em is the thing we're best at. They cleaned us out again, three-four months ago—got my watch, damn 'em."

His smile returned as swiftly as it had gone, and his eyes on Dan's face were amused. He remembered how he'd felt when he first came down. Romance, gunplay and bad men and dangerous living . . . let the kid find out for himself that the long, dull days were so much alike you lost track of time. There were some high spots; in five years, they'd be what they'd both remember.

"A gun's a handy article if you're going to use it," he remarked. "Some do, an' some don't. I found out early in the game that I'm no gunman—thinkin' first's a mistake."

"How do you mean, Alex?" Dan asked. "Thinkin' first."

"You'll find out, fella," Alex said. Telling people didn't do any good. A gun was either an asset or a liability, but that was another of the things you found out for yourself. "Here we are, Dan."

THE frame building, with its tin roof sizzling under the high sun, stood in a clearing, the dusty ground before the long veranda beaten flat and hard. There was jungle, the Mexican *monte*, thick and green, pressing in from the close horizon; beyond the living quarters, several outbuildings, some of adobe, others of corrugated iron, straggled up a dusty slope to the wooden platform where the company's narrow-gauge railway began its stretch to the oil wells.

"C'mon in and meet the fellows and get some chow," said Alex. "Maybe there'll be beans." Even beans were probably romantic to Dan at this point, he thought. "Here's Dan Humphreys," he announced, from the doorway. "Mr. Fielding is your boss, Dan—the two guys in the corner are Pat Anderson and Spike Baldridge, and—"

Dan's eyes had stopped on a rangy, tow-headed young giant, scraping his lathered face with a razor before a cracked mirror. Dusty boots, a dirty pink shirt, stained khaki pants—he didn't know why it was, yet somehow this figure personified for him all that Alex's letters had built up. Mexico, adventure . . .

"Luke Dillon," said Alex, and the giant held out a big hand. "What you gettin' prettied up for, Luke?— Goin' places?"

"Goin' down to the plaza," Luke answered softly, "to see a man about a horse . . ." His smile seemed to drawl like his voice; all his motions were slow, drawn out.

Dan went along with the others to the field, in the afternoon. Alex shouted above the puffing of the engine, "Had one of the bandits workin' for us, one time. Used to ease out of camp an' tie a hanky around his face an' hold up the train here, single-handed. We never could get the goods on him, but after a while his own friends caught up with him—"

Dan's hand slid to the gun in his hip pocket. A fellow needed a gun in a country like this. He didn't get Alex's idea at all. *Handy if you're going to use it.* Why shouldn't you use it? Frequently it was a case of your life or

In the blaze of the flashlight the furtive shapes became visiting Mexicans, armed and menacing

theirs. He looked at the faces of the men, Anderson and Baldridge, Fielding and O'Brien. Certainly they didn't look soft.

That evening, after supper, the men sat out on the veranda and Alex prodded Fielding to reminiscence. Dan's eyes shone as he listened. Mexico! He wished he'd been here in those days.

It was about nine o'clock when the truck's headlights wavered in the blackness; the long figure of Luke Dillon unfolded and came weaving up toward the steps.

"Stinko," said Vin O'Brien softly. "What's new, Luke?"

The Texan shook his tow head and smiled amiably, before he stumbled into the bunkhouse and rolled, boots and all, into his bunk at the farther corner.

Fielding watched him. "Not a bad idea, at that—think I'll turn in, myself. *Buenos noches.*"

One by one, they went inside; from his bunk near the door Dan could hear, one by one, men's breathing take on the long, somber rhythm of sleep. Luke Dillon made no sound; in the starlight that seeped through the windows, Dan could see his face, serene and expressionless, dead to the world.

Night in Mexico. He was too excited to sleep. It was hot and close beneath his mosquito netting. The automatic was beneath his pillow, and he felt a little like a small boy taking his bow and arrow to bed in case of Indians.

Because he was in that half state of waking dreams, he did not believe it when he heard horses in the yard. His first night in Mexico! He couldn't wake up Spike Baldridge, in the bunk beyond him, and hiss, "Bandits!" and probably become a laughingstock, the first day. And yet . . . he drew the automatic from under his pillow, his eyes straining toward the door. He'd imagined it, of course, made it up out of the evening's yarns. Then a board on the veranda creaked.

Dan's scalp felt cold. If the door opened, if a head showed around the corner, he would plug it! He leaned on one elbow, the gun steady in his hand. There was another creak . . . and another.

HE MIGHT be a novice, but he wasn't a fool. When a silhouette at night, moving stealthy and soft-footed, is topped by a huge Mexican straw hat, it isn't likely to be a visiting American. His muscles were tense with excitement, as he aimed, and then his straining ears heard the soft squidge of a mattress against wooden slats, as Alex turned in his sleep. Alex's was the bunk nearest the door at the other side; if he should miss when he fired, if his bullet should veer . . . it was better to wait.

Again there was stillness, and then, all at once, they were in the room, seven furtive shapes, moving swiftly. And everyone slept. As Dan held his breath, a flashlight blazed, illuminating Fielding's face like a stage spot; a Mexican was holding his gun against Fielding's temple, saying something in a low, peremptory voice.

Dan's hair bristled and he felt sick with helplessness. That gun, nuzzling against the crumpled white netting . . . he could get the Mexican, but it would mean certain death to Fielding. It simply wasn't worth it; what were a few watches, a couple of months' pay? He saw Alex sit up and bow with ironic politeness to the Mexican whose gun had awakened him. "What a boon you boys are to the watch people!" he murmured.

Spike Baldridge said softly, "Shut up, you idiot!" Anderson and O'Brien lay perfectly still; Dan felt hot with shame and disappointment. He didn't know why he looked across at Luke Dillon. Gunman! Dead to the world, blotto . . . and as he looked, Luke opened one eye.

Dan saw the whole thing, saw it as much as one can see anything that happens in a split second. Afterwards, he could never remember if he saw Luke's arm move.

The reports of the Texan's gun, in the room, ripped out with a shocking suddenness, an unbelievable rapidity. The noise seemed to explode, like thunder, crashing from one wall to the other. Voices rose all at once, and the door slammed, with a bang. Dan swung one leg over the edge of his bunk, his own gun in his hand, and someone lighted the lamp.

On the floor, there lay three very dead-looking Mexicans; in a corner, two more, each with a pattern of blood on his pale shirt, crouched, sullen and motionless, before Spike Baldridge's revolver.

Fielding stood beside the lamp, his lean face grim. "Maybe this'll stop some of that talk about thirty-threein' us out of the country!" he muttered. "So we're friendly with the bandits, are we? We don't run an' tell the *gente municipal* which way we saw 'em goin'!" Satisfaction and worry warred in his eyes. "Roll out, there, O'Brien, and beat it over to the cuartel an' explain to the general, pronto." He leaned over and examined the dead men. "Take those other two down to the storehouse, Spike, and keep 'em cool until the general arrives." He laughed, shortly. "That was shootin', Luke. You got—"

HIS voice broke, and he took a step toward the Texan's bunk. "Great Scott! Look at him!" he exclaimed.

Dan's eyes returned to Luke Dillon. He lay, as he had first tumbled into his bunk, sleeping peacefully, completely relaxed.

"Five out of seven without sittin' up!" said Fielding, and there was respect in his voice. Pat Anderson took hold of Luke's shoulder. "Hell, let him sleep—there's nothin' for him to do, now."

Dan looked at Alex, and then he grinned. He looked down at the gun in his own hand, and laid it carefully on the table.

"I see what you mean, now," he said; and Alex, grinning back at him, nodded.

"Yeah," he agreed mildly. "You've got to *use* a gun for it to do any good."

Tent Show

By Konrad Bercovici

IT HAD been raining hard the first four days of the Fairhope yearly fair in Connecticut. On the fifth day, at noon, after a heavy downpour, the skies cleared, and the drenched tents of circuses and the fair booths began to steam, and steamed until the whole valley, which held the fair grounds and the race track, was covered with a floating mist of gossamer gray vapors.

And then droves of people thronged in through the gates as fast as they could pass. They came on foot and in cars, in straggling groups, from Westport and from Danbury, from New Salem and New London, and from all the villages that line the intricate net of the Connecticut roads. An hour after the rain had ceased every foot of the fair grounds was crowded with people. The lions of the circus roared their loudest. The merry-go-round turned with happy children riding on the backs of wooden horses and swans and pigs. The steam organs shrieked out loud melodies, and the barkers, leather-lunged giants, barked their loudest, walking back and forth the length of the platforms in front of the tents housing "the greatest wonders of creation—half woman, half fish, and the fire-eating wild men from Timbuctoo!"

Toy balloons were bursting in the hands of laughing and crying children, while their mothers and fathers were staking their dimes and nickels at the chance wheels, to win bags of flour and red blankets that were somehow always won by the next number. What with the dense crowds, the sun at its height on a late summer afternoon, and the steaming tents, the fair grounds were as a hot oven.

On a raised platform facing a tent, a tall, black-haired, dark-eyed, bronze-skinned, full-bosomed young gypsy girl, in riding breeches and red blouse, was calling to the passers-by:

"See the greatest wild bear show in the world. See the great Malva wrestle with the wildest bears. Only ten cents. The show begins now. Only ten cents!"

Close by the bear tent, to the right, was a fortune-telling booth with an old gypsy woman at its entrance. To the left was another small tent, before which a youngish gypsy woman, a rose in her black hair, with two small children clutching at her skirt and one in her arms, was smiling at the women who passed by and offering to tell them all about their past and their future for only a quarter.

The gypsy girl on the platform was Malva, herself. Her father had been crippled by the same bear Malva now wrestled. The old gypsy woman to the right was Malva's mother. The fortune teller to the left was Malva's older sister, Sava. And the crowds were pouring into all the three booths as fast as they could get in. The gypsy tents were the last of the row of that street of booths, and faced the stalls in which were kept the race horses. The track was drying fast. The crowd was filling the grand stand. A wooden drag hitched to a car was smoothing the turf.

And James Collins, owner and racer of two horses, was watching the operation. He had a side bet with the owner of another horse on that day's race. He had made that bet following a heated discussion with Steve Verner, the owner of that other horse, and was more anxious to prove his judgment than to win the money.

"Reckon it will do," James Collins said to the colored attendant who was currying the horse and rubbing down its slender forelegs. He knew horses and knew when a man's hand on them was making them nervous. His chestnut mare needed a little quiet before racing. When the colored man had taken his hands off the horse Collins turned around to watch the crowd. That one good day was a life-saver for many of his friends.

The old gypsy woman had just gone inside the booth to give "readings" to a half-dozen women. Malva's breeches and her blouse were flecked with the sawdust on the floor of the cage in which she had wrestled the bear, and there was sawdust in her hair and on the side of her face. But she was smiling and happy, as if something inordinately pleasant had just happened to her. Collins, squinting his blue eyes, called to Malva:

"How's tricks?"

MALVA answered with a smile and blushed. James Collins, tall and handsome, though traveling with the same outfit from fair to fair, had seldom spoken to her. Like the other fair people, he had avoided the gypsies and had made believe he hadn't noticed her existence. Collins, regretting now that he had spoken to her, turned to have a word with the colored man:

"Look at that gal, Sam. She looks as though she has had a real tussle with the grizzly, doesn't she? Ever seen her act, Sam?"

"No, sir," Sam answered, and looked out, grinning at the gypsy girl from over the top half-door in the stall. "But she sure am beautiful."

While Malva was getting another batch of customers into her tent, her older sister was brushing her off, her father was selling the tickets, and her mother went in and out of her tent with women who wanted a "reading." Pietro, a shifty-eyed young gypsy, was circulating on the edge of the crowd.

Collins, talking to the colored man, saw that Malva's eyes followed the movements of someone on the edge of

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY MARIO COOPER

Malva grabbed the bear by his neck and twisted him around. The bear arched himself on his hind legs and began to tug back and forth

the crowd. His own eyes, involuntarily directed by hers, rested soon on Pietro, who was pushing before him a young giant bent on entering the gypsy show tent. And then James Collins saw Pietro's hand crawl into the pocket of the young farmer. In two jumps Collins had crossed the road and had struck the hand of the gypsy boy a sharp blow on the wrist and looked at him sharply. No words were needed.

Standing on the platform, Malva saw what had happened and was about to come to the gypsy boy's assistance, when Collins looked at her, and his eyes said, "Don't worry. I won't call the police. I'll take care of him." And as Malva was still uneasy he smiled at her understandingly and followed Pietro, whose hand he was still holding, into the gypsy tent. He had plenty of time, Collins. There was yet a full hour before the race would begin. He'd speak to Malva about Pietro. They ought to get rid of him before the Fair Committee took a hand in the proceedings. The last time Pietro had gotten into trouble with the police the whole gypsy tribe had come to his rescue and hired lawyers to get him off. Those gypsies were terribly clannish and defended one of their own.

Inside the gypsy tent the people sat down on the folding chairs surrounding a large steel cage in which a huge and ferocious-looking bear was rocking himself round and round the heavy wire mesh stretched over stout iron bars. It was not the kind of bear generally seen at fairs. The alert and savage brute, heavy and quick, stood up on his hind legs and leaped at Malva the moment she entered the cage. James Collins, who had come in to watch Pietro and had been sure that the act was a phony, felt his heart leap to his mouth.

That act was no fake. The bear's mouth was muzzled, but the power behind his paws was terrific. The bear

hated the gypsy girl. And the girl hated the bear. The brute's rushing tactics having failed because Malva wouldn't let him catch her against the iron grating of the cage, the bear now fell back on his haunches and edged carefully closer and closer to the girl. There was no one around, with pistol or iron prongs, to rescue the girl if need be. Malva edged away, turned quickly around, grabbed hold of the bear's neck, and twisted him around. Instead of wasting his energies, grunting and squirming, the bear arched himself on his hind legs and began to tug back and forth, swinging Malva off her feet until he broke her hold on him.

COLLINS held his breath at the spectacle. The gypsy girl was in mortal danger. The bear's movements became faster. The rhythm of the struggle was accelerated. The crowd was thrilled. Malva darted in and out of the bear's paws, dodging, ducking, jumping away. The beast was pursuing her relentlessly in his attempt to crowd her against the bars of the cage.

Suddenly the gypsy girl sprang at him, locked both her hands behind the bear's neck—caught him off balance, and swung him off his feet. When she let go, the huge brute crashed against the iron railing and sprawled on his back. Quicker than a flash, Malva was upon the beast and spread-eagled him. The crowd let out a shriek of horror when Malva jumped to her feet. The bear rolled up on his feet, furious, but cowed, snorting and grunting and pawing at the muzzle on his snout.

Malva looked at the bear and grinned. But she had no contempt for him or his strength. Even now she kept away from the reach of his paws, though she taunted him and cursed him in her own language. When she raised her eyes she met the eyes of Collins, who was looking at her as if he had never seen her before. Malva smiled at him as she jumped out of the cage to go on the platform to call in another batch of customers:

"Come and see the great Malva wrestle a ferocious bear. Only ten cents. One dime. Two nickels. Buy your tickets now!"

Following the crowd on the way out, Collins discovered that he had been holding Pietro's hand in his all the time.

"Watchu mean squeezing my hand like that?" Pietro growled at the horseman.

"You know darn' well what I mean," Collins said.

ONCE outside, he stopped just below Malva and, beckoning her to lean over him, whispered:

"Can't you drown that boy, or something? He'll make trouble for you. The fair committee will drive you all out if you aren't careful. And it would be too bad. Yours is the finest act of the whole fair."

He wanted to say more but they were calling from the grand stand. He put his hand to his watch pocket. The watch was gone. He looked at Malva. She looked at Pietro.

"There is your watch," Pietro said, cleverly returning to Collins's vest pocket the watch he had stolen. With a

loud laugh, the horseman jumped across the road to where the colored man was already hitching the brown mare to the light racing sulky.

"Come on, boss. How's the bear? How's the girl? Phony, yah?"

"Phony nothing! Never saw anything realer. She and the bear really wrestle. Tighten up that strap, Sam."

Sam was about to say something, but the look in James's eyes made him lower his head and tighten the strap under the horse's belly another notch.

"Tight enough, boss?"

"Too tight. Loosen up."

Patting the horse's head, Sam asked in a noncommittal voice:

"Them gypsy ain't white folks, is they, boss?"

"Kind of," Collins answered, and knew that he wouldn't hear another word from Sam about the gypsy girl. And at the same moment a great anger arose in him against Pietro. No fair was free of pickpockets. But they never stole anything from anyone working at the fair. That was like an unwritten law. The gypsy boy had broken that law. Gypsies were like wolves. They were always outside the pack. But Malva was beautiful and courageous. She was genuine. She could fake that act with the bear and no one would know. She didn't. She gave people something for their money. If the others did that too, more people would come to the fairs. What was that gypsy boy to her, anyhow?

BEFORE taking the horse to the track, Collins looked over the heads of the crowd and met her eyes. She looked at him, smiled, and turned to look at him again. As she entered the tent she turned her head and called to him:

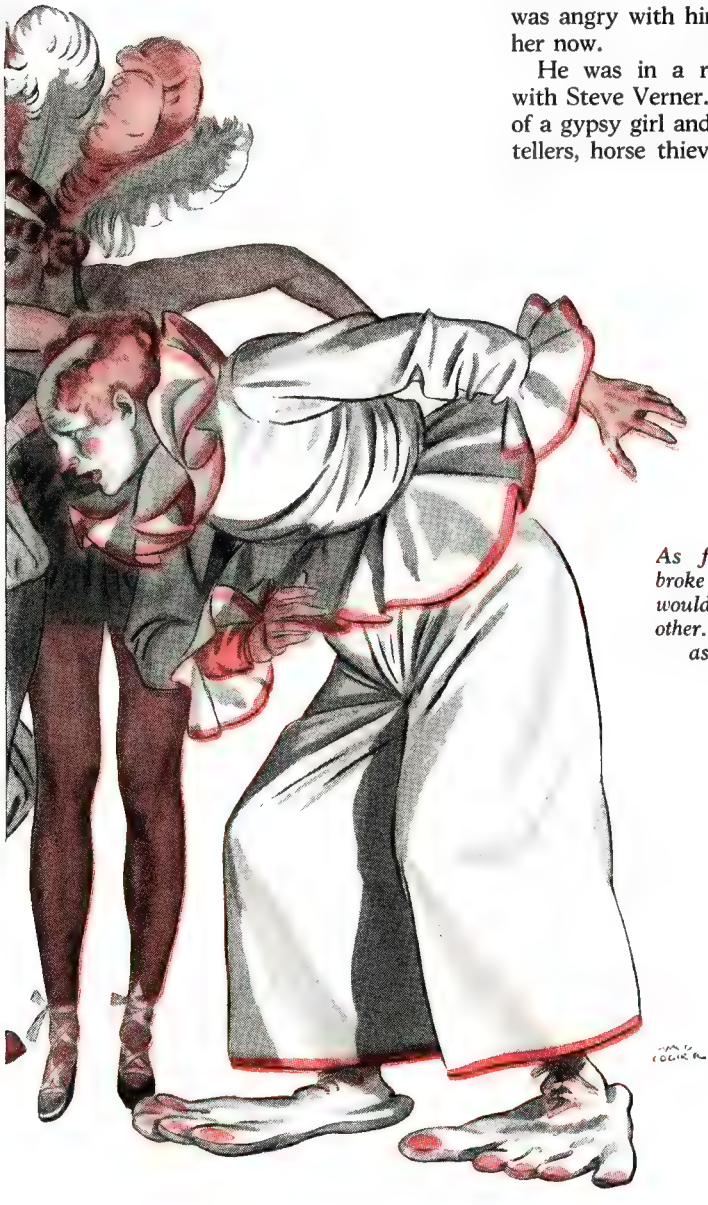
"Good luck!"

"Same to you, girl. You sure need it."

As Collins entered the track, he thought, "They are white folks, or almost. Wonder what they really are!"

He had never thought of them. He was angry with himself for thinking of her now.

He was in a race. He had a bet with Steve Verner. Fine time to think of a gypsy girl and her clan of fortune tellers, horse thieves, and pickpockets!



As fast as Collins broke one hold Malva would have him by another. Her arms were as hard as steel

"Hi, there, Collins! Keep in line! Don't hog the whole track!" someone called to him.

The grand stand was almost full. Men and women were leaning on their elbows against the fence of the round track. On the run they looked like painted toy balloons on spikes. The turf was soft and the hoofs of the horses spattered mud. A fine white lather was beginning to show under the traces of the light harness and the croup of Collins's mare. She was warming up fast. A sweet-sour odor of sweat, of horse sweat, and freshly turned earth, and sawdust, rose to his nostrils and made Collins forget gypsies, bears, pickpockets, and the rest of the world. High up, from the perched pavilion over the grand stand, someone rang a bell. The drivers on the sulkies began to jockey for better positions. It was the first race of the day. The starter shouted the last directions:

"Number Six turn about left. Seven, fall in line."

Suddenly he shouted, "Go!" They were off. Collins's horse and the horse of his competitor ran wheel to wheel during the first half of the course. As they rounded the halfway post Collins's horse took the lead. The crowd began to shout and to yell. Collins's horse was fully a neck in the lead when three quarters of the race was run. But now the other horse began to creep forward. Despite the terrific speed it looked as if the horses were standing still. The two horses were nose to nose, with nothing to choose between them, when they were a few feet from the winning post. But it was the other horse that first stretched its neck as they passed by the pavilion.

It won by a nose. Only the two horsemen knew how just the verdict was when Collins's horse was declared to have come in second. The crowd voiced its disapproval. Collins jumped off the seat of his sulky when Sam took hold of the mare's halter, and shook hands with Steve Verner, the winner.

"Great horse you got, Steve."

"Yours ain't nothing to be ashamed of, Collins."

THE two horses had raced together many a time that summer. Yet since there had been no reason to extend them they hadn't run their fastest. Few people knew that an old speed record had been lowered that afternoon. Collins had a distinct feeling of elation as he sauntered over the track—a feeling that he had done something genuine, even if he had lost; as genuine as the wrestling between Malva, the gypsy girl, and the bear. From afar he saw another crowd in front of her tent. She was magnificent in her youth and courage. Some day, Collins thought, as he paid himself a cold drink at a stand, she would go into that cage with the bear but wouldn't (*Continued on page 136*)

Recovery Key

PHOTO BY EWING GALLOWAY

Key West . . . where the "jumping-off place" becomes the "bucking-up place"

"FEEDING the starving" . . . "Relief" . . . "Rescuing stranded populations"—these are phrases of sorrow. They tell a tale of heartbreak, of dependence, of dark necessity, of sagging self-respect.

But in one small corner of America these words have a different meaning. To the 12,000 citizens of Key West, Florida, they mean romance and ambition, hope and high adventure.

These people, a year ago, were the most unhappy and discouraged community in America. Today, they've got their chins and spirits up, and are in there slugging. From the poorest to the few remaining rich, from the children on the streets to the town centenarian, they are working side by side to save their island city and transform it from a sinking derelict into a gay and shipshape pleasure yacht.

This sounds too good to be true. I certainly did not believe it until I came down here and poked around for a couple of weeks with gradually waning skepticism. The fight isn't won yet, and there are faults and flaws I won't pass over, but the general effect is optimistic.

Last spring (1934) Harry Hopkins, head of all the relief forces in Washington, sent Julius F. Stone, Jr., down as head of the Florida Emergency Relief Administration (or FERA).

Stone was a husky, versatile, and engaging fellow, only thirty-three years old, a Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard, an author of abstruse theses in organic chemistry, an ex-partner in a brokerage firm, and a successful manager of a large chain factory. He had been with the Relief Administration as

At land's end and hope's end, Key West turns the tables on depression. . . . An inspiring story of how a community, all hands together, can conquer despair

Leader . . . Julius F. Stone, Jr., Florida's Federal Emergency Relief Administrator

By John Janney

TAKE that list of troubles, pile on top of it all the ills of the general depression which the rest of us know, and you have enough to give Job nervous prostration.

The people reduced to such straits were not ne'er-do-wells. Of the 12,000 about 7,000 are of old Anglo-Saxon stock, mostly from New England and Virginia; about 3,000 are of Cuban and Spanish descent, established there for generations; and about 2,000 are Negroes of a steady, self-respecting type.

How such a people could get so punch-drunk, and how, at the count of nine, they could get up from the floor and struggle on toward victory with so much spirit, requires a good deal of explaining.

While Key West's troubles are unique, her ingenuity and teamwork in solving them may give a hint to any town with troubles of its own, which I suppose means every town.

Key West is a coral island, about a mile wide and 3½ miles long. It is 120 miles southwest of Miami and linked to the southern tip of Florida by a thin chain of reefs, keys, and shallows. It is the dividing point between the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico.

Last year people used to call Key

The Navy, under the Hoover economy régime, withdrew the large forces at the naval base and threw the civilian employees out of work.

The Army reduced the coast defenses from a regimental post to a skeleton garrison.

The Coast Guard, with the loss of interest in rum-running, moved away.

Because of changing methods of transportation, the shipping and passenger business drifted away.

The new high tariff on pineapples crippled the once prosperous pineapple canning business.

And the Greeks came all the way from the Mediterranean, settled at Tarpon Springs, with their superior diving methods, and took away Key West's valuable sponge-fishing trade.

head of Federal Projects during the feverish CWA days and had shown a taste for tough problems.

When Stone looked over the Florida situation, one startling item struck his eye at once:

About 85 per cent of the people in the once thriving city of Key West were either on relief or needed relief.

Imagine, if you can, what those figures would mean for the country as a whole: Of our 130 million people, 110 million would be on relief.

IN THE city itself the facts were even worse than the figures. The town was bankrupt, taxes could not be collected, garbage collection lapsed, great piles of trash and rubbish had accumulated. The firemen were unpaid; they stayed on the job and saved the wooden city from conflagration through sheer pride of profession.

A ghostly silence lay over the city. The coconut palms, usually heavy with fruit, were bare. Few cars moved about; not many could afford the luxury of gasoline. Business was done mostly on credit. Men swapped and borrowed and scrimped and tried to help the fellow next door—for Key Westers are a generous people. There was courage, but there was also despair.

I don't want to paint too black a picture; there was always warmth and sunshine, and fish could be had from the surrounding waters. There were lime juice and some goat's milk for the children. Yet, taken all together, here was a collective lethargy and hopelessness unequaled in modern America.

"What did we do when we were hungry?" said Jackson Golden, manager of the Colonial Hotel, to me. "Why, we let a lump come up in our throat, and then swallowed it. We had Disappointment for breakfast, Failure for lunch, and the Leavings for supper."

The mere resolutions and whereases of the City Council, taken at this time, are a catalogue of disaster. Briefly:

The largest industry, cigar making, was partly lured to Tampa by cheap locations, partly drawn to the north by the advent of atmospheric control, and finally given a knock on the head by the decline of interest in handmade cigars and the popularity of the cigarette.

An old street . . . to have a new dress

West "the jumping-off place." Five hundred years ago, according to the Indian legends, it used to be just that. Indians, when they got enemy tribes on the run, would chase them all the way down the Keys to Key West.

It was either jump or fight. Mostly they fought. Early Spanish explorers found so many bones here they called it *Cayo Hueso*, or "Bone Key."

Modern Key Westers know just how those old Indians felt. They, too, felt like jumping for a while. (As one old resident told me, "I et fish for so long I thought I'd jest jump in the ocean and join the others.") But, instead, they turned on the pursuing tribes and are chasing Chief Starv'em and Big Chief Gloom-in-the-Face into the sea.

The first recognized industry in Key West was piracy. Situated right on the ship lanes of Spain, Mexico, and Cuba, and surrounded by hundreds of hidden channels and reefy hideaways, it made an ideal location for the buccaneering business. It thrived for a while, and stray doubloons and pieces of eight are still occasionally fished up in the neighborhood.

But the pesky naval vessels—government interference with business—stepped in and cleaned the pirates out. Their trade languished so that in 1822 an American, John W Simonton, was able to buy the whole island from a Spaniard for $2,000.

Soon merchants, adventurers, and traders flocked in, and business boomed. A prosperous salt business—by evaporation of sea water in the shallows—was set up. The first cigar factories were established. Profitable sponge fishing was begun.

BEST of all, there was the wrecking and salvage business. Every year great cargo ships went on the treacherous reefs near by, and Key Westers went to the rescue. Sometimes as much as $300,000 worth of goods was brought in in this way.

After each big wreck the styles of the town changed. Now the ladies would be wearing fine English linens, now rare Chinese silks, now the extreme fashions of Paris. At the same time the gentlemen would drink Jamaica rum, or Madeira, or champagne, according to the luck of the sea.

Some whisper that it was not all luck, that certain early Key Westers could work wonders with the arranging of lights and charts—but doubtless this is mere malicious legend.

When the government established lighthouses, this adventurous business fell off almost to zero. But the fame of the Key West cigar, and the heyday of the Spanish War, with troops and sailors crowding the town, made Key West the biggest and most prosperous town in Florida. Citizens still speak wistfully of those days, days of "the hundred-thousand-dollar weekly pay roll," when the town was twice its present size.

Since then the decline, with occasional spurts and exceptions, such as the World War, has been fairly steady. There was a last flicker in the Florida boom of the mid-twenties; then came the national depression of 1929, and the decline became a toboggan ride.

LAST spring, as I have told, they reached the end of the tether.

This was the situation which Julius Stone and his investigators began to study with increasing pity and dismay.

To Stone's mind there were only three possible courses open:

First: To give the city adequate direct relief, food, and medical care. This would cost about $2,500,000 in five years, and at the end of this time the town would be as badly off as ever, for the old industries are gone for good.

Second: To abandon ship. Transport the population to other parts of the United States and try to settle them there. Apart from the human side, this would cost about $8,000,000 and might cause trouble elsewhere. Nevertheless, this plan was seriously considered in the desperation of the moment.

Third: To establish some new industry in Key West.

But what kind of new industry?

It was here that Stone, looking at the picture with a fresh, unjaded eye, could see more clearly than the Key Westers. They thought of industry in terms of shipping, trade, factories, cigars, canneries, navy yards.

The friendly stranger looking on the stricken town saw beauties that the harassed native had half forgotten.

He saw, beneath their neglect, the charm of the shuttered, balconied houses; the profusion of tropical plants, Spanish limes, sapodillas, annonas, royal poincianas, coconut palms; the quiet lanes and sun-bathed streets.

He heard the murmur of Spanish from the little cafés and the distant sound of Cuban and native African music—sorrowful today, but perhaps more gay on a happier tomorrow.

He sniffed the salt air and looked out to sea. All about he saw the finest sportsman's fishing ground in America, with its silver king tarpon, its sailfish, amber jack, barracuda, and marlin just waiting for the anglers to come out and challenge them.

Looking inshore, he saw miles of sloping beaches, clogged now with seaweed, but needing only care to make them into bathing beaches.

Finally, he cast a more prosaic eye on the weather reports. He saw that Key West is the only city in America that has never known frost; that its winter temperatures range usually from 70 to 80, its summer temperatures from 80 to 90.

All this, Stone has told me, came into his mind as he soared over Key West by plane, cruised about it by boat, and tramped for days, wondering, through its streets.

And having looked into his mind, you can probably guess his solution:

Why not rebuild Key West into a haven for winter visitors? Not a rich, gaudy, expensive place; not a cheap, noisy, dog-racing, horn-tooting place; but a place for ordinary people of moderate means who want beauty, quiet, sunshine, fishing, swimming, and a rest.

The old-timers in Key West were dubious at first. . . . Visionary. Take too long. Can't be done. Damfoolishness. Rather eat fish till doomsday than be drowned in tourists. No place for tourists if we had 'em. . . . Such were some of the comments. The young people were more interested—talked the idea over excitedly, debated it, added ideas of their own.

In any case, Stone's suggestion was the only life line in a storm, and there was a likable, persuasive, and strong-looking young man on the other end of the line. Back of the young man was Uncle Sam.

And so, on July 2, 1934, an action new in American politics was taken.

Mayor William H. Malone, the City Council, and the County Commissioners of Monroe County (this includes the adjacent keys) met in joint session, declared an "existing emergency," and surrendered all their legal powers to Governor Dave Sholtz of Florida.

Governor Sholtz, in pursuance of plan, made Stone his agent as Administrator of Key West. Since the funds to be used were largely federal, administered by Stone, this made him, in fact if not in law, the virtual dictator of Key West. I might say that no dictatorial powers have been necessary. The program has been approved by the governor and most of the local officials from the outset.

STONE was now ready to go into action. With a corps of experts to help him—engineers, architects, sanitation men, and draftsmen—the program got under way, with the first objective a thorough clean-up of the entire city. Most of those on direct relief (dole) could now be transferred to work relief.

Ten trucks were borrowed or patched together, and put on 18-hour shifts to cart away the garbage, trash, and rubbish—150,000 cubic yards of it, enough to build a pile as big as a skyscraper. Vacant lots were cleaned. Hundreds of cesspools and abandoned cisterns, breeders of mosquitoes, were drained or destroyed.

The plan was to get Key West in shape to attract visitors quickly—for the winter and spring of 1934-5.

But no sooner was the work begun than it became obvious that the job would never be finished in time. The amount that (*Continued on page 144*)

North Dakota's Senator Nye

Voice from the Bleachers

BY BEVERLY SMITH

DRAWING BY ERVINE METZL

A YOUTHFUL Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota, since the death of Senator Thomas Walsh of Montana two years ago, has become Public Inquisitor Number One.

As life grows more complicated in these United States, senatorial investigations become an increasingly important instrument of government. The parade of bankers, business titans, lobbygows, and munitions-makers to the witness stand is a familiar feature of the front page. The investigative function has come to rank almost with the executive, the legislative, and the judicial.

Armed with broad powers of subpoena and immunity to libel, Senate investigations bring to light, for better or worse, facts which cannot be made public in any other way. The inquiries are actually a great searchlight illuminating any situation about which the senators think the public ought to know.

And the man behind the searchlight, right now, is Nye—Senator "Hearsay" Nye to his enemies, "Gerald the Giant Killer" to his friends.

His delvings into the dark doings of the munitions-makers have brought him world-wide fame. Foreign chancelleries buzz with his name, and men in Downing Street, the Quai d'Orsay, and the Wilhelmstrasse discuss his findings apprehensively. His voice is familiar over the radio in Japan, where he ranks, along with Babe Ruth, as a kind of national hero. When he speaks in the Senate, the Japanese ambassador drops in to listen.

England has paid him the compliment of appointing a royal commission to conduct a similar investigation in Britain. In a hundred cities in America, church and peace-movement groups are putting on plays made up of actual testimony taken at the inquiry in Washington. He has made 80 speeches on the munitions business and has been invited to make 800 more.

IF YOU are in Washington this spring, and would like to see him in action, go over to the Senate office building some morning. The hearings are usually held in Room 352.

You will probably find fifty or a hundred other spectators there. Some are old ladies, looking for material for a paper to be read at the next meeting of the club. Some are clergymen, convinced that the munitions inquiry is the most practical thing ever done to bring peace on earth. Some are armament salesmen, concerned about their livelihood. And of course there are always reporters—because hot news may break at any moment for South America, China, the Balkans. One of (*Continued on page 116*)

Upstage

BY ELEANOR DELAMATER

Jinny pulled him into the midst of the group. No country club porch was ever more adorned

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY RAY PROHAS[illegible]

LONG before he reached his destination, Timothy Marsh began to see big playbills tacked onto trees and the sides of barns. They all announced the same thing. In bold black letters they all proclaimed:

The Windy Point Theater
presents
MARGOT HUNTINGTON
in
"DAY AFTER TOMORROW"
Saturday, September 1st
One performance only
Seats on Sale at Box Office

Tim passed the playbills, unimpressed. He knew who Margot Huntington was, of course. Everybody did. Everybody said she was wonderful. But he had been away at college last winter and hadn't seen the big success in which she had flashed to stardom. Anyway, he wasn't streaking down the length of Cape Cod to see Margot Huntington!

Where the sandy road forked, Tim slowed his car and inspected the two signposts. One pointed left, announcing, "Windy Point Theater." The other veered right, and said, "Theater School." He swung the roadster's nose down the right-hand road. He was excited. Virginia Wallace was here at this school place. Little Jinny Wallace, who came just up to his chin. By now, he thought, after a whole summer of it, she'd have got over being stage-struck. She'd be glad to see him. He was twenty-one, and crazy about her.

The road wound between scrub oaks toward the water. A stiff breeze blew off Buzzard's Bay and flattened the blond hair on Tim's hatless head. He came in sight of a lone, weather-beaten building, out on the headland. A nice

place, he thought. The bay was all around it. Tough grass and beach-plum bushes grew everywhere. There were no other houses. This must be the Windy Point Theater School.

Tim shot down the ragged driveway and pulled up at the steps. The roadster's top was down. His hair was in his eyes and he could feel his heart thumping pleasantly. He killed his motor, and looked around.

Girls! His first startled glance saw a dozen of them up there on the porch, all young, all pretty, and all staring at him. Several youths were in the background, but he scarcely noticed them. He slid out from behind the wheel, feeling his first qualm. Then a clear voice cried:

"Tim! Why, it's Timmy!"

And Jinny came down the steps.

She looked just the same—small and fair, with those great, dark eyes. She wore blue shorts and a sweater, and her curly hair was flying. She might have been twelve years old instead of twenty. He wanted to kiss her, but he could only stammer:

"Hello. Hello, there, Jinny."

"Hello, Timmy." She stood before him, looking a little flustered. "You made good time, didn't you?"

"Yep. Over fifty most of the way!" He grinned at her. "Hope I didn't come too fast. I'm not too early, am I?"

It was then that he began to notice the change in her. She was so serious.

"Oh, no. Not at all. I didn't expect you for another hour, really. We're right in the middle of line-rehearsal. But it's quite all right."

HE FELT dashed. He had driven a hundred miles to see her, stepping on it all the way. He muttered:

"Don't mind me. Should I shove off and wait somewhere, and come back later?"

"N-no. I'll get out of it, this once. Come along, now, and meet everybody. I've got you a room at the Inn for the week, but you'll have your meals right here."

"Hey!" he protested in an undertone. "Eat here? With all these people? But, Jinny, I wanted us—you and me—to—"

"Now, Tim! You'll like it here, really. And I can't be away just now. I've got to be near the Theater. You picked an awfully important week to come up, you know. Come on, now."

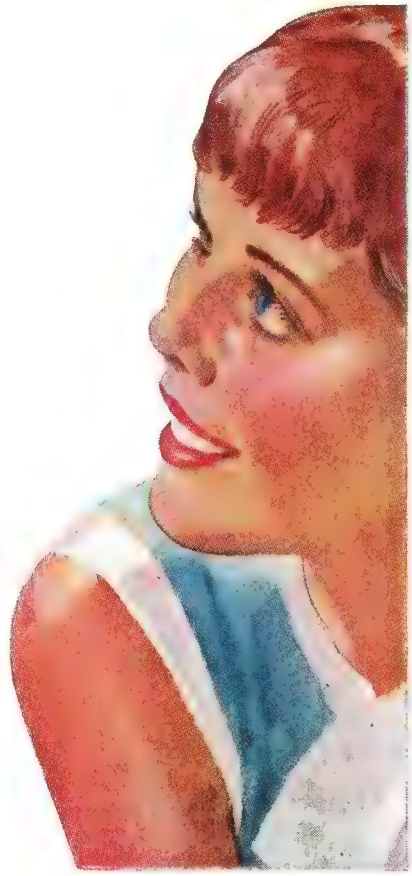
And she pulled him with her, up the steps and into the midst of the group. They were gathered about a slim person who seemed a little older than the others. They wore slacks and sweaters and jackets—even bathing suits. They sat still, each with a sheaf of typewritten pages on her lap. No country club porch was ever more adorned. But their manner, as they greeted Tim, was not a country-club manner. It was unenthusiastic, faintly abstracted.

"Miss Seton," Jinny began. "Mr. Marsh. (Miss Seton's our Director, Tim.) Miss Grey, Mr. Marsh. Mr. Dillon, Mr. Marsh. Miss Gordon, Mr. Marsh—"

Over and over. He heard his name repeated endlessly, and bobbed his head before pretty face after pretty face, and knew that his ears were red. He felt awkward and lost and cut off from Jinny. There she stood in her shorts, little and soft and appealing as ever, but she wasn't the lively creature he remembered. She was ever so quiet and serious. Ever so earnest. They all were. He couldn't understand it.

IT WAS worse, later. Tim tried, but he couldn't persuade Jinny to go out to dinner with him—not even that first night of his visit. Toward evening, when he had found his room at the Inn and bathed and changed and spruced up, he came back to the School and asked her. He stood in the big, bare living-room and begged her to come with him. But she wouldn't. She had on a soft yellow dress, now. She was very sweet and sorry—but very, very firm.

"Timmy dear, I can't," she told him



earnestly. "I'm all tied up. I wrote you I'd be busy this week, you know. And you *would* come."

"Well, it was the only time I could work it. And I wanted to see you so bad."

"And I wanted to see you, Tim. Truly. Only I have My Work, you see. And that comes first."

"Heck!" he protested. "Work! This is only a school, isn't it? Do you have school all night?"

She looked at him.

"Listen," she said patiently. "I'll explain. The Company"—her voice dropped impressively—"the regular performing Company, over at the Theater, is giving *Day After Tomorrow*. They're giving it just once. There are three parts in it that they've agreed to fill with people from the school here. They're like prizes, those parts, that we've all been working to get, all summer. They'll choose three of us—the best three—the ones that are really serious actors—to fill those parts. It's a big chance—to appear with a professional company. So you see—"

"No," Tim said crossly, "I don't see. Here I come all the way up here to be with you, and you talk about prizes and companies and parts! Anyway, tonight—"

"TONIGHT," Jinny cut in, drawing herself up, "is the night they Choose! After dinner. Miss Seton and Mr. Thomas, from the Theater, and—guess who else."

He wouldn't guess.

"Who?"

"Margot Huntington! That's who! She's here for the week-end and she's going to play the lead, the part she made her big hit in. It means everything to me, Tim. My whole career. A chance to play with Margot Huntington! Think of it!"

Tim thought of it and was not impressed. He tried to tempt her:

"I wanted to go somewhere and dance. There's a nice place over on the main road. You know you like to dance, Jinny. Remember that half-turn-and-dip we invented?"

Her eyes glowed, looking up at him, but her small chin was firm.

"No, Tim. I'd love to, but this is too important. Miss Huntington's wonderful. Quite young, really, and so attractive. If I can do this thing with her I'll know I'm an actress. It's my—my Very Life, Tim. I've been competing for it like mad, all summer."

Tim looked down at her. She was so solemn, with her wide eyes and that childlike mop of hair. He had a brief picture of her, "competing like mad all summer." It softened him. He smiled.

"Okay, Jinny. You win this time. I'll stay here. When do we eat?"

The girl put her arms around him and held him, helpless. At the moment Jinny appeared in the doorway

They ate very soon. The School came straggling downstairs, eleven girls and three unobtrusive young men. They were more formally dressed now, all of them groomed and sleek, all of them absorbed and tense. Tim let Jinny push him gently after them into the long dining-room, with its windows fronting on the bay.

There were two tables—a small one in the window for Miss Seton and possible guests, a long one down the room for the others. Tim found himself at the long table, sitting between Jinny and a plump girl with red hair. Her name, she told him, was Gordon.

"I'm Dobie Gordon. You'll have to excuse me. I'm simply *perishing* with excitement. They Choose tonight, you know. . . . What do you do?"

He explained, a little blankly, that he was at Princeton.

"Oh. Well, I hope you'll excuse me. I'm in a dither about this part. I've got ten sides, you know."

He said she didn't look it. She stared,

then turned away, calling across the table:

"They're keen about your one-act, Bob. I heard Mr. Thomas say so. But you'll have to change the curtain."

Bob wore a flannel jacket. He said: "I know. I thought I'd use a blackout, instead."

Jinny raised her earnest little voice: "Dick, I'm still shaky in that scene with you. *Could* you possibly cue me in it, right after dinner?"

"Sure, Jinny. Let's run through the whole thing, right up to the clinch. We ought to."

"Miss Seton," a small girl at the foot of the table begged loudly, "please save me a minute, won't you? I need some help with my sobbing."

TIM sat back in his chair. He felt like a fool. Nobody noticed him. Nobody spoke to him. Even Jinny was absorbed, her bright head bent over her plate while she muttered some gibberish under her breath. It was all confusing and terribly disappointing.

"Nuts!" he thought defiantly. "Actors and actresses! Nuts!"

He did not enjoy the meal.

When it was over Jinny went out on the porch with him. But not for long. She let him kiss her once, lightly. Then she said:

"Now, run along, Timmy. You'll amuse yourself tonight, won't you? Since you know what's happening here —how important it is to me? Good night, Timmy. I'll be seeing you."

And she went indoors and shut the door. Just like that! Tim went down the steps and hunched himself into his parked car and began seriously to sulk. Amuse himself, indeed! This was strange country and he knew no one, and he was tired after his long drive. He just sat there, alone in his car while the night blackened around him and the breeze off the bay grew chilly. Lights went up in the house and sounds came from it—buzzings, loud voices. He sat there, feeling sore all over and thinking hard about Jinny.

They had always been pals. She had always been his girl—sailing, swimming, at parties, just lately at football games and proms. They got along fine. Why, if you came right down to it, they loved each other. They were going to marry. Until now, that had been perfectly understood between them. Until now, when this theater-bug had bitten her and she'd gone trudging off into a cockeyed world where he wouldn't follow her, even if he could. Tim sighed. He had thought she'd be over it by now, after this summer, but she was worse than ever. "My Work!" she said. "My Career." Little Jinny, who belonged in a man's arms, not strutting around on some stage.

A car drove up behind him in the dark. It stopped, and its headlights flicked off and someone got out. He heard a man's voice and a woman's.

"Lead on, Johnny!" the woman's voice said. "Enter judges, complete with beards."

It rang, that voice. It was like a piece of crystal that sings when you touch it. But the two went indoors, and Tim forgot them.

He was scared, that was it. Suppose he should lose Jinny! Suppose, actually, she should succeed at this thing, and forget him! He had never thought about it, but here alone in the dark where she had left him he did. What had she said? "If I get this part, I'll know I'm an actress."

He hoped fiercely that she wouldn't get it.

He sat there for three hours, cold, grumpy, arguing with his fear. Then a burst of noise came from the house. Voices, clapping, chairs scraping.

"Yeah!" he thought in shaky derision. "I suppose they've Chosen! You'd think they were picking a football team, the fuss they make!"

THE door opened presently and a man and a girl came out, calling goodnights. They walked arm in arm down the steps. The man said:

"You're swell to do this, Margot! Appearing with amateurs—kids, at that!"

The vibrant voice that Tim remembered answered:

"Oh, it's fun! I like them. And I see signs of talent, too. But, Johnny—oh, Johnny!—the little Wallace! Really!"

"I know," he said quickly. "She's terrible. Wooden. But—"

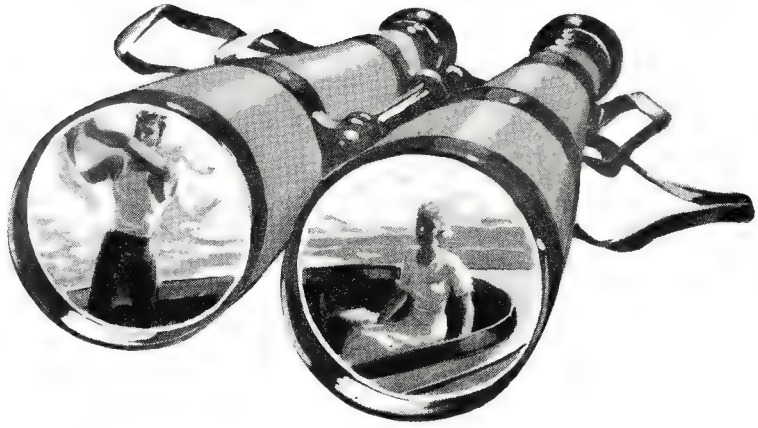
"She's sweet. But she'll never make an actress. Not in a million years. She doesn't feel. *Must* she have that part, Johnny? It takes doing—that part."

"I know. But look, Margot. This isn't an honest-to-goodness production, you know—even if you are big-hearted enough to appear in it. It's more like a —a goal, for this School we've started. We've been holding it over their heads all summer. And Jinny's the type for that part—little and pretty. No one can touch her for looks. Besides, she tries so hard"

She laughed (*Continued on page 140*)

A Tink Story

Don't go near the water



By Howard Brubaker

PEACE and industry reigned in Tinkham's Garage that summer Saturday morning. The genius of Apple Tree Lane, widely known as "Tink," was renewing the youth of Clint Blake's old sedan, working with the sure touch and unhurried speed of a good mechanic. Since the opening hour no customer had invaded his privacy, no telephone bell had broken the silence. It was happiness too great to last.

For this profound peace was now shattered by the entrance of a couple of rough characters making seafaring noises.

"Ahoy, you ol' landlubber!"

"Blast my binnacle, if it ain't Tink!"

"Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!"

These two old tars were instantly recognized as Jane and June, the sixteen-year twin liabilities of the House of Baylor. The girls wore middy blouses and they walked with what they believed to be a rolling gait. Tink had known these youngsters all their lives, he had been involved with them in a number of adventures, pleasant and painful, but he had never heard them express any interest in boating, though Burnley was not far from the shore of Long Island Sound.

"How come you gals have gone marine all of a sudden?"

"Ask Dad, he knows," one of the twins answered.

IN THE wake of these ancient mariners came George W. Baylor, a prominent New York attorney and a long-time customer of Tink's. The three were now bound for Blueport, a seaside town a hundred miles down the coast of the Sound. At this moment the garage assistant, the youth called "Pickles," was out in front bestowing gas, oil, air, and water upon the Baylors' small car, the Baby Grand. It seemed that the family had been exposed to a new ailment. A client with a summer home at Blueport was pressed for funds and wished to sell a single-cabin cruiser, and they were going down to have a look at this craft.

"What do you know about motorboat engines, Tink?"

"Nothing that I can tell in the presence of young girls."

The prejudiced mechanician merely declared that there was no way Mr. Baylor could get more trouble per dollar than by buying a power boat. Marine engines, he alleged, have all the vices of dry-land ones and extra ailments due to the action of salt water on valves. He had given up taking jobs on the pesky things, because he could not guarantee satisfaction. The care and feeding of a motorboat were expensive, and nothing brought you less fun for the money except going to the dentist.

"Thing for you to do, Mr. Baylor, is to take a nice trip up in the hill country and don't go near the water."

"I don't really expect to buy it, Tink, but it will do no harm to look at this boat."

"That's the first downward step. You'll sink lower and lower and end up by being a member of the Turtle Creek Yacht Club."

"This palatial yacht," June said, "will be called the Jujania."

"After three ornaments to American womanhood," her sister added.

This word was compounded of "June," "Jane," and "Virginia," the last being the older sister now away from home on a visit. The eminent attorney might think he was not going to buy a boat, but his daughters knew better.

As the car departed Tink could hear

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

June focused the binoculars on the distant craft. "Blawst my lee scuppers if the blighter ain't wavin' a bloomin' shirt!"

the voices of the unsavory characters raised in what they wrongly believed to be melody. Apple Tree Lane was being informed that they were sailing, sailing, over the bounding main.

"I see where George W. is sunk," so Tink's thoughts ran. "The poor fish may put up a struggle but they'll land him in the end. If I'm not careful they'll rope me in, too."

The week-end brought no news from the stricken family, but on Monday the seagoing twins bounced back on him like a couple of rubber checks. They entered the workshop chanting, "Strike up the band, here come the sailors," and did something intended for a hornpipe. Tink was working at his bench, but June captured a hand and began to read his palm.

"You are about to take a sea voyage."

"Beware of a couple of dark, skinny gals," added Tink.

"Belay that talk," cried June, "or you'll get beaned with a marlin spike."

THEY draped themselves about in picturesque attitudes and spun yarns about the good ship Jujania. She was an absolute honey and Tink would be quite mad about her.

"Did your weak-minded dad fall for this?"

"That's where you come in," Jane said. "It looks all right, but he won't buy it till you give the engine a thorough test. We just ran around for an hour or two. You are going to be our guest on an all-day trip. How are you fixed for tomorrow?"

He said he was not going boat-riding tomorrow or any other day.

"I'm surprised and pained," said June. "We distinctly gave Dad to understand that you had promised to go."

"In other words, you lied to him."

"Old salts, you know. They always stretch things a little."

"It's a cinch to steer a motorboat," June argued. "I've done it millions of times. Anyway, five or six."

"Easy enough in deep seas and broad daylight, but in strange waters you're liable to bang into a reef, and there goes your costly yacht. Not for your Uncle Dudley, thank you. When I drive I want to know how far it is to the ground. Go get yourself a seafaring animal."

He turned back to his work, and the girls were supposed to get discouraged and go away. Instead, they nourished themselves out of a box of chocolates and considered how Uncle Dudley should be dressed for the voyage. They fancied duck trousers, white canvas

shoes, blue serge coat, and a yachting cap with gold braid. Thus decorated he would be a fine figure of a man and a peril to womankind in all ports.

"Why should I doll up like an admiral," he demanded, "if I have to spend the day nursing a greasy old engine?"

The sea gals shrieked with joy. This was Tink's cantankerous, ungracious way of accepting their invitation.

"This trip will sweeten up your sour disposition, old dear," said Jane. "A happy, carefree day at sea away from heat, dust, and traffic cops. You'll come home with your system full of good salt air and steamed clams. It will take ten years off of your age." She did mental arithmetic. "Then you will be twenty-five, and young enough for me. You may be my bridesmaid, dear."

She rammed three chocolates into her mouth.

"It would be cheaper," Tink growled, "to buy an elephant."

AT ELEVEN the next morning the Baby Grand, with Tink at the wheel, was creeping along the narrow streets of the quaint old town of Blueport with its stone houses huddled together flush with the sidewalks. The garage man was dressed very much like a garage man, but the twins were nautical from head to feet in middy blouses with stripes on the sleeves, stars on the collars, white duck pants, and white gob caps at a saucy angle. Turtle-neck sweaters were carried. In fact, they looked like chorus-girl sailors.

Presently the trio reached the little harbor, with its picturesque array of shore-dinner restaurants, stands which offered souvenirs, a boat-building yard, a ship chandler's shop, fish nets hung up to dry, piles of lobster pots, and heaps of oyster shells. Tink would gladly have lingered here among the pleasant sights, sounds, and smells, but his companions were eager to be off for foreign parts.

The Jujania (which still bore the commonplace name of Camilla) was tied to a landing float, and it was promptly put at their service by the man in charge. She was a modest boat, twenty-four feet in length, with an enclosed cabin which could be turned into a four-berth stateroom, and a tiny galley with an alcohol burner for cooking. She was said to have a speed of twelve miles per hour.

Now the girl friends revealed a secret plot against their father. This boat would be just a first step. Next year they would trade her in on a larger craft, and some day they would work up to an ocean-going steam yacht with a crew of eight, officers in white mess jackets, and a French chef named Pierre to pander to their every whim.

"Dad mustn't know this now," June said. "He's the kind of parent who can be pushed only a little at a time. Come on, my hearties; lend a hand with the provisions."

The rear compartment of the car proved to be packed full of boxes and baskets of edibles, for the food-loving girls had no intention of subsisting on salt pork and sea biscuit. When this cargo was stowed in the cabin Tink sarcastically observed that this was not enough chow for a voyage to Madagascar.

"When things run low we'll stop and trade with the natives," Jane said.

Her sister, however, proposed to eke out a livelihood by piracy on the high seas. She had been reading up on ship-scuttling in all its branches, including throat-slitting.

Tink saw to it that the gasoline and fresh-water tanks were full, then arose to make a few remarks. If he was to be responsible for this outfit he would have to be the boss. They would follow the orders of the skipper or get out and swim. Was that clear to all hands? They said it was.

"June will take the wheel at the start because she has steered boats millions of times."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Jane will be the cook, because I want to know how good she is before I accept her offer of marriage."

"Righto, Captain Dudley."

The engine started readily, and a few minutes later the youngsters were taking a fond farewell of their native land.

"Three fourths of the earth's surface is water," said June, the bright geography student, as she steered the boat towards the open sea. "It will take a while to get around."

"And we've got to get wrecked on a desert island," the other one said, "and be rescued by handsome marines. That'll soak up time."

THE *put-put* of the engine was regular, the sea was blue-green in the sunlight, the small boat—called, of course, the "dink"—bobbed merrily behind. There was a pleasant tang to the breeze and a salty taste on the lips.

"Gor lummy! This is a bit of awright!" June seemed to have gone slightly British. "'Ow you like it, matey?"

"Monotonous," said Tink through his pipe smoke. "Nothing to look at but waves. When you've seen one wave, you've seen them all."

This started the old sea dog off on a yarn.

"Speakin' of waves," she said, "I mind one time—out of Zamboanga, we was, bound for Baluchistan with a cargo of alarm clocks. We had a crew of squareheads and limeys—"

"Pipe all hands for'ard for grog!" This welcome interruption was Jane bearing bottles of ginger ale.

When well out from shore June steered the craft eastward, on the theory that that was the way to Java, Zamboanga, and Nagasaki. By midafternoon they reached Block Island. They entered the little harbor, went ashore, and "traded with the natives." Tink took on gasoline, while the crew put in a cargo of salt-water taffy, post cards, souvenir sea shells, and three pounds of swordfish steak. The twins and the natives were a great treat to each other and the skipper had trouble getting the hands back on board.

Jane, who had served refreshments at frequent intervals, was now given her turn at the wheel.

"The next stop is Newport," she cried. "We'll go ashore and make snoots at the millionaires."

THE skipper vetoed this suggestion. They could not do this and get back to their own harbor before dark.

"There'll be no night sailing on this trip."

"Do you mean to say we've got to go home?"

"Yes," said Tink.

He might better have stopped there, but he made a weak concession:

"That's the end of Long Island we see over there. We can cruise along that shore, if you like, then across the Sound to Connecticut."

"Aye, aye, sir." Jane touched her cap. "West by sou'-west she is. Batten down the hatches and shake out the spinnaker."

An hour later, Jane, still at the wheel, called out:

"A low rakish craft on the sta'-board bow."

June shielded her eyes, and gazed at the distant boat.

"Head straight for her. We'll swarm on board and scuttle her. I wonder what that white thing is." She took a look through the binoculars and went British again. "Blawst my lee scuppers if the blighter ain't wavin' a bloomin' shirt!"

Tink, who had been reading a magazine to avoid looking at waves, now took a renewed interest in life:

"Those babies seem to be in trouble. I suppose we'll have to see what's wrong."

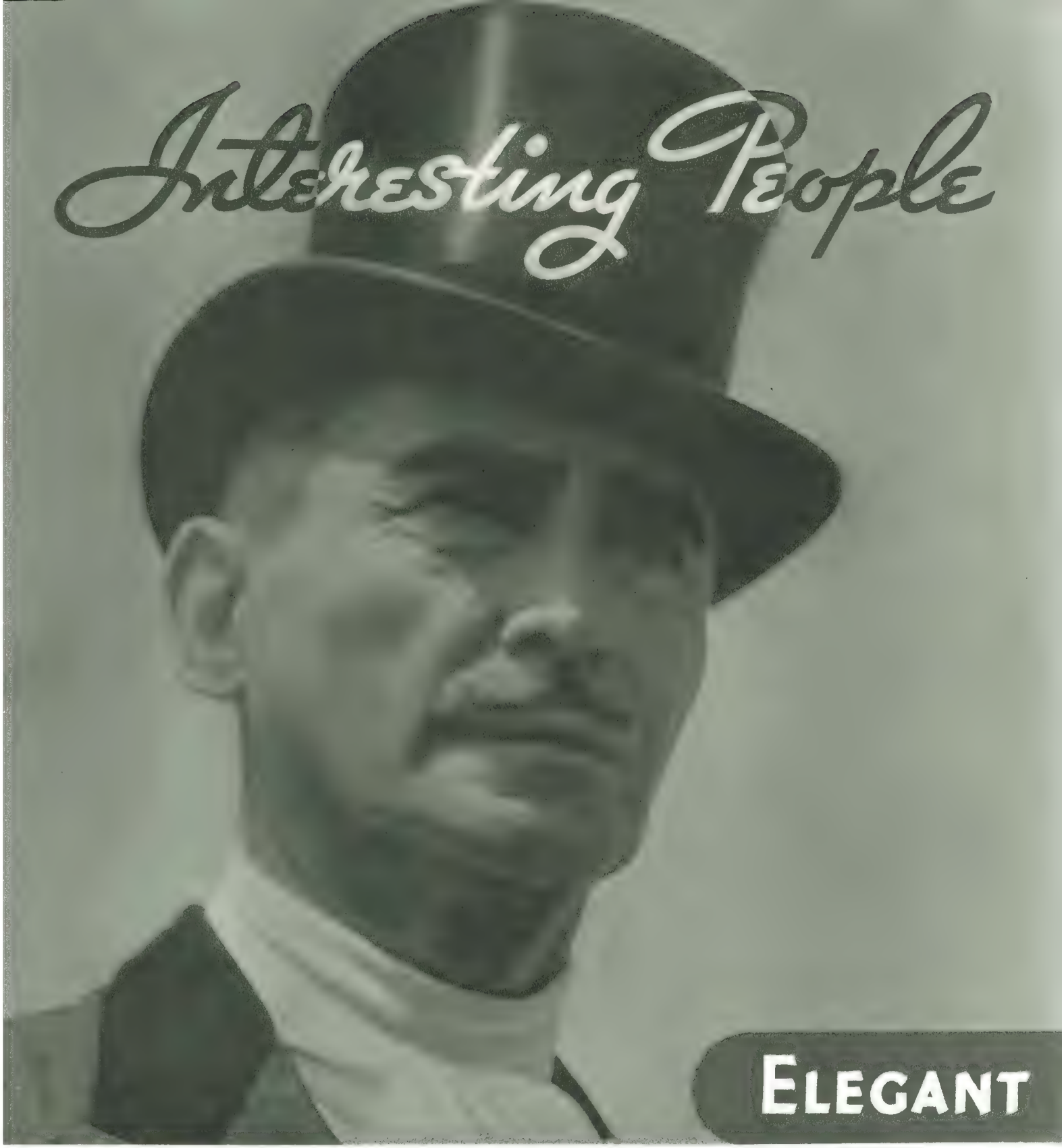
The twins sprang into action with ahoys and avasts. If there was anything their systems craved it was the chance to perform a thrilling rescue at sea.

The disabled craft proved to be a small open motorboat bearing the name "Molasses" and containing a dark, slim young man and a blond girl, who was fundamentally pretty, but messy-looking with stringy hair and bedraggled clothes. They were sunburned to the bright crimson hue of boiled lobsters, and what they wanted first of all was a big drink of water. Next they wished to be saved from the briny deep and also from each other, for they were not on cordial terms. A day on the bounding billows had not sweetened their dispositions any.

"Something wrong with your kicker?" asked Tink.

"Ask Thomas (*Continued on page 125*)

Interesting People



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE F. COPLAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

FRED BRADNA is the greatest equestrian director in the history of the circus—and circus folk will tell you so. For 35 years he's kept all the acts of the largest show on earth clicking off like clockwork. The whole show, from the flying trapeze to the elephant act, whisks along at the terrific tempo Bradna sets. Carries around his neck a gaudy whistle of gold, studded with diamonds. Toots it when compelled to pep up the performance. Born in Alsace-Lorraine 60 years ago. As lieutenant in a French cavalry school, he (then Frederick Levebre) met, wooed, won, Ella Bradna, beautiful bareback rider. Liked her name better than his—changed to it. They've been circusing together ever since. He's the best amateur chef under the big top—his duck-à-la-Bradna is famous. Hasn't done much riding in the last ten years—but likes to show the greenhorns how to do the waltz, side step, and kootch. He's the idol of youngsters, with his glittering boots, natty riding costume, shiny topper.

TRUCKDRIVER

PHOTOGRAPH BY BEN PINCHOT FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

WANTED: Young woman, good mechanic, free to travel around the world—in a truck. . . . Leila Roosevelt Denis, 29, explorer, inserted that ad, got results, got a companion, in fact, who with her established a record by driving from New York to New York over the longest land mileage ever attempted. She's off again, accompanied by Edna Olmsted, the ad-answerer, on her second record-breaking trip. Is crisscrossing the length and breadth of Africa, the first time that any explorer has done this by motor. Purpose: to gather scientific data for her husband, Armand Denis, head of the Belgian Congo Expedition and director of the jungle picture *Wild Cargo*. Started her truck-driving career to prove to her husband that a woman is just as much at home in the desert as in the kitchen. She maps her own routes, designs her own trucks (young hotels on wheels). Born in St. Louis. Cousin to the White House Roosevelts. Has four children who have already made one trip around the world (not in a truck).

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE P. HIGGINS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

FRANCIS BEVERLEY BIDDLE, of the Philadelphia Biddles, lawyer, outspoken chairman of the National Labor Relations Board, is one of the "strong men" of the administration. It's his job to investigate and adjust controversies between employers and employees arising under that famed code-making section, 7a of NRA. Fearless, brainy, freckled-browed, he has egged the New Deal into the labor battle of its career. Appointed by President Roosevelt because of his liberal views, his past experiences as a U. S. district attorney in his native state. Like his appointer, he trained for his career at Groton School and Harvard (*cum laude*). First feather in his cap: Chosen secretary to former Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Been in law ever since. Took time out to write one society novel. Born in Philadelphia, 1890, scion of a house noted for its brilliant members of the bar. Married. Son Edmund Randolph is named after an ancestor who was America's first attorney general.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE P. HIGGINS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

THIS young woman has killed off many men and women—in her novels. Her real name is a secret but she signs her stories "Leslie Ford." She has written a dozen deftly handled mysteries, but has managed to remain somewhat of a mystery herself. Writes all the swirling, swiftly moving plots in her quiet home in Annapolis, Md. While she's involved with murder in Washington's high official circles, her husband teaches at nearby St. John's College. Senators are slaughtered on the pages of her manuscript while her 8-year-old daughter plays in the garden with Watson, the cocker spaniel. She creates catastrophe in the Supreme Court (in her latest, *The Clock Strikes*, beginning on page 12 of this number) while a horse is being saddled for her afternoon ride. She likes cats and children—dislikes most forms of exercise. Born in the State of Washington. Spent three years in the first grade because she was afraid of her teacher, who wore leg-of-mutton sleeves. The rest? Your guess is as good as ours. She's still the mystery.

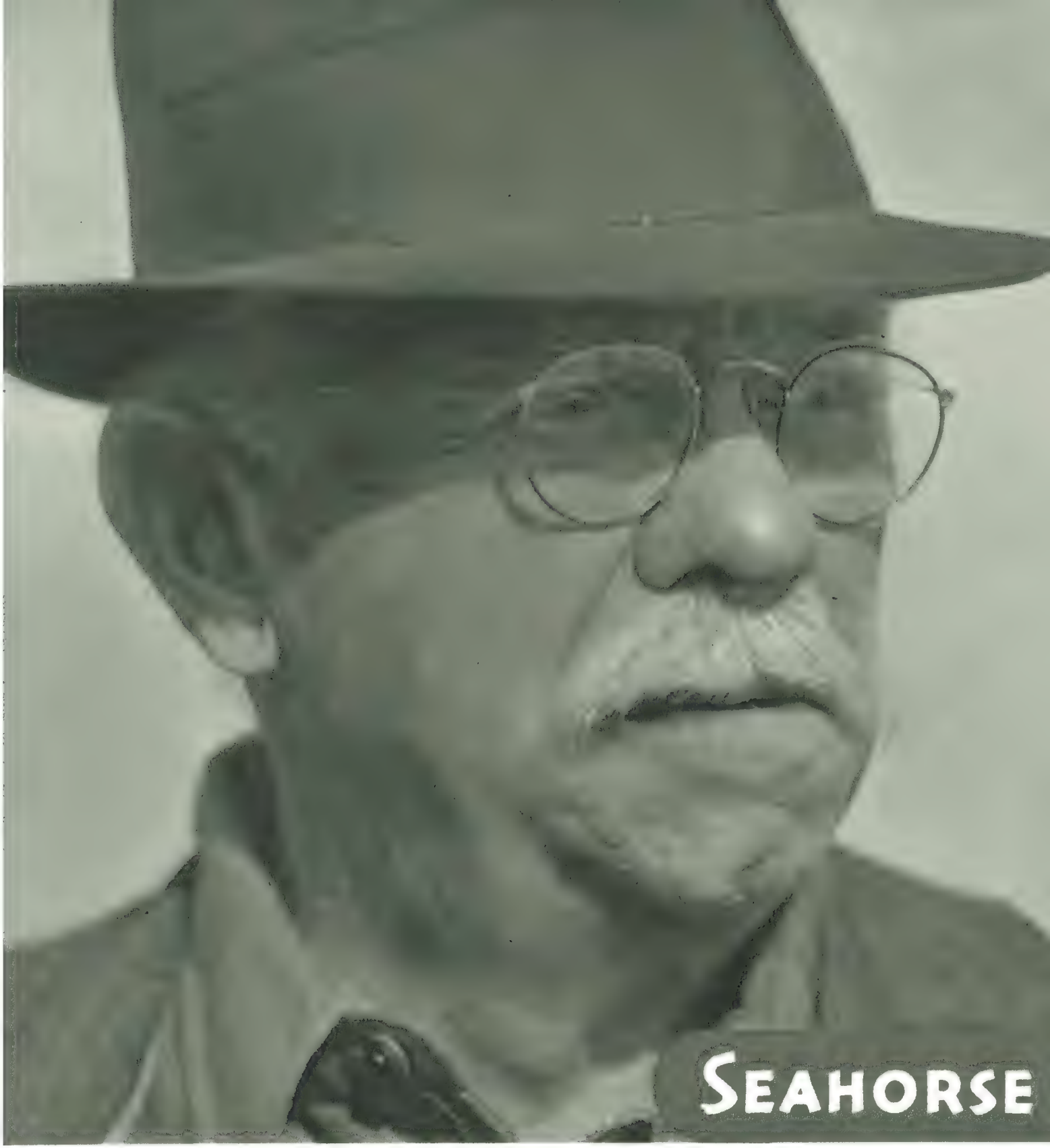
MARKSMAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY WIDE WORLD FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

WHEN it comes to shooting, Marion Semmelmeyer, 28, Los Angeles housewife, makes the old-time Western bad man look like an amateur. She's the best woman pistol and revolver shot in America. Outshot the U. S. Champion (1934) Los Angeles Police Department team. Can shoot a cigarette right out of your mouth—if you'd care to let her try it. In three months she's won 5 big matches, including the Great North-West International Civilian Championship, for both men and women. Began 2 years ago. Had no hobbies until husband, a West Point graduate and civil engineer, taught her the delicate art of handling a .45. Now she can hit the bull's-eye in back of her by aiming with a hand mirror, split a playing card edgewise, fire two guns simultaneously at two different targets and score both. Born in Chicago. Went West in 1926. Has a daughter 9, son 8. Mr. Semmelmeyer is proud of her corn bread—prouder of her 15 silver and gold trophy cups standing on the sideboard in the dining-room.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE W. VASSAR FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

WILLIAM ROBERT (Bounding Bonney) BONTHRON, 22, accountant, is America's outstanding amateur athlete. He has smashed 2 world records and won all the national outdoor championships (1934) at one mile and 1,500 meters. Voted by a jury of 600 sports officials winner of famed James E. Sullivan Memorial Trophy, awarded each year by the Amateur Athletic Union. At 12, his legs were injured in a fire. Doctor ordered him to limber up by running. Last year he ran so fast that he was the sensation of the season. This year he's the star of the New York Athletic Club, still battling his greatest rival, Glenn Cunningham, the great Kansas runner, and working six days a week in a New York accounting firm. Sprints in lunch hour on a department store roof. Eats as much as a footballer. He's one of the few runners to break a world record and yet not win the race. Came in second to Jack Lovelock, of England, in what is considered the greatest mile run of all times. They both shattered the existing mark.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY DRUCKER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

SIMON (Old Man of the Sea) LAKE, whose invention of the submarine has changed naval policies of all maritime nations, is, at 68, seeking sunken treasures on a hard-boiled business basis. A scow, a tube, a midget sub, and a list of a thousand ships in Davy Jones's locker are his stock in trade. Gold is not his only quest. Through his vacuum-cleaner-like gadget, which sweeps the bottom of the sea, he hauls up coal, steel, iron, and even flour. Believe it or not, he's retrieved flour dry and in good condition—the outer layer had formed a watertight shell. Figures he's spent almost as many hours under water as some of us spend in bed. Born in Pleasantville, N. J. First thought about submarines while swimming under water in the old swimming hole. Made his first craft, the Argonaut, in 1894, and astonished the whole world. Home, Milford, Conn. Retired twice—promises never to do so again. Favorite sport: spearing eels and flounders under water from a trick opening in his own private runabout sub.

JEAN MUIR, 24 (and that's the truth), the movies' latest rave, is so frank she's called the craziest girl in Hollywood. Straight-from-the-shoulder she shouts secrets about herself, seldom, if ever, told by an actress. Admits that an ancestor was the notorious leader of a band of Scotch smugglers. Born Jean Muir Fullarton (in New York). Dropped the last name when she went into the movies—too long—three years ago. First flashed on the legitimate stage in *A Bird in Hand.* A talent scout from a big picture studio caught her doing a fine job in *Saint Wench.* Her library, pretty highbrow for Hollywood, contains books from Merezhkovski to Havelock Ellis. Hates cooking, but has one trick egg dish: a hole in a slice of bread, the yoke ensconced within and bacon on the side—fried. Shandy-Goff is the name of her Scotch terrier. After reading her story on the next page you'll agree that she's almost the frankest thing east or west of the Mississippi. But as to her renunciation of beauty, you can judge for yourself.

How to become a Movie Star

By Jean Muir

I AM proud that I am now working under the direction of Max Reinhardt, the great German producer, playing Helena in his motion picture production of *Midsummer Night's Dream.* I understand I was one of the first actors to be selected for the cast, and I imagine the selection scene went something like this:

Somebody in the production department: "We've got to cast *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Shakespeare is a screwy author, and the goofiest part in this piece is Helena. Who've we got for that?"

Somebody else: "Give it to Muir. She's a natural. She's the craziest dame in Hollywood."

For that reason, perhaps, I got the part.

They call me, right to my face, "the nuttiest girl in pictures," and if you know anything about pictures you realize that's insanity at its snow-capped peak.

I started wrong in Hollywood, I suppose. From childhood I had wanted to be on the stage. I worshiped Ethel Barrymore, Constance Collier, Katharine Cornell, and Lynn Fontanne. I had worked with Constance Collier, and my theatrical ideals were high in the heavens.

In my first scene in pictures I was sitting on a park bench, reading a newspaper from which I learned my mother was dead. I had to cry, and Roy Del Ruth, the director, thought I didn't cry enough, so he called, "Bring the menthol!"

Menthol! To think that I, supposedly an actress, had to have stuff put into my eyes to make me weep! It was like calling for a stepladder to help a pole vaulter over the bar. The insult was unbearable and I said so with vehemence.

"Why, everybody does it," they explained, at first patiently, then with angry gestures.

Now I am adjusted and I realize how silly I was, but then I was of the theater, in the movies only to make a little money, and in the theater menthol was sacrilege. Did Bernhardt use menthol? Did Duse? Did Cornell?

They said they didn't know about Bernhardt, but menthol worked all right for Garbo.

I said it wasn't fair to play such a trick on the public. I was very young, you understand, and bewildered and terribly afraid the movies were going to take away from me the ideals Constance Collier had taught me and substitute in some way the ideals of Jimmy Durante.

At last I let them use the menthol, and then, humiliated, I cried real tears by the gallon. Added to the menthol, they rolled down my face, cutting channels in my make-up, and I looked like an airplane view of the Mississippi Delta in floodtime. They took the scene twenty-three times before they were satisfied.

I WAS in only two scenes in that picture, which was called *The Bureau of Missing Persons.* In the other scene I was a dead body in the morgue, and I tried to tell them how Constance Collier would play a dead body, but after they threatened once or twice to make a real corpse out of me they had almost no trouble with me.

From then on they spoke of me as, "That screwy dame that wants to cry without menthol," as they would speak of "that crazy fisherman who won't put bait on his hook because he thinks it isn't fair to the fish."

I was twenty-four years old on February 13, 1935, and that is the truth. Twenty years from now I may lie about my age, but right now I don't lie about anything—which gets me into most of my trouble.

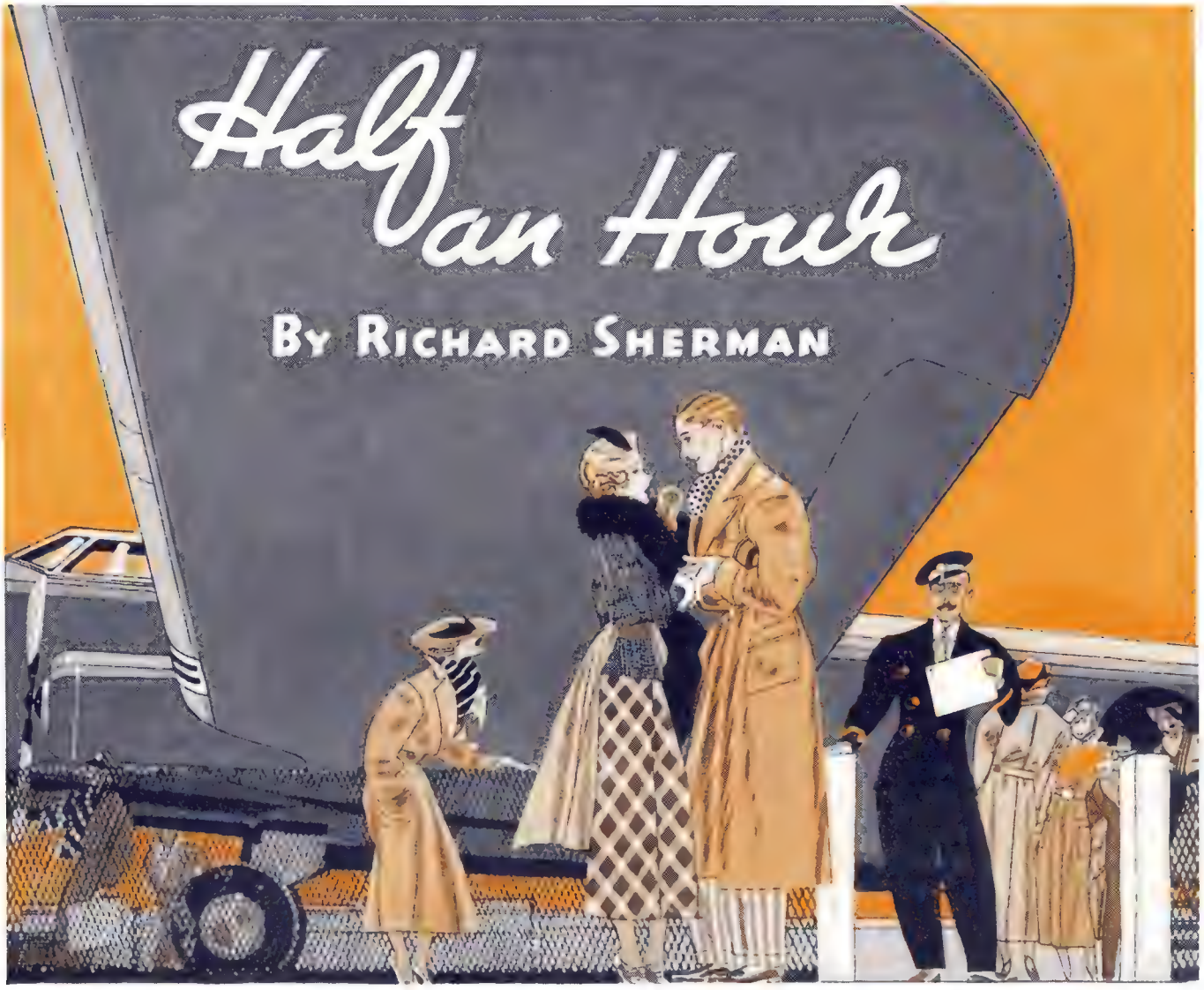
I am tactless. I take it for granted that people realize I am honest. I went to see Katharine Hepburn in *The Lake,* in New York. She had left pictures, temporarily, to star on the stage, and her advance publicity was tremendous, so the public was looking for an astounding performance, and it was a fine performance, but not astounding. So the critics said very bad things about her, and lots of her inferiors in Hollywood gloated.

I ADMIRE Katharine Hepburn as I admire few other actresses. I think she is a real genius. I had known her in my earlier days in New York and thought she would know that with all my heart I wished her luck. After the performance I went backstage and blurted out the first thing that came to mind. "I admire your courage," I said. I did admire her courage and envied it. Fortunately she knew what I meant, and said, "Thank you very much." Almost any other actress would have been angry because I hadn't said, "Your acting is magnificent and the critics are cross-eyed sapheads and your performance will go down in history."

I was in a picture with Kay Francis, one of the greatest actresses in pictures, and I felt my part had been built up more than I deserved. I said to her, "I think my part is better than yours." I was about to add, "I think mine should be cut down," (*Continued on page 102*)

Half an Hour

By Richard Sherman



"You'd better go now, Stevie," she said. "Don't say good-by or anything. Just turn and go"

A SHORT SHORT STORY

COMPLETE ON THESE PAGES

THE cab had hardly drawn up in front of the busy, wind-swept Newark air depot before the two waiting Red Caps made a dive for the door and opened it, crying, "Trip Numbah Five? Numbah Five?" in tones which contested stentorianly with the roar of the three warming-up planes, and triumphed. The man got out first—a young, well-dressed man—and pointed to the leather-trimmed suitcase and the hatbox. "Number Five is right," he said. After one Red Cap had seized the luggage and the other had retired disconsolately, the man's wife descended, very pretty in a little hat with a ridiculous feather and a fur-collared suit on which an orchid lifted its blatant petals proudly.

"Oh, dear," she said. "I'm still so sleepy. And I'm just a tiny bit thirsty, too. Could I get a drink, do you suppose? Have I time?"

"Sure," he said, looking at his wrist watch. "You've practically half an hour. We could have taken the airport car, after all."

When he had paid the driver they stood for a moment in the fresh bitterness of the winter morning and watched the planes, on whose burnished sides the indecisive sun alternately gleamed and glowed. Suddenly one of the planes began to taxi down the runway, then halted, wheeled around to test each motor for an ear-shattering second, and finally, gathering speed along the ground, soared gently into the sky. In a moment it was out of sight, veiled in low-lying mists.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she said. "I don't think there can be anything more beautiful anywhere. Not even gulls."

He took her arm and began to pilot her toward the few steps to the depot, guiding her past hurrying mechanics in neat striped overalls, smiling officials in uniform, and impatient travelers with brief-cases.

"You shouldn't be lyrical," he said. "Not at nine o'clock in the morning. It's too early."

THEY went to the soda counter, and while the drinks were being mixed he disappeared, returning with an armful of magazines, three books, and a beribboned box of candy.

"Something to keep you occupied," he said. "You can either read yourself

DRAWING BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

blind or gorge yourself on chocolates."

"Oh, darling," she said. "Really, you shouldn't have done that. I'll probably have to pay for excess baggage now. But thanks so much. Flowers and presents—I feel like a bride again."

"You look like a bride, too. You look swell."

"Now who's being lyrical?" she said. "Drink yours, Stevie, before it gets cold."

Grimacing, they set their glasses down simultaneously with two small clicks on the counter—and then laughed.

"Doesn't it taste terrible?" she said. "It bubbles through my nose—like champagne."

She shuddered. "Champagne. Don't mention that word—please."

After her luggage had been weighed—"Just thirty pounds," she said, in an awed voice; "how did I do it? I should have been a butcher"—they stood near one of the radiators and looked out over the bleak field. Even though they were inside, they could feel an icy draft seeping through the glass doors.

"It isn't fair," she said. "It really isn't a bit fair. Women are always the ones to go away, and the men have to stay and endure winter and cold and slush. You boys ought to organize. Why don't you all form some sort of a union, and make demands and everything?"

He laughed. "Men must work and women must weep," he quoted.

"Yes," she said, "but they *don't* weep." She paused. "Now, listen, Stevie, you be careful about catching colds. And, if you should catch one, remember that there are other cures besides the whisky treatment."

"None that are so much fun, though," he said. "Anyway, you'd better be careful about catching colds, yourself. And falling off horses, and meeting strange men."

"For heaven's sake, don't go eating around at any old place, either. I told Lucy that she could count on getting dinner for you at home at least three nights a week."

"Oh, you did, did you? Did you tell her what time to tuck me in bed, too?"

"No, I'm leaving that to you this time. You're a big boy now."

Suddenly she began to rummage in her purse. "Ticket, money, compact, lipstick. I'm sure I've forgotten something—I always do." Then she raised her head. "Should I get insured?" she said. "They say it costs only two dollars, and if we crashed you'd get five thousand. You could retire from business—buy an estate in Scotland and go grousing with J. P. Morgan."

His lips compressed into a thin white line. "Don't be so funny, Nona." She turned her face away quickly, and he laid his hand on her arm. "I'm sorry, baby," he said. "I guess I'm too sleepy to be human. Come on, let's go outside and get some air."

ABOVE their heads, the canopy ruffled and flapped in the wind. Beyond the wire fence waited the plane, a sleek metal horse worried by human flies; men beneath it, on top of it, men peering out from the pilot's cabin. The twin propellers glistened liquidly as they cut the air, and the roar was deafening.

She shivered, and moved closer to him so that he might hear her. "In a week or so Lucy'll probably want to get a day off to go to Philadelphia for her sister's funeral, but don't let her. Her sister died last year."

The Red Cap stumbled by with the bags, books, magazines, and candy. He gave the bags to the man perched on the ladder at the nose of the plane, and handed the other things to the smiling stewardess, who then disappeared inside.

"Pretty little minx, isn't she?" he screamed. "Wish I were going."

She pulled his head downward. "They're all nuns, really," she confided; "either that or female impersonators. It wouldn't do you any good."

Gradually they became accustomed to the noise, but now that they could speak in normal tones they remained silent. Then he said, "Wire me from Chicago, will you?"

"Why?"

"Well—just so I'll know you're still alive. And kicking."

She smiled. "I'll be alive, all right. Anyway, if I weren't you'd read about it in the papers: 'Eight Killed in Crash—Broker's Wife Mangled.' Or perhaps they'd say 'Ex-Deb.' I'd make very good copy, with my social background and everything," she added modestly.

THE man at the gate started to make strange noises, as if he were testing his lungs. When he discovered they worked all right, he lifted his voice in a tremendous bellow: "Number Five—Cleveland, Chicago! Taking off in two minutes!" The other passengers came out from the depot and pressed forward.

"Two minutes," she said. "Oh, dear, I hope I don't cry." Her voice sounded as if she were crying already. They began to move toward the gate. "If we had a cat," she said, "this would be the time for me to remind you to put it out every night. Why didn't we ever have a cat, Stevie? Or even a dog, or a fireplace, or a—" She stopped and faced the horizon. "You'd better go now. Don't say good-by or anything. Just turn and go."

She was looking, not at him, but at the plane and at the sagging door leading into the cabin.

For an instant he hesitated, half turning, and then he wheeled around and took her hand, pressing it roughly. "I'm sorry it didn't work, Nona. It's not your fault—"

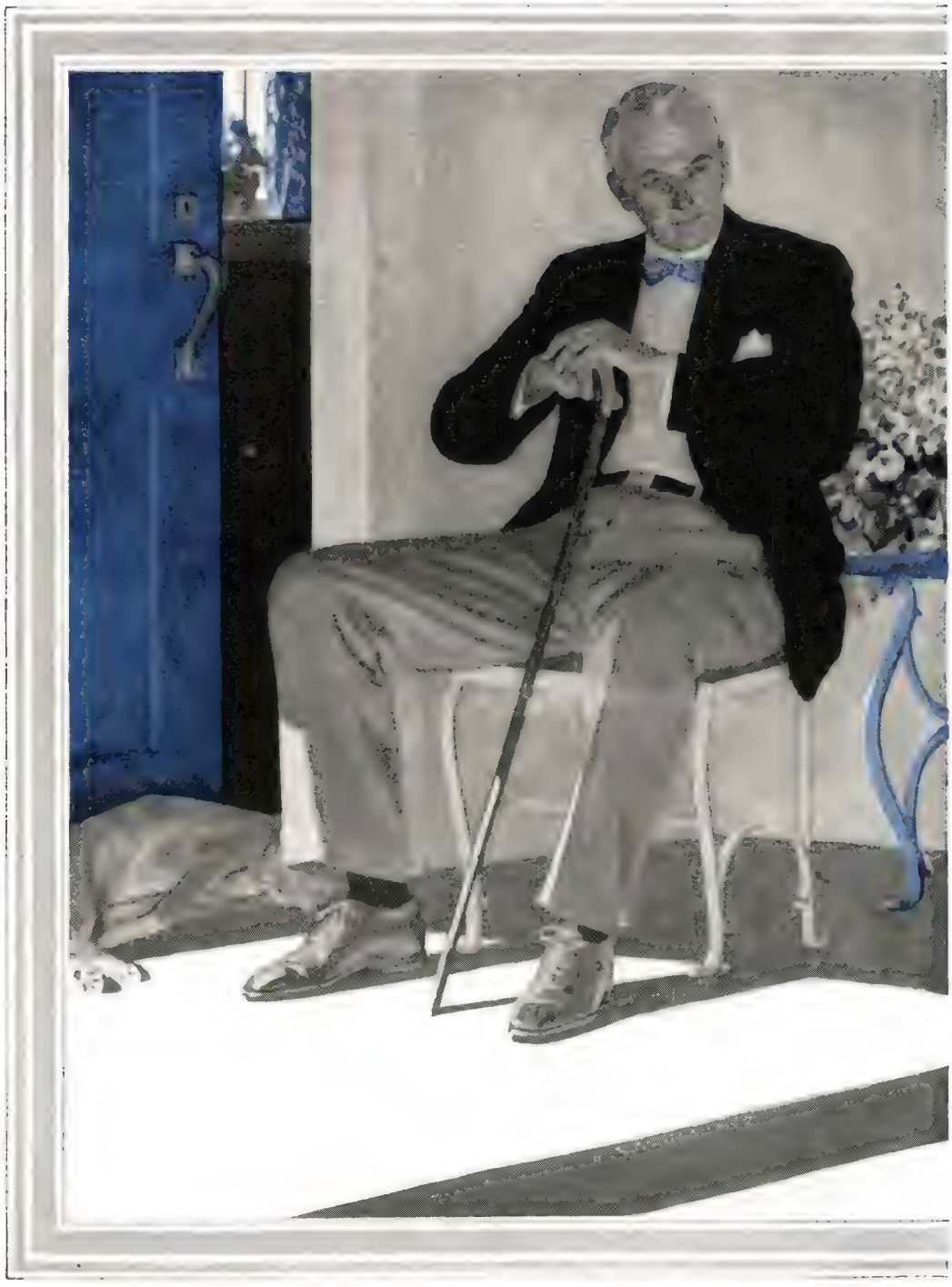
She turned to him. "It's not yours, either," she said. "Oh, Stevie, Stevie—" She tore her hand from his and took a little step away.

The man at the gate thrust forth an open palm. "Tickets, please," he said, and she fumbled in her purse.

"Nona," Steve said. "Maybe if we tried again, it might—"

"Cleveland," read the man briskly. "Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake—final destination, Reno. Thank you, madam."

With a flourish he opened the gate for her to pass through.



By David Garth

Never mind the Lady

What has happened so far:

IT ALL began one night on the docks of a South American capital. Terry Willett, engineer, was looking for Hildez, a crooked shipping agent who was holding up his equipment. Allaire West, lovely and wealthy, had followed Terry, in search of excitement. And she got it. There was a fight, and Allaire shot Hildez to prevent his knifing Terry.

Instead of returning to the fever-ridden camp up the River Palva, where his father awaited him, Terry stayed to see that Allaire was protected. But she believed that he had gone—had run out on her when she needed him. Terry was arrested and, refusing to implicate Allaire, was given his choice of three months in jail or twenty lashes. As soon as he knew that George Fox, attaché at the American Legation, had gotten Allaire out of the country, Terry chose the twenty lashes—desperate to get back to camp. And found his father dead of fever, when he arrived.

Back in the States, after burying his father in the old Virginia town of Carteret, he boarded a New York train, by way of Ray West's private car. Ray, Allaire's father, told him that Allaire was probably in Washington at her mother's house. And Terry left the

Impulsively Allaire told the gentle old man of her meeting with Terry Willett, and the quick, breathless evening that had followed

train at Washington, wanting to see Allaire—first, however, having considerably intrigued one of Ray's party, pretty Puff Harrington. The interview with Allaire was disappointing, and Terry, angered by her apparent coolness, advised her to go to Carteret and look at a new marker in the cemetery. Then he left for New York, where Puff appeared again and showed him the town.

In the meantime, George Fox, back in Washington, and Ray West, had been approached by LaMarr, a blackmailer, who wanted $30,000 for keeping his mouth shut about the shooting of Hildez. And Allaire, who could have explained, had disappeared on the night she had seen Terry Willett. Detectives trailed Willett to New York and found him with Puff Harrington. Puff hid, but her cigarette case was found in Terry's room and turned over to Ray West.

Ray, George Fox, and Terry Willett then met at the West home in New York, where they awaited the arrival of the blackmailing LaMarr. The doorbell rang distantly and Ray looked at his watch. "LaMarr," he said.

The story continues. . . .

IMPULSE! The steel trigger of the mind!

It had been impulse which started Allaire off that night—the impulse of a girl who couldn't possibly have sat at one of her mother's lengthy state dinners just then. Not that she knew where she was going, but she wanted to be on her way, with the purr of a powerful motor at the tip of her shoe and the rush of wind past her ears. It wasn't until she had worn off the first edge of her speed that she had her idea. Drop over to Carteret some time, he had invited ironically, and take a look at a new marker in the churchyard. It said something about "The storm is over now—" In the swift flow of anger he had intimated that her eve-

Terry Willett looked at Allaire. "Where did you get the idea that you could do things like that?" he said.

ning on the docks had an association with a new marker in a Virginia churchyard. Feminine curiosity did the trick. She turned her wheel for Carteret, and the next morning she had investigated markers under the kindly guidance of an old minister who introduced himself as Dr. Ross. He was a venerable man, with faded blue eyes behind pince-nez.

"The storm is over now. The stars are out and the night wind is fresh and sweet"—Lawrence Willett.

"Lawrence Willett?" she repeated. "Was he Terry Willett's father?"

THE minister looked at her with sudden interest. Terence Willett knocking around foot-loose would seem to have made the acquaintance of a very attractive girl.

"Yes," he said. "He died recently of fever down in South America, where he was working on an engineering project. Terence brought him back home."

"It was his father, then," she murmured. "I don't understand. But I wish—I'd known."

"Why?" asked old Dr. Ross curiously, watching this grandly alive young person as she stood among those who had departed.

"Terry came to see me. I wasn't—very nice to him, Dr. Ross."

"I'm sorry to hear that," he said gravely. "Terence needed sympathy when he left here. Not routine words, but stimulating and inspiring understanding. He loved his father, and yet he felt that he had been a failure as a son. Why, I don't know."

She was silent for a moment. She still didn't see how she was associated with the death of Terry's father.

"Wouldn't you care to tell me about it?" he invited gently. "Come on up to the house and tell me about Terry."

For some strange reason she felt she would like to tell this gentle old man all about it. She had an uneasy feeling that she had made one of those silly, inane gestures she detested. So she accompanied him up on the wide, shady veranda of a house hung with ivy and latticed with honeysuckle. He waited in silence for her to make up her mind, and finally she decided, and impulsively told him of her meeting with Terry Willett and the quick, breathless evening that had followed.

"After that—there isn't much to tell, Dr. Ross. I—well, I'd been looking for somebody like Terry Willett a long, long time. A strong man going some place and not afraid of anything on earth. And I would have flung myself at him, I really think"—she flushed deeply—"if he'd given me the chance. And he walked out on me without a word, without a thought, just ambled on as though his life was nothing much and people who preserved it came a dime a dozen. It isn't the fact of saving his life," she said earnestly. "I mean, I don't want to be crowned a little tin heroine. But I knew he was trying to do something and I felt as though I'd had a hand in helping him. My father once made a satiric remark about a pioneer woman shooting at Indians from a covered wagon. He thought it was funny, but it wasn't funny—it was true. I did want to feel like that—" She stopped and laughed with embarrassment. "Heavens, I must sound like an idiot. Dr. Ross, you're a dangerous person. I never talked like that to anyone before in my life. Excuse it, please."

She jumped up, but he put a withered hand on her young arm.

"Don't go, my dear. I know what's wrong. You are in love with Terry Willett and you won't admit it."

SHE almost gasped.

"Why, Dr. Ross—! Please, isn't that just a little bit far-fetched? It would make a very romantic dime novel but—it's not so."

"Well"—his features crinkled into a smile—"I don't see why it shouldn't be. I think Terry could make some woman very happy. I like that young man immensely. Don't you really like him, too, my dear? Just a little, perhaps?"

"But—"

"But—what?" he asked, as she fell silent.

Allaire uttered a little sigh.

"Oh—you're right, I'm afraid. And I hate to admit it. I've fought against it, but I wanted to see him again. And when he came I sent him away. Everything's ruined," she exclaimed passionately. "I'm so darned tired of all this."

He shook his head.

"Why is everything ruined?"

"Oh, it just is. I'd never get that same feeling as when I saw him for the first time. And he—he probably hates me. So there you are, and I've wasted enough of your time bleating like a stricken high-school sophomore."

But she didn't rise, even though she

The white-faced girl gave no answer. She just continued to stare in horror at the scene in that wrecked room

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

seemed as though she was about to do that very thing. She sat where she was and knit slim dark brows in deep thought. Clearly, the lady was a bit disturbed.

"I don't believe," the minister said thoughtfully, "that Terry would ever deliberately disappoint anyone. Perhaps you never thought he might have something to say."

"I know he didn't say anything," she said flatly. "And I don't want to be in love with a person who's a disappointment."

"Perhaps," Dr. Ross commented gently, "that is why Queen Elizabeth never married."

Allaire's head came up with a start. He bore a sudden keen, dark-eyed glance with equanimity.

"You talk like everybody else," she said regretfully. "You think I'm snooty. I'm not."

He held up a quick hand. "Please do not mistake me. I think you are a very fine person. You are trying to be sincere with yourself. Pride is a priceless thing to have if held within bounds. But inordinance can blind and defeat. Terry Willett came to you in an hour of need and you sent him away. Men like Willett don't answer to whistles, my child. Why don't you find him?"

HER lips parted in amazement.

"Chase after him, you mean?" She was close to being wrathful.

"Things worth having are worth pursuing. But Terry would never know he was being pursued. One of the arts of woman is to pursue the man she wants and all the while make him think he's pursuing her." He chuckled dryly.

"Your hallowed white hairs, Dr. Ross," she said severely, "conceal a schemer's brain, I fear. So you think I am all wrong and ought to be ashamed of myself."

"No. I say you want Terry Willett and therefore you should go after him."

"Never," she declared. "Not in a million years. It's his move. If he wants to see me he'll do it."

The old minister removed his eyeglasses and rubbed them with his handkerchief, a favorite gesture of his when he was thoughtful and apprehensive.

"Men like Willett," he said, "offer a problem that takes courage to try to solve. They have the capacity for conquering everything but themselves. There they need help. Life's a battle to them from the beginning and they are wonderful fighters. But they waste their strength. Those who learn the real value of their minds and muscles—the power and glory of achievement, not merely the mechanical completion of sweat-drenched lives—win. The others lose." He leaned his head back dreamily. "I wonder if you received the same feeling when he left you as I did when he left me. I felt as though I'd never see him again."

"I don't know what I thought," she said slowly; then, after a silence: "But—what makes you think that?"

"He's on the move, my dear. Restless. Heading for the next fight."

She shook her head decidedly.

"I don't like a man who has to be coaxed into acting like a sensible person."

"You're not coaxing him—you're simply making him see it is worth while to win a battle, even as you see it is

worth while to win a battle of your own."

"Battle?" Allaire said, surprised. "Me? Why, Dr. Ross, what battle have I, pray?"

The Doctor smiled and put his glasses back on his nose.

"Your pride. You'll forgive me for saying that? I just want to help you."

For a moment she looked as though she most certainly would not forgive him, but his kindly, serene old countenance melted her.

"I'll forgive you, Dr. Ross," she laughed. "But don't you dust me off again. Unless," and her smile was lovely, "you enjoy it."

SHE had luncheon with the Doctor and then left, as she expressed it, to "prowl around." He directed her to several places that he said he thought she might find interesting.

The statue of Captain Rodes Willett arrested her attention. She read the inscription with deep interest. Captain Willett had dashed into a fight, too, at the first whistle. That characteristic seemed a keystone of the Willett family. Captain Rodes Willett must have been flattered in the depths of his bronze heart as a blond girl lounged behind the big wheel of an expensive roadster and bestowed upon him a long, inspecting gaze.

She drove down country roads between avenues of heavily budded apple trees. These lanes would be a glory soon. It was late in the afternoon when she drew up before her last port of call—an old white house with six white columns rising to the second-story cornice. That old place had more of the tradition and memory of bygone days than thirty Westlands. The minister had said she might be interested in seeing the house long deserted by the Willetts. He was right. She was interested—so interested that she stayed in town overnight in order to arrange with the bank for the keys and go through the house the next day. So that night Allaire West, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Courtney Rayburne West of New York and Washington, stayed at an old inn called Carteret House, which boasted feather beds, fried chicken dinners, and an open fire wide enough to roast an ox.

The next morning, in company with an elderly bank official, she drove up the avenue of locust trees and unlocked the great front door. It took actual nerve for her to enter the house. She tried to tell herself that anybody was privileged to look over the house who so chose, but she felt like an interloper treading the vacant, dusty floors of a dying family's home. Her guide found that she wished to make her own inspection, and waited patiently while she went through a living-room bereft of light of day by reason of boarded windows, but she saw that the white wainscoted walls of the room had been built to catch the sun. Other factors interested her—the beautiful, unsupported spiral staircase that rose to the roof, the wide main hall, the deep fireplaces and carved mantels, and massive doors with huge brass locks.

But over all lay dust and silence and darkness. And suddenly she found herself tiptoeing. She felt that she had no right here—it was like spying on a person. But, oh, Terry Willett, what a birthright!

She dropped her obliging guide off at his bank, thanked him, and drove to the home of Dr. Ross. The old man was delighted to see her.

"I came to say good-by," she told him. "I'm going back to Washington."

"I'm glad you didn't forget me," he said, smiling. "You are a real friend of mine from now on. Come to see me again—and bring Terry with you."

She shook her head.

"You're absolutely incorrigible," she declared. "But somehow I think I am going—to kiss you—"

And she did, her warm young mouth brushing his wrinkled cheek, and then she waved and departed. He stood on the veranda and watched her go.

ALLAIRE drove back to Washington at a very reasonable rate of speed for her. Once or twice she seemed to twist her shoulders impatiently. And once she blew the horn for no reason at all—just banged the horn button with her gloved fist. Another time she said "Damn!" in accents loud and clear, and frowned mightily. All of which might have pointed to an intense mental struggle.

But when she rolled into Washington in the early evening she knew perfectly well that she was going to see Terry Willett again. She had to find him somehow. And then—well, let "then" take care of itself. Chasing after a man! She banged the horn button again and turned in at the entrance drive of her mother's home.

As she walked past the drawing-room she heard a sudden incredulous exclamation, and two strange men pounded out into the hall and looked at her as though she were a walking hand grenade.

"Miss West!" croaked one.

"Why, yes," said Allaire. "What's the matter?"

"Matter? Your father has had us looking high and low for you for two days and here you come walking in—"

Her mother was right behind them. She pushed them aside and looked at her daughter with an expression of relief mixed with amazement.

"Where on earth have you been?" she said weakly. "Hell has been popping in New York—"

Allaire's big cream-colored airplane took off a half-hour later with the gun wide open. . . .

"LaMarr."

That's all that Rayburne West had said. He looked strained, Courtney Rayburne West, of Meadowbrook, Cannes, Del Monte, and Westlands. So did George Fox, of Harvard and the American Foreign Service. Terry Willett threw his cigarette into the fireplace and stood by the mantel, his hands locked behind his back. He, alone, did not seem strained, but then he didn't belong to Harvard, Piping Rock, Del Monte—he was a veteran of the All-Saints' Day riot in Juarez, showdowns with tough native gangs under broiling suns, others—He was used to acting fast in a pinch.

LaMarr. He was ushered in and stood near the door, his eyes glancing swiftly from one to the other. He was groomed as if he'd just come from a Fifth Avenue tea and musicale. Tall, dark-eyed, powerfully built, and impeccably dressed—no wonder Nell West had been surprised at her Ramon.

"Why do we meet here?" he asked Ray suspiciously.

"Does that make any difference?"

"It does, Mr. West. Ah, yes. I do not go to strange houses that seem remarkably quiet and find myself with three men. Your plans, Mr. West!" There was a sudden peremptory ring of steel in his soft-spoken voice.

"Mr. Fox you know," said Ray coldly. "And Mr. Willett is also acquainted with the circumstances. Don't be afraid."

LaMarr's eyes flickered.

"Afraid?" he repeated, amused. "I am not afraid for myself. During negotiations of this sort I find it wise to carry—protection. Just let me advise then, Mr. West, discretion above all else." His hand came partway out of the inside of his coat and they saw the blue steel butt of a revolver. "A mere matter of detail," he said politely, and slid the weapon back.

He sat down comfortably, nodding to George Fox.

WILLETT had been inspecting him keenly. He stirred in his position at the fireplace. LaMarr's glance was on him in an instant.

"This gentleman is acquainted with the circumstances, you say?"

"Yes," said Terry, "I'm plenty acquainted." He seated himself on the edge of the desk and folded his arms. His face as he regarded the urbane LaMarr was not too pleasant.

"Do you enjoy this matter of trying to hurt a woman?" he asked curiously.

"I do not believe I have had the honor—"

"My name's Willett. I happen to be interested in what you're trying to jam through here. You know, LaMarr, there are three ways of dealing with blackmailers. One is to call the police." He paused. "But Mr. West doesn't want that."

"No," smiled LaMarr. "Mr. West is wise."

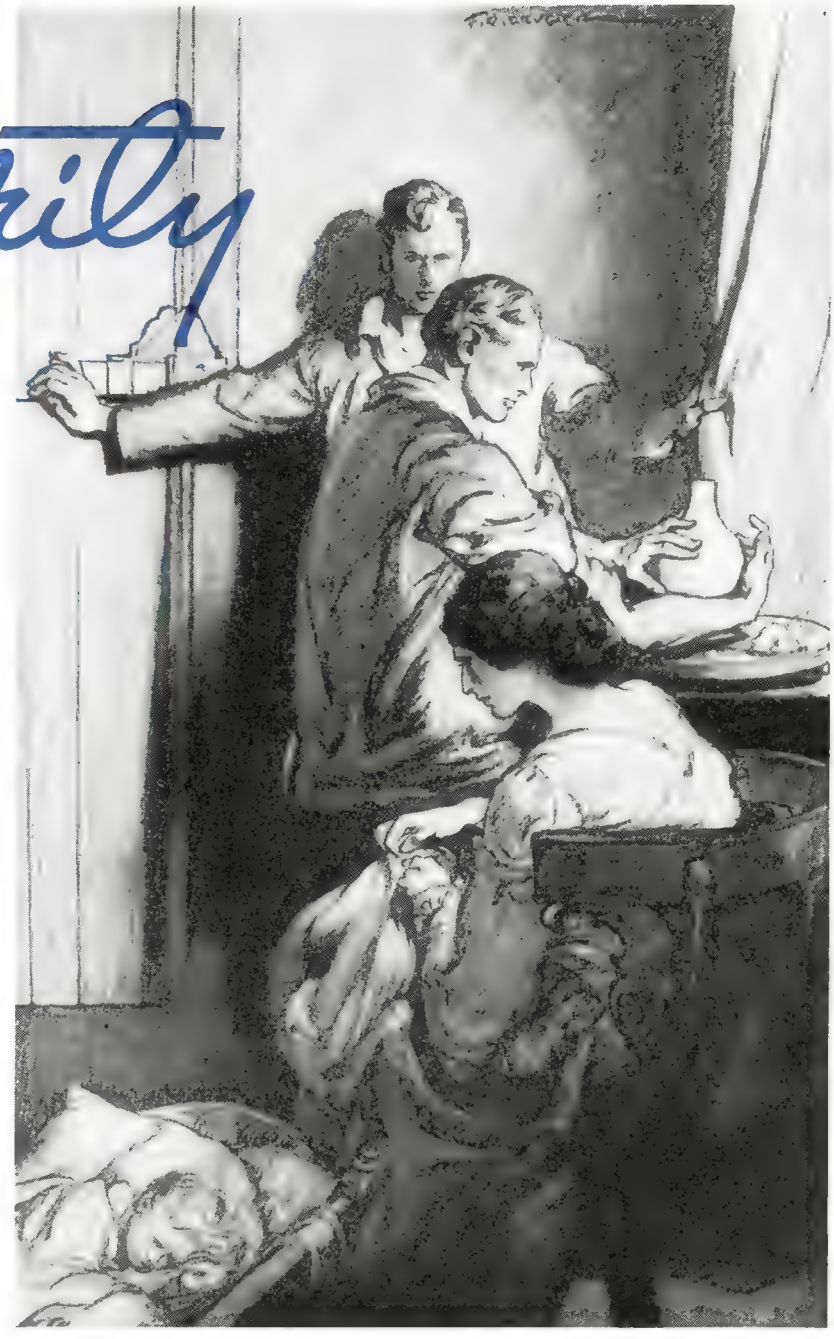
"And a second is to pay up and like it."

"Ah, then Mr. West *would* be wise."

"And the (*Continued on page 81*)

Security

By Walter Lippmann



DRAWING BY F. R. GRUGER

The only kind of security. . . an opportunity to earn a living

THERE is an old saying that it is not work that kills, but worry. We have lived through five hard years in which we have had time to appreciate how true that saying is.

For the great majority of the people in America the depression has meant not so much actual physical suffering as prolonged worry. There have been great numbers of underfed, badly clothed, and homeless people. But at the worst they have been only a small fraction of the whole population. At least 80 per cent of the people have not been hungry or cold or homeless and have not had to eat the bitter bread of charity. Yet there are few who have not passed through long hours of intense anxiety.

Thus, in spite of the huge unemployment, at least three out of four workers have had jobs. But virtually all workers have been haunted by the fear that they, too, would lose their jobs.

No very large percentage of the savings of the people in banks and in insurance companies has actually been lost. But up to the spring of 1933 there was hardly a person who was not afraid he might lose his savings.

For every home lost by foreclosure, there must have been a thousand homes in which the family lived in dread that they might lose their home.

Few have starved. But millions upon millions have stayed awake at night, have moved about by day, worrying.

Parents have worried whether they could afford to give their children the education they had planned to give them. Boys and girls have come out of school wondering whether they would ever have the chance to earn a good living, to use their talents, to make a career. Men who had made their start in life were beset by the fear that they would be thrust down and have to start all over again at the bottom and without prospects. The middle-aged lived in dread that they would be displaced to make room for younger men. The older people who had retired were afraid that their small savings, on which they depended for peace and rest, would disappear and that they would have to go to the poor house or become permanently dependent on their relatives. It is in these terms that unemployment, foreclosures, bankruptcy, bank failures, frozen credits, fallen prices struck at the lives of men and women.

They felt hideously insecure. Their families, their homes, their jobs, their opportunity, their old age, all seemed to be menaced. They were under the spell of a frightening and paralyzing uncertainty. Out of this time of troubles has come an intense and almost universal longing for security, for guarantees, for stability, for assurances that such worries shall not again afflict the people.

THIS is the challenge which all public men have to meet. It explains the popularity of the Townsend plan to give everyone over sixty a pension of $200 a month. It explains the vote cast for Upton Sinclair in California. It explains the immense audience that listens to Father Coughlin. It explains the interest in Huey Long. It explains the endorsement (*Continued on page 109*)

Starlight Pass

By Tom Gill

What has happened so far:

NEARLY a year had passed since Corrin North had arrived with his dog, Bounce, in Wolfshead, Wyoming. Broke and hungry on Thanksgiving Eve, this stranger from nowhere had earned his supper fighting a losing prize fight with Jean L'Abat, king of the woods bosses. Befriended later by U. S. rangers, North learned from them of the battle being waged between the North Continental Development Company and the Forest Service. He vowed he would help his benefactors.

Through Bert Pogue, local superintendent of the lumber company, North obtained a job in the woods. Pogue soon believed that in North he had a valuable ally, and told him his plans to discredit the government service. In the meantime, North's actions served to furnish the inhabitants of Wolfshead with interesting gossip. They suspected that he had known Cass Mirov, the company doctor's daughter, before. Cass, who was engaged to Pogue, practically admitted as much, but her friends sensed that she had become embittered toward him.

Although North continued to play his double rôle well, Pogue's suspicions became aroused when North twice saved the life of Harry Mills, a ranger, and later freed Jack Guthrie, the forest supervisor, when the latter had been kidnapped by L'Abat. Matters between the two came to a head when Pogue found Cass and North clinging to each other after North had carried her to safety from the heart of a giant forest fire.

"This country isn't big enough for both you and me," Pogue's voice rasped. "One of us has got to leave—and *I'm* going to stay."

"If I want to stay, I stay," North said quietly. "Is that clear?"

The autumn passed rapidly, and the day set for the government's hearing of the lumber company's complaint against the Forest Service was fast approaching. Pogue didn't want North at the hearing, and ordered L'Abat's men to prevent it at all costs. But Thanksgiving Eve had arrived, too, and a year ago North had

sworn that he would return the next Thanksgiving Eve and whip L'Abat in the ring. Cass, who now realized that no one ever had or ever would mean as much to her as did North, pleaded with him to stay out of Wolfshead—away from sure death. He was about to agree, when suddenly he came upon the body of his dog, Bounce—knifed.

Savagely North shouted, "There's no power on earth that can keep me away from Wolfshead now. L'Abat left that knife as a challenge. I accept, and God help one of us tonight."

The closing installment follows. . . .

Corrin North tried to push Cass from him, but the girl clung desperately. "I won't let you go," she sobbed

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

NOT a man moved.

Within that hot and crowded room the silence of death had fallen, the brooding hush of stark expectancy, the moment of lull before two great forces clash. Smoke curled unheeded from pipe and cigarette, and the dripping of unseen water sounded strangely loud through the stillness, while every eye was straining out toward the circle of light where those two stood with crouching bodies and clenched hands.

Then like a taut string the tension snapped. A long-drawn sigh rustled through the room, as men breathed again, for L'Abat had ripped off his own gloves and flung them from him. Arms hanging loosely at his side, shoulders stooped and head thrust forward on that bull-like neck of his, he advanced flat-footed and wary over the wooden boards. The grizzly of the Rockies was closing in.

North watched him, making no move. Only his eyes narrowed, and the long bands of shoulder muscles rippled beneath his skin as a wolf quivers with the coming of combat. And still that leisurely, unhurried advance, step by step, closer and closer, until those huge antagonists stood almost within arm's length, their shadows, like grotesque creatures of darkness, huddled about their feet, as if they too were waiting, ready to spring.

And now every man was standing. Jean had closed. Two hairy arms had wrapped about North's waist, bending him backward, and together the two men fell to the floor. L'Abat made no effort to break the force of that fall, but threw the weight of his huge body upon North, hoping to batter the breath from his lungs. Even before North struck the wood, Jean raised one fist high above his head and brought it down with all the driving power of arm and shoulders into the other's upturned face.

But as he fell, North whirled. Hitting the floor upon his side, he rolled from out that viselike hug, and quick as a cat was on his feet. Before Jean could move, he flung himself upon the woods boss's

back and forced his own right arm beneath the man's chin in the dreaded strangle hold. Slowly L'Abat rose to his knees, the great cords of his neck swelling with the pressure of that punishing grip. Stifling, his mouth opened and his face grew darker, until the close-set eyes had become two spots of red that glittered evilly under the low, wet forehead. Twice, with all his might, Jean sought to tear away the arm that was mercilessly choking out his life, and, failing, he threw himself in desperation against a post at the corner of the ring.

With the sound of a pistol crack, North's head struck the bare wood, and for an instant the light darkened, the arm relaxed its hold. And now L'Abat turned. Seizing North in both hands, he raised him bodily in the air, and like a maddened giant hurled him outward.

Straight for the ropes that flying body sped—almost over them, not quite. In full flight North's groping fingers reached out, touched the top rope, and clung there to save himself from crashing down among the crowd.

AGAIN Jean charged. Head down, body low, he caught North squarely on the chest, and a gasp broke from Corrin's mouth. But, heedless of the tearing pain, North drove both fists into the dark, triumphant face, bringing blood to L'Abat's mouth, sending him tottering back, and now, winded and rocked by that terrific attack, the two men wavered apart and stood at gaze. But only for a moment. Lashed on by a hate that knew neither pity nor pain, they closed again, and, wet with sweat, reddening with the first blood of torn flesh, they strained and tore at each other. Fists rose and fell. The thud of agonized bodies rose above their gasping breath, while around the ring, locked together, swaying, stumbling, struggling to their feet again, knowing no other reality than the blood lust that drove them, these two fought on.

But now the swift contagion of hatred had spread to everyone in that room, and each man was crowding down from out his seat, surging toward the ropes, cursing, and urging on his champion. Once, leaning far over the ring, a logger struck North with his closed fist, but, before he could repeat the blow, Guthrie knocked him senseless to the floor.

Fights were breaking out about the ring—fights between settlers and Pogue's men, fights between rangers and loggers. The room had become a pandemonium of cursing, jostling madmen who swarmed to the edge of the ropes where those great, bloody bodies still crouched, still fought. They had lost all sense of time, those two. They had become animals that clawed and growled, struck, turned, and struck again. The wind was whistling in North's throat, and L'Abat's breath came in long, whining sobs. The matted hair on his chest and shoulders was wet with sweat, his lips stiffened in a set snarl—the grizzly of the Rockies was at bay.

But they were weaker now, worn down by the killing pace, their agonizing lungs were heaving, their aching muscles knotted with the spasm of conflict. Once more they broke, once more L'Abat came charging, but as North braced himself to meet that onrush, the woods boss turned, and while still in the air struck North's chin with his heavy heel. It was a blow well known among Northwestern logging camps, but it came unexpectedly, and North's head shot back with the force of it. Limply he fell against the ropes.

A savage bellow of joy from L'Abat, and, gathering himself for a last effort, he charged with lowered head like a frenzied bull straight at the unprotected body before him. Lightning swift, North dropped to hands and knees, then reached upward as Jean sprawled over him, and rose, holding the raging woods boss above his head. Higher still North raised the hairy body, then hurled it with all his force down upon the wooden boards. The building trembled with the impact of that blow, the floor resounded; but Jean staggered to his feet, half dazed, head lolling from side to side.

Again North's hands were fastening about him, and for the first and last time North spoke:

"I'm thinking of a dog, Jean"—the voice was cold and pitiless as steel—"I'm thinking of a dog with a knife in his throat."

Once more North stooped. Once more he raised that great form high in the air, and again with all his terrific force he slammed the body to the floor.

"Hell!" a voice shrieked. "He'll kill him! No man can stand that."

None heard, none heeded. For, with eyes closed and with bleeding lips half parted, Jean was staggering to his knees, hands groping for an antagonist he could no longer see. Slowly he gained his feet, while North waited, wary for any tricks.

But L'Abat's time had passed. For a hideous second he stood there weaving to and fro, tottering, crimson, and terrible to see, then limply his hands fell forward, his knees bent beneath him, and, half turning, he sprawled forward on his face. The grizzly of the Rockies was down.

A DEAFENING shout rocked the place. From the ranks of the rangers rose a deep, exultant roar that was echoed and reëchoed by settlers and ranchers. But the men of the logging camps were silent, their eyes shifting to where Pogue stood, his face ashen and twitching, as nervously he opened and closed his hands.

Like a fallen Titan L'Abat lay in the center of the ring, and, turning his back on him, North staggered toward the ropes, where for a moment he clung, his whole body quivering with exhaustion. But already that little band of rangers had closed about him, and, climbing into the ring, Mills helped him through the ropes. Then they carried him in triumph toward the dressing-room. From among the loggers a few voices were cursing bitterly, but no hand was raised against North as the green uniforms of the forest men passed down the aisle.

The settlers, too, were moving jubilantly toward the bar, happy and elated at the outcome, as if in some vicarious way their own grievances had been partially avenged.

Suddenly, without warning, every light went out. A surprised silence fell; then a shot split the blackness, followed by a shriek of pain. Again the air was filled with shouting voices, and the crowd surged madly for the door. Men fell and were trampled underfoot, while behind them others pressed on, fighting and clawing their way toward the entrance. Two more shots, then Guthrie's voice rose, cool and imperturbable:

"Keep together boys, close together, and hang on to North."

Another surge of human forms carried the rangers to the far side of the room, but like veterans they held their formation while Mills locked both hands around North's waist. So, shoulder to shoulder, and without hurry, they made their way through that room of plunging, shouting men, until at last they emerged into the night outside.

GUTHRIE threw a blanket about North. "That looks like a fair specimen of Pogue's work," he commented. Are you hurt?"

North shook his head.

Battered, dog-tired, and still closely guarded by the rangers, North was marched up the darkened street to Guthrie's home, where, in spite of protests and with little ceremony, he was put to bed.

"You're not getting out of my sight," Guthrie told him, "and you're not going back into town. I know what's happening down there. Your life wouldn't be worth a plugged dime if Pogue's outfit caught up with you."

While North stretched his aching body on the bed upstairs, eight armed rangers sat around the fire below. Guthrie looked at them proudly.

"We might just as well figure on sitting up until daybreak, boys," he said. "This is the kind of night when anything's likely to happen."

And down in Wolfshead one or two things did happen—all of which Mills eagerly related when he returned to the supervisor's house.

His eyes were bright with excitement. "The pot's boiling, boss. One of the ranchers was shot when the lights went out, and Long Williams has been telling the world what he thinks about the company. Sure called a spade a spade. Just about that time L'Abat's bunch got their snoots full of hooch and tried

to run the ranchers out of Sweeney's. Right there they all tangled in a general survival of the fittest. One settler got cut with a knife. Also, you'll be sorry to hear that, according to the best medical authority, Mister L'Abat will reside in said hospital for the next two weeks."

"Good," a ranger growled.

Mills pulled out a pipe. "I can smell trouble coming on the high lope. Those ranchers will take an awful lot of licking for just so long, but once they decide they're all fed up—hold your hat. Long Williams carries plenty weight with the old-timers, and I saw a look in his eyes tonight that ain't spelling peace and comfort to Pogue. Why, if those—"

OUT from the night a sound of hurrying footsteps came down the frozen road, and into the minds of all flashed the same thought—*Pogue's crowd was coming for North.*

No one spoke. Quietly each ranger rose and reached back to loosen his holster flap. Outside, the footsteps had ceased, but the creaking gate told Guthrie the men were coming up the walk, and, beckoning his men to follow, he flung wide open the door.

There in the moonlight a group of loggers stood, and at sight of the opening door they took a step forward. But only a step. For just behind that door the burly forms of Guthrie's rangers blocked the entrance. Clearly they had not expected the foresters to be there in force, and while they hesitated Guthrie greeted them with cheery hospitality:

"Can't tell you how honored I am to see you boys. But the devil of it is I can't invite you in, for the house is so filled up with these young wildcats of mine there wouldn't be room for comfort."

Mills grinned over the supervisor's shoulder. "I'll bet I know what brought you fellows," the ranger drawled. "I'll just bet little Jean is spoilin' for another fight, so he sent you to see if Corrin wouldn't come down and play with him."

Like whipped dogs the loggers turned and, followed by Mills's dry chuckle, went out the gate. Lazily the ranger stretched.

"That ends that," he lamented. "There'll be nothing of interest now until the hearings." . . .

North was awakened next morning by the sound of Guthrie opening the door.

"How's the giant-killer?" the supervisor's voice boomed through the room.

North moved dubiously beneath the covers. "A little tender in spots, but otherwise sound."

"Good. In that case, let's rustle some breakfast."

While they were finishing their coffee the phone rang, and Guthrie hurried into his office, then almost immediately returned. His face was troubled.

"That call came from Helen, at Sheridan Creek Ranger Station," he said shortly. "She's been there with Cass."

"Is Cass up in the hills?"

"Corrin, those two days Mills made you hide out, that girl has been looking everywhere for you. No one knew where you were except Mills, and he didn't even tell me until yesterday afternoon. Helen says last night one of the loggers told them you'd left the country and were on your way to Jackson." Guthrie hesitated. "Cass started after you this morning."

North pushed back his chair. Then, in answer to the look on Guthrie's face, he added, "Don't worry. I'll be back in time for the hearings." He pulled on his mackinaw, and was gone.

But outside, as North picked up his skis, he heard a shout, and the supervisor came running down the steps.

"Those hearings haven't happened yet"—Guthrie shook the snow from his own skis—"and until they do, I'm going to be devilish hard to shake."

Knowing how futile any objection would be, North nodded, and without another word the two men hurried through the town. At the edge of the foothills they strapped on their skis for the long climb ahead. For two hours they toiled upward.

On they went, North doubling his pace to catch her before she reached the Divide. Guthrie, in spite of his utmost effort, was barely able to keep up. Finally, far to the left and a little below them, North caught sight of a slim figure climbing the trail. He shouted, but the distance was too great, and he turned to the supervisor. "Wait here." And Guthrie understood.

GATHERING speed, North glided swiftly out over that glassy surface.

Soon Cass saw him. In glad amazement, one hand raised to her throat, she waited, motionless on the trail, eyes big with expectancy. Just above her North stopped and, kicking off his skis, stepped to her side.

Silent in the shadow of that frozen mountaintop they stood, while about them the restless winds whitened them with tiny particles of drifting snow. When at last Cass found her voice, it trembled in spite of her:

"They said you were going away."

He shook his head. "Not without you. I told you I would never leave without you. Once you tried to walk out of my life—"

Her face lowered. "I know."

He smiled. "Were you afraid of me?"

"Of both of us—and yet perhaps most of all of you." She stood close to him. "I had never met a man like you, Corrin—and in that one month—you swept me off my feet. I found it so easy to forget that back here was a man I had promised to marry. It wasn't fair."

"You didn't tell me of him."

"I know. I wanted to forget. I only know—Corrin, those days were the happiest days of (*Continued on page 96*)

What I've always wanted to do

In the January, 1935, issue, AMERICAN MAGAZINE readers were invited to write to us, telling about *The Thing I've Always Wanted to Do.* Three prizes, of $20, $10, and $5, were offered for the best letters on the subject. The winners:

First—$20.00: Mr. P. F. Allen, Pueblo, Colo.

Second—$10.00: Mr. C. Allan Kelly, Hibbing, Minn.

Third—$5.00: Miss Harriet L. Troan, Rochester, N. Y.

Here is the first prize letter:

Picture a slightly stooped bookkeeper perched on his high stool in front of a desk piled high with ledgers. Of course, he has glasses sitting on the end of his nose and, after almost twenty years of service, his hair is graying at the temples. I am that bookkeeper.

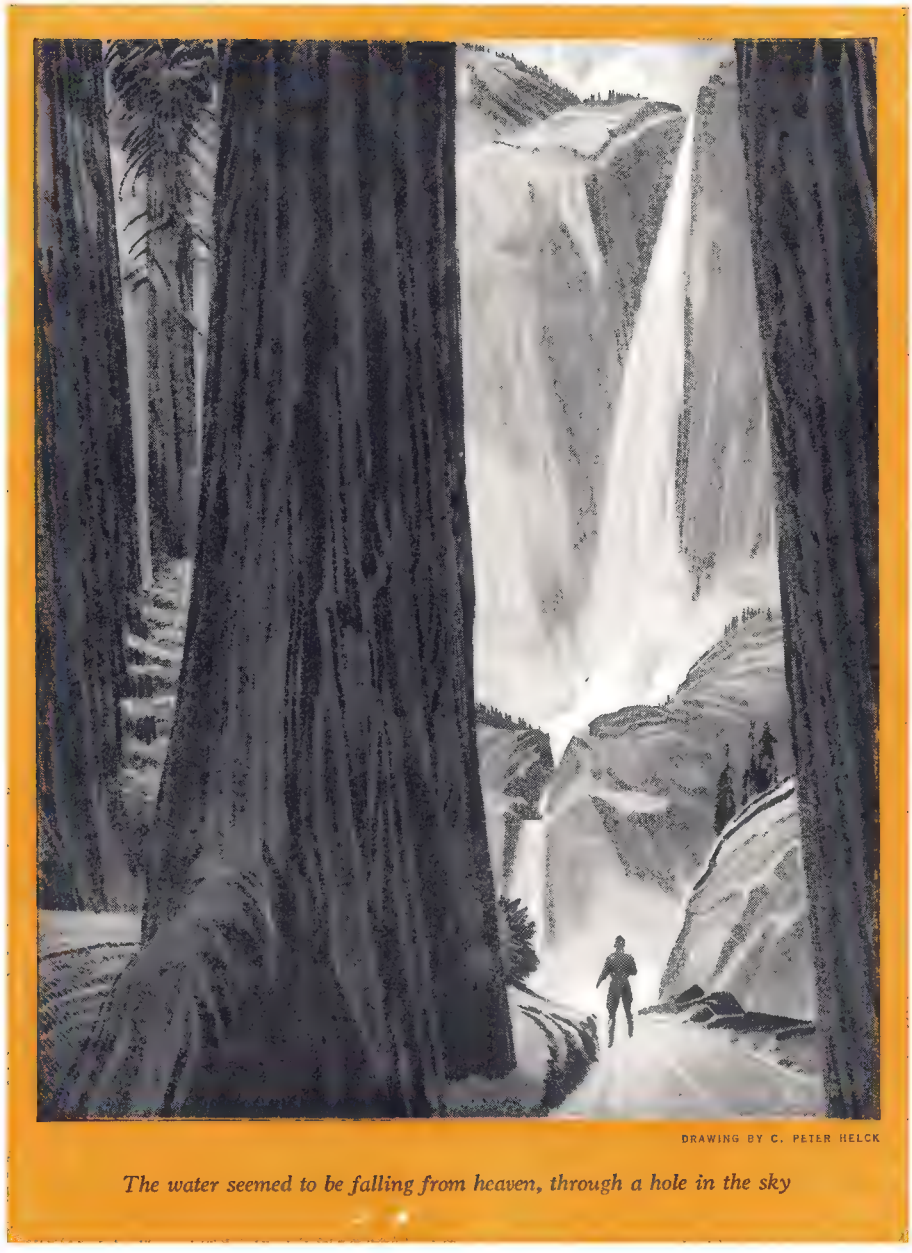
And what do you suppose I've always wanted to do? No, not change places with my boss and be able to play golf every afternoon.

With all my soul and every fiber of my being, I long to be a professional dancer. If I could only receive applause for my "adagio number" that I have never done!

The few times I have attempted to dance I have spent more time on my partner's feet than on the floor. Nevertheless, I still want to be a professional dancer.

I listen to all of Arthur Murray's broadcasts. I see all the movies featuring dancers, and one night last winter I rode ninety miles through the cold Rocky Mountain region that I might see one of the world's most famous dancers.

Though it seems my ambition will not be realized, who knows—if there is something to reincarnation, in my next life I may glide to fame on my feet and leave bookkeeping to the slow, methodical fellows. P. F. ALLEN



DRAWING BY C. PETER HELCK

The water seemed to be falling from heaven, through a hole in the sky

Valley of Life

WOOD smoke, drifting in one window and out another, woke me with the sweetness of its smell. Through the bars of my eyelashes I watched it part the yellow curtains, ruffling them, and creep over the bed end. Sometimes a sound came with it: the tinkling of a coffeepot, the spang of a fork dancing on a skillet. On the matted leaves outside, footsteps, soft as paws treading, came and receded, breaking twigs. The rough, clean edge of the blanket cut my chin as I turned to stretch, and a cold feeling struck at my cheek from the fresh patch of the pillowcase.

With my nose in the coolness I considered getting up.

It was, my wrist watch said, ten minutes past eight o'clock, an hour at which all persons afflicted with habits such as mine merely turn over and shift dreams. The idea of getting up and facing the world at such a time was frightening. What was it like before noon? What kind of people inhabited the earth at such times? Giants, probably, or Indians, especially in Yosemite Valley. Besides, I was in a cabin, and didn't Indians always surround a cabin and scalp the inhabitants? The man at the lodge hadn't said anything about it when he explained that everyone lived in cabins in the valley instead of hotels, but

With his second home-coming our young traveler turns to the Yosemite Valley . . . to find here the story of America carved in mountains and written in trees

By Thomas Sugrue

perhaps I was supposed to know it. What kind of place was it, anyhow, where, instead of a hotel, there was row on row of neat little cabins, to be rented just like houses? Or was it just America —quaint new world?

The latter idea bothered me more than I cared to admit, even to myself. Being in the United States, in the state of California, in Yosemite National Park, presented difficulties. First of all, I was a stranger in a strange land; I had set out to see the world, and in my wanderings I had run across America, a geographical area I had hitherto supposed to be bounded by the Atlantic coast line, Canada, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Allegheny Mountains. The rest, I had believed, was a whim of the map makers, a mythical land inhabited by such Homeric phantasies as Oshkosh, Reno, and Hollywood, whence came such Ulyssean characters as Judge Lindsey, Max Baer, and Hamlin Garland. To find it a place of earth and sky was, even after a week, disconcerting.

THERE had been, for instance, the redwoods. All my life I had heard about the redwood trees of California; first, from the geography I studied in grammar school, and later from a blizzard of pamphlets let loose by loyal Californians.

I remembered the picture in the geography book well, because the geography book was large in area and therefore suitable, during study periods, as a blind behind which to cower while racing toward certain death with Nick Carter, the progenitor and peer of all Philo Vances. With the cunning of childhood, however, I suspected Nick Carter; and, looking up relievedly after one of his escapes from a buzz saw or a vat of quicklime, I was prone to suspect also the giant tree which stared at me from the larger, brighter page.

In Naugatuck, Conn., there were no such men as Nick Carter. Nor were there, in that place wherein I dwelt, any trees through which roads could be cut.

And now the redwoods were real. Only a few nights before I had slept beneath them, with the strained patter of rain sounding on the roof of my cabin and the plash of the Eel River, as it caressed its rocks, playing an obbligato. I had come upon them at dusk, when the high leaves were at vespers, whispering their thousand litanies for the salvation of rain. The other cabins were already alight, and the bent, querulous old man who led me to mine shouted high-voiced salutations and questions requiring no answers as we wound between them on our way to the river.

"You'll sleep well tonight," he predicted in a voice that reminded me of a thin wind.

I said I believed I would.

"Know why?" he asked.

I said I wasn't sure, but . . .

He chuckled. "Rain," he said, looking upward. "On the roof."

Then he was gone, and I reached for my hat to take it off. Before the ceremony was complete his head reappeared in the doorway, owlish.

"Like a lullaby," he said, and was gone again.

The drops were freckling the river when I went down to watch it, in the dim light, caress its rocks and tug at its banks. They fell on my face and on my hands, and I could hear them on the leaves above, chattering like women. In the other cabins dishpans were rattling and dirty water slogged in the drains. In the kitchen of my cabin the coffeepot hissed like a switch engine, dousing the flame with bubbles and fluffed grains.

Later the rain increased, pitching its tune an octave lower. In the darkness my mind refused to be alone, making children of the raindrops and people of the trees. So must be, I thought, the saints in heaven, tall and straight and great of girth. So must they look down, pityingly, on earthlings who take God second-hand, through the paintbrush of nature, until death. . . .

The thought of coffee pulled my cheek off the pillow and sat me up in bed. A half-hour had passed while I daydreamed, and life was going on in earnest outside. Hurriedly, lest I be found in bed at such an hour and become the shame of the valley, I scrambled from the welter of covers and sneaked into the kitchen. While the coffee boiled I shaved, and while it descended from the boiling point I bathed.

Couched in the warm water I crunched, like a lotus-eater, on the half-dreams that still clogged my nervous system. Time, it now seemed, in the light of raindrops and trees and rivers, was neither a dynamic sequence nor a static whole, but merely the difference between points on circles within circles within circles. . . .

I RECOVERED myself just in time and crawled from the tub, certain for the millionth time that some day I shall fall asleep in my bath and drown. By ten o'clock I had completed breakfast, and was ready to slip out of doors and act as if I had been up since seven.

Of what lay beyond the door I had no inkling, for I had come to the valley after dark the night before. Therefore I lifted the latch cautiously, observed cabins, trees, and a floor of leaves, and walked quickly into the midst of them, proceeding at an angle of thirty degrees toward a large building which I calculated to be the lodge, parent building of the camp.

Halfway there I dared to lift my gaze from the ground, stopping automatically as my line of vision soared over the lodge. Before me lay the original of the picture on the cover of my booklet about the park: Yosemite Falls.

The water seemed, at first, to be falling from heaven, through a hole in the sky. Gradually perspective came to my aid and I saw the difference between the white top of the granite cliff and the light blue of the sky. It was from the cliff at a point just over the lodge, that the water was falling. "Over 1,400 feet," I said to myself. "That's what the book said."

But that, I knew, was little more than the half of it. From the point where the water struck, another falls began, dropping 1,000 feet farther before reaching the valley. Stunned by the quiet awesomeness of the sight, I could only stare, mumbling to myself, "Almost 2,500 feet, must be."

The water fell gracefully, turning white almost as soon as it dropped from the cliff. Buoyed by the air, it floated, lazily, taking shapes and moving in rhythms as it fell toward the earth. Sometimes a piece of it struck a projection and burst, making a cloud of powdered bubbles. Otherwise the descent was a series of waves, fashioning a veil dropped from a woman's head, ap-

ing her sinuous movement against the wall of her naked back.

To the left and to the right of it, and behind me when I looked, was only this naked back, a wall of granite rising sheer and white, without a tree, a plant, or a blade of grass to mar it.

I looked until my eyes hurt, then moved on to the lodge. On the porch a man rested on one leg, propped against a post.

"Nice view you have here," I suggested.

"Yeah," he said; "not bad."

We stood, looking at the road.

"Stranger?" he asked after a while.

"Yes," I said. "Just got here."

"Most always," he said after a minute or two, "the best way is just to walk around the valley here the first day, easy-like. Most of the park is beyond these cliffs. You need a car and a guide for that."

"I can get them," I suggested, "here?"

Dreamily he looked at the road.

"My name," he said finally, "is Gerald. I'm one of the guides working at the lodge here. I can take you tomorrow if you like."

"That would be nice," I said.

"About eight o'clock," he continued, "would be right. You in the end cabin?"

I said I was.

"I'll be there," he said.

THE first sign I came to said Yosemite Falls, so I turned and followed it. After a quarter of a mile I heard the roar of water falling, and when the trees thinned I could see the spectacle again, nearer and more impressive.

I stood there, looking up, then down, comparing the white veil above, drifting like a cloud, to the blue, black, and gray torrent beneath.

"There," I said to the trees. "See? The water falls 2,500 feet and isn't even hurt. If a human being did that he would be smashed to pieces."

The trees moved their tops, but I didn't know whether they were scratching their heads or agreeing with me, so I strolled on, flicking the tops of flowers.

The place was full of squirrels and deer, and not a one of them would get out of my way. The does stood quietly while I walked around them, heads turning so that their eyes were always on me. The fawns stayed behind them, not bothering to stop eating. Twice I stopped and tried to start conversation, but heavy silence and a blank stare answered both attempts.

Then I followed a sign that said Happy Isles, until I came to another wooden bridge and the Merced River, still stumbling from its swift descent of the Sierras.

There were three islands, connected by bridges, and I wandered over the three of them. Finally I climbed down to the rocky edge and put my fingers in the stream. For a while I felt a tugging and swirling that might have been the water talking, or singing. Then I felt nothing. My hand had gone numb in the freezing torrent.

It was two miles to Mirror Lake, but I walked through the woods and hardly noticed the distance. I was disappointed at first in its size, for it turned out to be no larger than a pond, but when I looked up at Half Dome, towering 8,800 feet in the air above me, I forgot all about the lake.

I remembered, instead, the story I heard long ago, as I sat, half dozing, in a classroom; the story of an ambitious glacier which left its home in the north and went sightseeing over half of the United States. Its manners were rude, its ignorance great. What lay in its path it knocked over and crushed underfoot. What living things fell into its mouth were caught, killed, and put in storage. When it finally tired of the visit and went home, ruin remained for its memorial.

But it was, I thought, an extremely beautiful ruin, like a great man caught by time or a beautiful woman blasted by sorrow. Up Tenaya Canyon as far as I could see were straight, clear-cut granite walls. Half Dome, higher than the rest, had been cut in half like a loaf of bread.

And below me, in the waters of the lake, it was mirrored, the whole story. Sharply across Half Dome, near the top, was the line where the glacier had stopped. Below this, and along the walls of canyon, were the marks of its retreat, where, snarling, biting, it had lurched backward.

And that was about 100,000,000 years ago, when I was, perhaps, a tadpole or a raindrop. Perhaps I was blood of the glacier, warmed to life heat, now cooling.

I walked back, reminded by the idea of life heat that lunch was at hand. I stoked thoughtfully, setting fire to the food with deep breaths of mountain air.

Afterwards I set my course by a sign labeled New Village, but all I found at its end were a store, a library, a post office, and a museum. I chose the museum as best for siesta, and went into its cool library. A ranger, curly-haired, was reading *The Light That Failed*. He got up to show me the sights. First we went to a glass case, which he opened, and examined a book, the register of the Cosmopolitan House, valley hotel, from 1873 to 1887.

In it were the signatures of R. B. Hayes, J. A. Garfield, U. S. Grant, Ubadiah Urks of Chicago, T. Roosevelt, Lillie Langtry, and a certain Hepzebah Murk, of San Francisco. The Langtry signature was decisive, theatrical, and strong. It was dated June 30, 1884. No one else was registered on that day. She must have come alone, for a rest.

THE ranger didn't offer an explanation, so we went into the next room and looked at some models of the Sierra Nevada. The first one showed the beginnings of the range, gently sloping hills with rivers flowing both east and west. The ranger pulled a lever and the model split in the middle, lifting the western section high and showing a bare, sheer face to the east.

"That was the way it happened," he explained. "The rivers all ran to the west after the big rise along this fault. The big rivers cut their canyons then, but the smaller rivers couldn't work as fast. So gradually they were left high in the air, as the rivers into which they flowed cut deeper. That's how we got our falls."

I said it was all very clear.

We went on to the next model, and he pointed to some yellow spots.

"Then the glacier came," he said, "and made the V-shaped canyons U-shaped. Polished the cliffs some, too."

I said that was all very clear, too, and we went into the next room to a case containing a mountain sheep.

"It came out of one of our glaciers," my guide explained. "These sheep have been extinct here for fifty years. This one is probably several hundred years old. See that spot on his haunch, the black one? A German scientist said it was the first stage of change to petroleum."

The sheep had a strained look on his face, and I wondered if he had worried, in his death agonies, over such futility.

We went upstairs then, to look at the samples of flora and fauna preserved there. The ranger explained that the great variety (*Continued on page 88*)

Next Month

Mr. Treadgold was warned never to use a certain path in the woods near his Canadian camp unless he courted death. The superstitious natives advised him to stay away from a near-by manor—because a ghost walked its floors at night. Dead Man Manor, they called it.

But Treadgold was stubborn . . . he had to be shown, he had to learn for himself that there were . . .

FOOTSTEPS AT NIGHT

It's an exciting, full-length mystery serial beginning in the June issue, and it's by that top-notcher of raconteurs

VALENTINE WILLIAMS

21 kinds to choose from . .

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mushroom (Cream of)
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Noodle with chicken
Celery	Ox Tail
Chicken	Pea
Chicken-Gumbo	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef

Eating Campbell's
Every day
Sends me smiling
On my way!

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

TRUST a man to know good soup when he tastes it . . . If there's one thing he's frank about, it is the food he eats . . . Yes, too frank sometimes, to a woman's way of thinking . . . But there's never any doubt about it, at least . . . And when he gives his O. K. to the soup, that's all she wants to know . . . agreed . . . the soup is good!

Describing Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup as a "natural" for men is just another way of saying that it is a soup for hale and hearty appetites . . . the real old-fashioned vegetable soup with hunger-quelling pieces of meat among its nourishing vegetables . . . a meal in itself . . . one that especially fills the midday need for sustaining food . . . tempting and delicious to eat . . . wholesome and easily digested. Enjoy it often!

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Campbell's Soups are made as in your own home kitchen, except that the broth is double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water, you obtain twice as much full-flavored soup at no extra cost.

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WE ASKED OUTDOOR PEOPLE:

"Is this fact important to You?"—

"Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

VALUE! "Camels are manufactured from costlier tobaccos," says Charley Belden, Wyoming rancher. "No wonder they have such a rich, cool flavor!"

MILDNESS! "I smoke Camels because they are mild—pleasing to my throat," says Miss Helene Bradshaw, an enthusiastic horsewoman.

HEALTHY NERVES! "I have smoked Camels for fourteen years, without a sign of upset nerves," says Bill Horn, former Gold Cup winner.

FLAVOR! "It's been thrilling to have a part in the vast enterprise of building Boulder Dam," says Erwin Jones, Boulder Dam engineer. "Plenty of strain, too. When I get tired, there's nothing like a Camel. Man, what a swell taste Camels have! Mild, cool, and mellow! You can tell they are made from choice tobaccos, because they don't get 'flat' or tiresome in taste when you smoke a lot."

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R. J. Reynolds
Tob. Co.

Never mind the Lady

(*Continued from page 70*)

third," said Willett unemotionally, "is to beat hell out of the blackmailer every time you see his face."

LaMarr's black eyes swept him swiftly.

"That," he murmured, "I think I have shown you would not be so wise."

FOX felt that absurd little chill he had felt several times before when Terry Willett prepared to act. He'd swung the lamp of reason before. And now he tried it again.

"Get to the point, Terry," he urged. "Tell him what you know."

"Sure," said Willett. "LaMarr, right now, the first way is out. No police. And so is the second. Because you haven't any story that would hurt anybody. Allaire went to those docks because I took her there. She shot a man in self-defense to protect me. But that man didn't die. He lived.. So there's your mysterious murder gone up in smoke. You haven't any facts, LaMarr, and your bluff is being called. So," he said thoughtfully, "there goes the second way of dealing with a blackmailer, a sneaky breed like a kidnapper."

LaMarr's face was inscrutable. There was a tightening to his mouth, but that was all.

"If Mr. West chooses to believe you, that is his affair," he said smoothly. "I know I don't."

"You don't have to believe me. You know Hildez wasn't killed, but you took a chance on nobody else's knowing it. And nobody is going to pay you a nickel for that fake yarn of yours. Now, get out of here, LaMarr, while your skin is still safe. And if there's any further trouble from you I'll beat you into something crawly and shapeless and half-blind. Maybe I'll do it now. I don't like you, LaMarr."

"A strong-arm man, perhaps?" LaMarr said lazily, but the eyes which he fixed steadily on Willett were deadly and alert.

"No," said Terry, "just somebody who always tries to finish what he starts. I started the job of covering that girl and I'm going to finish it. You're not dealing with these two gentlemen here. You're dealing with me—and I've been called a roughneck. Well, all right, that's what I am. A roughneck."

LaMarr then pulled his master stroke. He turned coolly to Ray West.

"You are at liberty to believe this man, of course," he said. "But I do not regard his word as any proof. I mentioned thirty thousand dollars before, I believe. Mr. West, the sum is now—forty thousand, or the story is released. You may take your own chance."

Ray West was helpless in situations of this kind. He looked at Fox. The attaché was indecisive, also. That Terry knew what had happened on the docks he was sure, but how could he know anything of Hildez's final fate? That death angle gave the story spice. And Ray West seemed to be uncertain, also, as to how far to string along with Terry Willett. He might be bluffing, himself. LaMarr pressed his advantage.

"In five minutes," he said calmly, "I will take my leave with your answer. Consider quickly, then."

His effrontery touched off Willett.

"Oh, hell," he said suddenly, "why argue with the snake?"

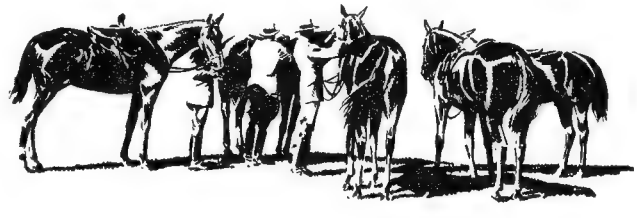
He was around the corner of the desk, fast on his feet, coming for LaMarr.

"Terry!" shouted Fox. "He's armed!"

LaMarr leaped to his feet like a cat. His revolver appeared in his hand, but he didn't get a chance to level it. He struck with it instead, clubbing Willett across the forehead and ripping a wide gash. But that didn't stop Terry Willett. He was on top of LaMarr. The fighter was in action. The merciless, hard-fisted fighter of the engineering camps and free-for-alls and docks at midnight. A furious, slashing man who ripped into LaMarr with the venom of a striking panther. A human being going after another human being.

Ray West watched, his face white. And Fox, intercollegiate boxer that he was, champion of three-round boxing matches in college gymnasiums with referees and hand shakes and points scored on little white cards, looked upon a fight that carried punishment and fury and savage strength.

THE revolver had been knocked from LaMarr's hand in the first furious onslaught. He hadn't been able to get a good grip on it, which was one reason why Terry hadn't been knocked completely out by the blow. But LaMarr was strong, and he had all the racial tricks of his mixed blood. He tore himself clear and aimed a vicious kick at Terry's stomach. But Terry had been around. He turned sideways just in time. LaMarr retreated a few steps and picked up a table lamp. He flung it at Terry's face. And again Terry was just a split second ahead of him. And always he came on steadily, relentlessly, half blinded by the blood from the gash in his forehead, but always on. A table went over. A chair was broken. They grappled in the middle of the floor, LaMarr trying to jab a thumb in Willett's eye, gouging, fighting with fists, nails, teeth, and knees.



But all those tricks had been tried on the tall auburn-haired American at one time or another. Some of them had worked once, but never twice. He weathered the savage, desperate onslaught with the sheer fury of his iron fists and the spirit that had been born of many fights in many places with all kinds of opponents.

Terry beat LaMarr to his knees. LaMarr's left eyebrow was hanging loose and a cheekbone was shattered. Willett grabbed him by the shoulders and hauled him to his feet. LaMarr sagged helpless in his grip, his knees buckling, his breath and heart and strength gone. Willett saw that he was through. He released him, and LaMarr sank down and fell over backwards, something crawly and shapeless and half-blind.

"That's that," said Willett.

He wasn't in such good shape, himself. His head reeled dizzily, one eye was blinded, and his ribs on one side ached from a bruising kick. But LaMarr had learned not to deal with a roughneck.

A ROUGHNECK! Yes, it was in her eyes, the eyes of a white-faced girl staring in horror at the scene in that wrecked room. Had his brain been jarred loose from its moorings? Why, she was standing there on the threshold—Allaire West! He must be crazy.

But he wasn't crazy.

"Allaire!" Fox and Rayburne West nearly shouted the name.

The girl looked at the battered thing on the floor and then at the tall man standing near by with blood streaming over one eye, his face still set in fighting mask.

Disgust and shock and horror. There went the works. Her father was trying to get her attention.

"Where have you been—?"

Her mouth curved briefly.

"If I told you you wouldn't believe it. I can hardly believe it myself."

Terry Willett looked at her, tilting his head back to clear his vision.

"So you disappeared. Just like that. Just went off without a word. And now you come back and can hardly believe it, yourself. Where did you ever get the idea that you could do things like that? Or don't you care about the worry and trouble you cause, detectives running around all over the place and people tying themselves in knots trying to find you? But you probably will never see that. You're too used to doing what you want, and to hell with everybody else. And now good night, all."

"Wait a minute, Terry!" It was Fox's voice. "You can't go out like that. Your head—!"

Attaboy, George. The lamp of reason.

"Mere scratch," said Willett briefly. . . .

Bright sun was flooding the room when he awoke the next day. His head felt as though it had been hit with a collection of assorted sandbags. Had he been drunk last night? He pondered. No, he'd been slugged with something, that was right. A merry life, yea, truly, never a dull moment.

He looked at his wrist watch. Almost noon. Something was due to happen

today. Oh, yes—he had to take a plane at Newark Airport for Miami.

He showered and dressed quickly. And then with his bags packed and his topcoat under one arm, he paused by the table and picked up Puff Harrington's note. She'd evidently left it there right after he and Fox had gone out of the room last evening. There were two words hurriedly scrawled: "Thanx Terry," *Sic transit* Puff.

You're welcome, babe. He smiled slightly and tore the note into bits.

As he closed the door behind him and turned the key in the lock he heard his phone ring. He hesitated a moment. Who'd be calling him? Puff, maybe? Well, whoever it was, he didn't think it worth the effort to go back.

He had a short breakfast and then went to the desk to pay his bill. The phone girl said there'd been a call for him. No message. The party had been very eager to locate him, and the phone girl had said Mr. Willett was leaving for Newark Airport.

Willett arrived at the airport, and the big trimotored ship was already waiting. The Miami plane! Coming, Corrigan.

With his foot on the step he heard his name called:

"Terry—!"

He turned, to see Allaire coming toward him. She seemed breathless. She reached his side and put a hand on his arm.

"You're not going, Terry? Not back to South America?"

He looked at her curiously.

"Why, of course."

"You might have come around to say good-by."

He laughed shortly.

"I said good-by last night—words and music."

"Oh, Terry, you can't go like this after all you've done. I wanted to talk to you last night, but you didn't give me a chance. It was grand of you to take my part, to sock that beastly swine. I've wanted to often, myself. I was just unprepared—you see, Terry," she said painfully, "I hadn't been thinking of LaMarr. Women have to be prepared—for some things—"

"I'll write you a letter the next time I meet a snake."

"YOU'RE making it dreadfully hard, Terry," she said in a low voice.

"What's hard about it? You say good-by and I say good-by."

"It isn't just that. Oh, why," she burst out suddenly, "do you have to go back to South America?"

"Why? Because I have a job to do, and nothing in heaven or on earth is going to stop me from trying to finish it. And I most certainly wouldn't stay around here to dance attendance on you."

Of course he wouldn't. He had rivers to cross and battles to win, going off to tackle jungle, fever, and a big engineering job.

"We're almost ready to leave, sir," the steward called from the plane.

Allaire twisted a white glove around in her hand.

"You haven't much use for me, have you, Terry Willett?"

The propellers were turning over. Time to go. He bent forward impulsively and took her hand.

"Take care of yourself," he said swiftly. "And all good luck—"

"But you're coming back—?" she cried.

"How do I know? I never plan past the job in hand. Step on the gas and catch the lights as you go along. And anyhow," he said, "what difference does it make? You have your path to follow. Stick to it, kid; you've got somebody fine to walk it with you."

The steward tapped him on the shoulder. Time to go! The propellers were roaring!

"Give my best to Fox," Willett shouted above the clamor. "And tell him when he's Secretary of State to send out some attachés to the hot places with some of his sense. Good-by."

"Good-by," she echoed.

He walked quickly toward the plane. The door was shut behind him and the steps taken up.

An instant later the plane roared into action. A terrific backlash of air swirled around her, dragging at her, tearing at her ankles, whipping her face, forcing her back.

The ship rose into the air, circled once, and then headed south. Allaire looked after it and her eyes were bright. Funny, how Terry gave her the same feeling as the one she received when she saw old battlefields, historic homes, and early sun.

Or maybe it wasn't funny. Because, after all, he'd gone. . . .

SIX weeks may be a long or a short time according to its relative value in a person's life. Allaire West came up to the day of the Camberwell Springs Horse Show with the feeling that she had packed six months into that period.

Attention was kindled when Allaire galloped out on the field. Fox watched as she put her beautiful jumper through his paces, and thought of her swift-changing moods of the last weeks—smoky anger, effervescent gayety, affectionate camaraderie, restless impulse. Strange girl. Sometimes she craved speed and sometimes she'd been content seemingly to jaunt around with him. There were times when he'd thought she loved him, and others when he honestly believed she didn't care a fig about anyone.

That last question was near some sort of answer. For his sixty-day leave was almost over, and if she was going to St. James's with him he'd have to ask her soon.

Fox went into the big main lounge of the club. There were a lot of men and women sitting around in a gay, chatting crowd. Allaire came in shortly afterwards and moved through the throng like a booted and spurred Diana.

"You were grand," he said.

"Grand?—oh; oh, thanks, George. Let's sit down some place!"

They went out on the veranda and Allaire, with a little sigh, sank into a deep wicker chair.

Fox looked at her then, noticed the curve of her cheek and the droop of her long, dark lashes, and decided to forget the sixty-day limit. If she didn't know by now she never would.

"You know," he said, staring at the tip of his cigarette, "I had decided to spend forty days of my leave in letting you see what a Hot Shot I am and the next twenty in asking you at irregular intervals to marry me. Well, I'm no Hot Shot, but I have a chance of getting places, and you'll always have everything you want, including the love of a guy who thinks you're the grandest girl in the world. Will you marry me, Allaire?"

He spoke with quiet dignity, but intense sincerity.

"Oh, darling—" said Allaire. Her voice seemed to catch. "Oh, darling," she began again, "don't you think I've thought of this? Oh, I'm so grateful to you, and proud"—she put a hand on his arm—"and I wouldn't have you think I was stringing you along for the world. I wanted to be with you, and I'll marry you—if you want me to—only—"

"What?" said Fox. "Only—what?"

"Only, George, darling," she said gently, "I don't think I'll ever get over that fighting engineer terror. I've tried to, heaven knows I have. I've called myself a few choice names, looked around for tall buildings, and considered having my head examined, but"—there was a faraway look in her eyes—"somehow the note still rings."

He mused a moment, and she turned to him impulsively.

"Maybe a little longer. Perhaps, when every time I read of Congress appropriating money for a dam or something, or see a new bridge opened in the newsreels, I don't think of him, then things will be different and I'll be able to have that grand, unreserved feeling that I ought to have. I'm sure I will, George—"

"No," he said slowly, "you won't. And I don't blame you, in a way. But—"

He thought of that thin gold cigarette case with the vanity mirror set in platinum on the cover, and the detectives demanding to see the girl behind the door in Willett's hotel room. Maybe that ringing note would be stifled if Allaire knew about that. And she deserved to know. Her future and his were at stake.

He was silent so long that the girl looked at him anxiously.

"Don't hate me, George. I couldn't stand it."

"Good gosh, Allaire, why should I hate you because you can't forget Terry Willett? But—"

"That's the second time you've said 'but.'"

"Did I?" said Fox. "Well, I forgot what I was going to say." He smiled grimly. "It couldn't have been important."

QUITE a number of the Show crowd adjourned to Westlands that afternoon, a tide of people eddying around tables on terrace and lawn, swirling through the house.

Fox was absorbed by a bevy of girls, and departed with a half-hearted grin. Allaire looked after him a moment and then went into Ray's private study.

"Ray," she said idly, "what would you say if I told you I was going away?"

"Going away? Where?"

"South America."

He stared, astounded. "When did this idea pop up?"

She shrugged.

"It's been in my mind for a long time, but I couldn't quite bring myself to it before. But I've felt like a person with one arm ever since Terry left—oh, sort of lonely and uncertain—and there's no use trying to kid myself any longer. I should have gone after him a long time ago, but nothing is going to stop me now."

Ray started to smile. And that little smile lasted while he lit a cigarette and

MEN *Women Despise*

THERE are a half-dozen of them in every large office. If your luck's bad you often draw one as a partner at the bridge table. In movie theatres they sit next to you—or, what is worse, back of you. In business they wonder why all too often "they can't get the order."

You Never Know

In social life or business, there is one fault that others do not excuse. It is halitosis (bad breath). You yourself never know when you have halitosis. That's the insidious thing about it. But others do, and judge you accordingly.

Bad breath affects everyone at some time or other. Ninety percent of cases, says one dental authority, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles that the most careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. As a result, even careful, fastidious people often offend. And such offenses are unnecessary.

Why Offend Others?

The safe, pleasant, quick precaution against this condition is Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Simply rinse the mouth with it morning and night and between times before business or social engagements. Listerine instantly attacks fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes.

When you want to be certain of real deodorant effect, use only Listerine which deodorizes longer. It is folly to rely on ordinary mouth washes, many of which are completely devoid of deodorant effect. Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it systematically. It is a help in making new friends and keeping old ones. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE *checks halitosis* (BAD BREATH) *deodorizes longer*

Screentime

By Roger B. Whitman

OF THE odd jobs that greet the home owner when springtime rolls around, three of the most persistent are preparing window and door screens, fixing up the awnings, and repairing concrete work that has cracked or broken during the winter.

There are a few important facts about concrete that are worth knowing.

First, new concrete will not stick to old as paste sticks to paper. Next, old concrete must be wet when the patch is applied, for if it is dry it will absorb water from the new, and so interfere with proper hardening. Third, concrete does not harden through drying, but by a chemical action that requires water. Ordinary cement requires four days or even longer for the chemical action to be completed, and for all of that time must be kept damp.

For patching, the usual mixture of concrete is one part of cement to three parts of sand. Sand and cement are mixed until the color is uniform. The pile is then leveled off and water is poured into a hole in the center. Only enough water should be used to make a stiff mixture.

Patching a crack in a concrete sidewalk or other surface calls for cutting with a cold chisel to make a groove a quarter-inch or more wide and an inch or two deep into which the patch can be packed; whenever possible the groove should be made wider at the bottom than at the top.

An open joint between a concrete porch floor and the house wall may make trouble through leakage, and wetness of a cellar wall may be due to a crack between the wall and an outside walk. As the floor or walk may move in relation to the wall, a cement and sand mixture would be too hard to make a permanent patch; roofing cement should be used instead.

Now for the job of getting fly screens ready for use. If they are of bronze mesh, as mine are, something should be done to prevent them from streaking near-by walls. One way to avoid this result from dampness is to varnish them, but in such a way that the meshes are not filled. The varnish should be thinned with an equal quantity of a half-and-half mixture of linseed oil and turpentine. Instead of a brush I use a strip of long-nap carpeting, three inches or so wide and eight or ten inches long, tacked at the ends to a strip of wood. I put the varnish on this with a brush, and stroke it against one side of the screen and then the other, to give a thin coating. Use high-quality spar varnish. Galvanized screening can be protected against rusting in the same way, with thin lacquer.

To be able to tell which screen belongs to which window, there is nothing handier than broadhead tacks, each head bearing a number, to be had at a 5-and-10 or hardware store. Tacks bearing corresponding numbers are driven into the screen and window sill.

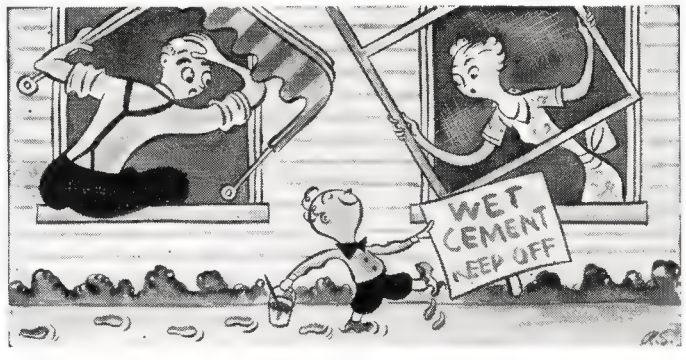
CONCERNING awnings, a question commonly asked is whether color can be restored if they are faded. Woven stripes and other patterns cannot be restored, but the awning can be freshened with a solid color, through which the pattern will show faintly but not unpleasantly. Ordinary house paint is used, thinned with 1/4 as much turpentine. The paint is applied to the stretched awning with a stiff brush, and forced into the fiber; a coating only on the surface will crack.

The best way to repair tears and worn places is to stitch canvas patches to the under side of the awning. Another is to stretch the torn part upside down on a hard surface, and coat the cloth for two inches or more around the tear with rubber cement. A piece of canvas the size of the cemented surface is also coated. When the cement on both has become strongly tacky, the patch is laid on the tear and pounded into close contact with a hammer.

★ ★ ★

IN ANOTHER article next month Roger B. Whitman will give further suggestions on problems of the home owner. Meanwhile, if you'd like to have his advice direct, simply write to him in care of this magazine, stating your problem briefly, and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Mr. Whitman cannot undertake, however, to answer any questions dealing with legal or financial matters.

DRAWING BY RALPH STEIN



leaned back, viewing her enigmatically through a cloud of smoke.

"Allaire," he said, "I've tried to warn you. You're heading for fog." He nodded thoughtfully. "It's funny. I always thought you had too much style and sophistication to risk wasting your life. You don't know anything about Willett."

"I know enough."

"Wait a minute," he said. "I owe this much to you. To both you and George before it's too late." He opened a drawer of his desk and took out several typewritten sheets clipped together. "Ever read a detective agency report? Very detailed. Makes it interesting. This is the report on the search for you when LaMarr was pulling his blackmail stunt."

He picked up the report, ruffled through to a certain page, and leaned back. "I had them looking for Willett," he explained. "I thought he could give us some clue to your whereabouts. This is an excerpt: 'Willett was located in the aforementioned hotel at six-forty in the evening. All signs pointed to the presence of a woman in the room. Willett admitted the fact, denied that it was party sought. On Mr. George Fox's advice and responsibility the investigation was not pressed. A woman's cigarette case was taken, however, for identification and possible evidence.'" He paused. "You never knew that, did you?"

"I don't," she said deliberately, "believe it."

"No?" He rummaged in the drawer again and brought out a thin gold cigarette case. "You'll find this described in the back of the report under detailed evidence. This is the one they found. It was left with me, and I didn't know who owned it. But," he added positively, "now that I think about it I could give a pretty good guess. You see, we got in touch with Willett through Puff Harrington—"

She started.

"Carolyn—! Ray, you're crazy. That little—"

"Chaser?" he finished. "Well, we'll see."

He rang for Blythe and directed him to see if Miss Harrington had arrived and if so to ask her to come and see him right away. Then he put the case in prominent view on the desk. He was getting set for a Field Day. Allaire sat numbed through all these elaborate stage preparations.

PUFF came in shortly afterwards. She had a cocktail glass in each hand.

"Hello, Ray, beloved," she greeted. "Hello, Allaire. Look what I brought."

A sense of repugnance at seeing her trapped swept over Allaire. She picked up the cigarette case and held it out to Puff.

"Did you lose this, Carolyn?" she said impulsively.

Puff's eyes widened in delight.

"Why, where on earth did you find that? I wondered where I lost it." She set down a glass and took it gratefully. "Thanks so much, Allaire."

So she wondered where she'd lost it. Apparently, she'd forgotten its last known location had been in Terry Willett's hotel room. Puff, usually so cagey about following affairs to their logical conclusion, being tripped up by a gold cigarette case. Allaire knew her father's eyes were on her ironically.

"I understand," she said calmly, "that

Health—
through Exercise

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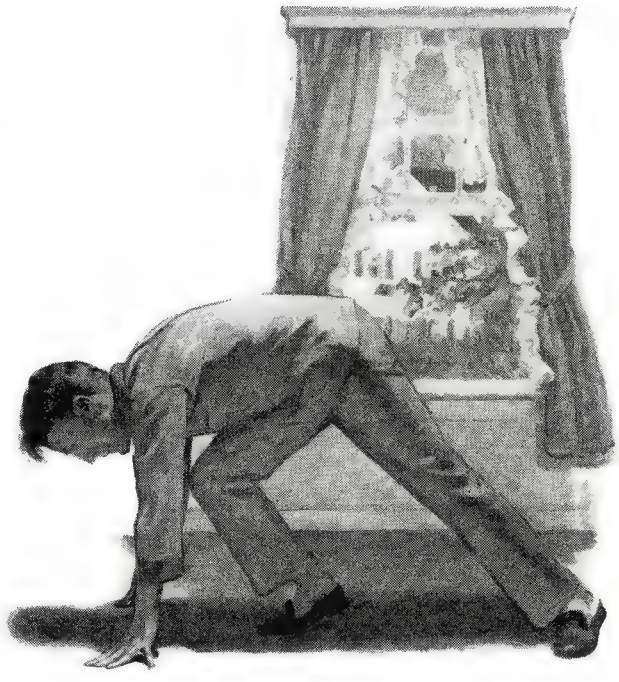
WHEN boys and girls play hard they use practically every muscle in their bodies. They run, jump, bend, twist and turn. It is the exercise they need to strengthen their muscles, straighten their backs, deepen their chests and square their shoulders.

Youngsters who are taught, as a part of their physical education, the other hygienic habits that have to do with posture, diet, cleanliness, fresh air and sleep, are bound to build stronger, healthier bodies. The pleasure found in exercise and in the skill acquired in those early years should encourage these boys and girls, when they are grown up, to continue their physical activity.

Fathers and mothers can learn from their children at play. It is easy, as one grows older, to give up exercise at the very time when it is needed. Perhaps you have forgotten that you require exercise to keep your heart and lungs in tune, to stimulate circulation, to preserve a correct posture which aids digestion and a more active functioning of other body organs.

There are some persons to whom vigorous exercise might be harmful. But unless your doctor has advised against your taking reasonable amounts of physical exercise, the booklet prepared by the Metropolitan's Bureau of Physical Education will be helpful in supplementing your normal outdoor activity. You will not begrudge the few minutes a day given to exercise when you begin to get the benefit from it.



The Metropolitan has sent to policyholders and their neighbors more than 1,500,000 illustrated Exercise Charts. Send the coupon for the 1935 revised edition of the publication on Exercise.

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DRAWING BY
E. P. JULIAN

It takes all kinds

By Albert Benjamin

SHERIFF RICHARD W. BENSON, of Robertson County, Tenn.—population 28,000—frequently arrests a man by telephoning him to come to the jail. He has made more than 50 arrests in that manner, and to date no one has refused to come as requested.

MRS. BELLE BENCHLEY, who has charge of the San Diego, Calif., zoo—the fourth largest in the world—claims to be the only woman zoological director.

ALTHOUGH totally blind, E. A. Burdett, a Wayne, N. J., jeweler, built a 7-room, 2-story house, doing all the work except the masonry and plumbing.

R. S. GALLOWAY, of Due West, S. C., who for 35 years has owned the railroad running between Due West and Donalds, S. C.—a distance of 4 miles—has consistently refused to allow a train to run on Sunday. Only once was the rule broken; that was to take a sick woman to the hospital.

JOHN McDANIEL, of Folkston, Georgia, recently deeded all his real and personal property to God.

CHARLES QUINCY CHASE, of San Francisco, Calif., will move across the continent the 150-year-old homestead built by his great-grandfather near Portland, Maine.

W. PENN KEMBLE, publisher of the Mount Carmel (Pa.) *Item*, recently pointed out to his sick readers that payment of their subscription well in advance would improve their chances of a good obituary notice.

THREE times G. W. Odell, of Fresno, Calif., has made a hole-in-one on the 190-yard eighth hole of the Riverside golf course.

MRS. EMMETT McNEILLEY, of Mayfield, Ky., has carried on weekly correspondence with Mrs. Walter O. Davis, of Parsons, Kans., for 35 years, though neither woman has ever seen the other.

GEORGE JOSEPH GROSSMAN, Los Angeles, Calif., filed a suit in the Superior Court for $20,555,005,993,793,418,733,025,000, to compensate him for troubles he claimed to have suffered in a dispute over his property. The judges dismissed the suit, giving an opinion that there is not that much money in the world.

ROBERT L. WILSON, of Broadway, N. C., a junior at Wake Forest College, had 800 pounds of ready-cut lumber shipped to the college, where he put together his own dormitory—9 by 12 feet.

DR. W. D. HINSON, Newport, Ark., always carries six watches—four of the pocket variety and two wrist watches.

MRS. FRANCES DAVIS, Madison, Wis., 77-year-old woman barber, still wields the razor and scissors with skill and precision, rides horseback, ice-skates, and roller-skates.

DR. W. B. BIZZELL, president of the University of Oklahoma, collects Bibles as a hobby. He has more than 300.

ERVIN ZIMMERMAN, 11, of Beatrice, Nebr., rides to and from school each day in a two-wheel rig drawn by his pet cow.

SEVENTEEN members of the Stevenot family, of San Francisco, Merced, and Fallon, Calif., and Bagiou, Philippine Islands, recently held a reunion by a 12-telephone hookup.

JOHNNY COVENTINE, the 43-inch page boy of a New York hotel, has been insured for $100,000 against growing.

RUTH LOUISE BASCOM, of Miami, Fla., earns her livelihood rearing flamingoes in her back yard.

DAVID BERNSTEIN, of Philadelphia, Pa., was a candidate for Congress in the last election and failed to receive a single vote. He, himself, arrived at the voting booth too late to vote.

MISS JANIE A. MICHENER, Washington, D. C., is working her way through George Washington University by driving a taxicab.

BEN MARSHALL, of Frankfort, Ky., publishes a family newspaper for the benefit of eight sons and five daughters who are living in various parts of the country.

Do you know an unusual fact that will fit into this column? We will pay $1 for each acceptable item accompanied by corroborative proof. When the same information is received from more than one person, the item bearing the earliest postmark will be given credit. Address IT TAKES ALL KINDS, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No entries will be returned.

you know a friend of mine—Terry Willett."

"Terry?" exclaimed Puff. Her eyes rested on Allaire first in surprise, then in quick veiled mockery. "I should say I know your Terry, Allaire. He and I did the rounds. We had one priceless time in New York, my dear—"

"Yes," said Allaire absently, "I imagine you did."

She bit her lip, then suddenly excused herself and left the room.

"What's the matter with her?" Puff inquired blithely.

Ray seated himself on the edge of the desk.

"Don't worry about Allaire," he advised. "And thanks, Puff. You've saved her from making a fool of herself. But, baby"—he grinned and shook a finger under her nose—"what I know about you—!"

ALLAIRE went to her room and stared out of the window. Hotel rooms, and detectives, and gold cigarette cases—it was cheap and abominable. There seemed to be an icy wave sweeping over her, stifling her. And she'd chased after Willett to the airport, hoping he wouldn't go out of her life, tried to hold him, and all the time he'd been doing the rounds with Puff Harrington. Twice she'd practically flung herself at him and twice he'd ambled on. But Puff had found better luck.

And she could have sworn Terry Willett really loved her. He'd fought for her and she'd been so proud of it. Proud! She nearly laughed. And she'd almost gone to South America after him, flung herself at him again.

A mouthful of fog. Yes, her father had warned her. Steering an impossible course amid parties and horse shows and bachelor cotillions, toward the glow of rivers to cross and battles to win. And she'd been so convinced that Ray was wrong, that the backlash of his sarcasm couldn't shake her. But he was right. There wasn't anything she could do about it.

She yanked off her slipper and hurled it savagely out the window. "That's for you, Willett!" she said furiously.

The gesture seemed to snap something in her. She sank back as if exhausted. The gesture had been silly, inane, and she hated to make silly, inane gestures. She'd made one before when she sent Terry away when she knew she loved him. Sent him away in his hour of need, the Carteret minister had said.

Hour of need! It seemed a spar, that phrase, in the floating wreckage. A spar that any woman would seize. A man had needed her. And she'd sent him away, relinquished all claim on him, sent him to Puff on the rebound. She'd driven him to Puff Harrington.

"It was my fault," she repeated stubbornly. "Mine."

But he'd come back to fight a battle for her, to sweat and be hurt and run the gantlet of an armed and desperate snake. Allaire clung to that fiercely. He'd come back. She'd sent him away, but he'd come back.

Old battlefields, historic homes, and early sun; pride of race and the last dying bugle calls of a Virginia family—all locked in a man down on a South American river. Chasing after a man!

She went to the phone and called Shorty

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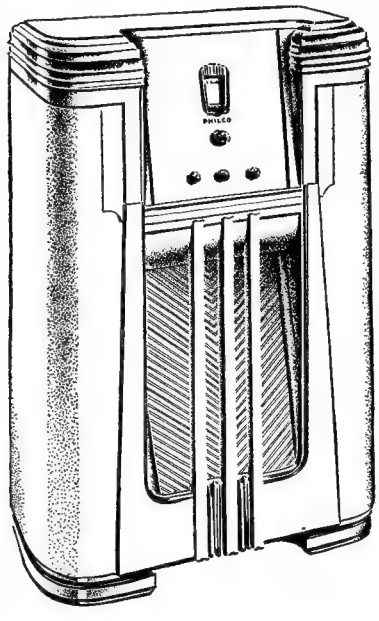

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LISTEN TO BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS

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Hasbrouck at the Washington landing field.

"Shorty," she said clearly, "this is Allaire West. My bus is still in the shop. Can you fly me down to Miami tomorrow morning?"

"Sure," said Shorty. "How early?"

"With the sun," said Allaire. . . .

PROPIONOIRE! And the coffee chutes were humming again. Coffee! Thousands of bags of it. The Great God Coffee! Hail to Coffee!—it had broken the grip of the revolution. The last mines were being taken up out of the harbor so that the freighters of twenty nations could get in to resume the profitable trade.

But, of course, the revolution had never stopped those days of sodden rain and days of blinding heat. They had always been there in a place where anything could happen.

Terry Willett and Bucky Corrigan had moved in on the river job. They'd shoved into town the day the armistice was signed. They had things going in two weeks, and in two weeks they also knew what they were up against. Corrigan came down the river to get more men, and ran into difficulties. It was going to be a long job, and a lot of the women didn't want either to accompany their men or to let them go up to that unhealthy spot on the river. The padre had influence, but Corrigan wasn't much good in talking to padres. He sent for Willett, and Willett came down impatiently, while Corrigan ended up in Drake's office, looking as though he'd been through a war.

"Drake," he said, lounging in a chair with one putteed leg thrown over the arm, "it's a stinker if I ever saw one. You can't get a hold on the thing—it's like grabbing a handful of ooze."

"It's a tough one," agreed Drake, the coffee company agent, "but Willett almost licked it before, and if that river can be opened to commerce it will be a great thing."

"Yeah, sure. Willett doesn't give a hoot about opening the river to commerce. But the job beat his old man and he's death on beating it. It's the only thing in his mind. He won't rest easy until he does. You know what he's figuring on doing? Putting in a system of locks. Why, he hasn't got a chance. Rainy season will be on him before the work's half done, and that river will drown us all in mud and slimy water. Everything will go blooey."

He shoved his sun helmet back on his head.

"Willett's come back from the States funny. He doesn't say much. Doesn't laugh much, either. All he wants to do is pull this job through, and he's putting his whole life into it. And I'm rooting for him all the way. He feels he owes it to his old man. Put it on a silver platter and serve it in Valhalla. But"—and Bucky Corrigan shook his head gloomily—"I don't know, Drake, I don't know. The odds are against him. I don't think that river was ever meant to be any use."

No, nobody with any sense would have tackled that job. Drake had always felt that. But it was everything to Terry Willett. It was a debt of honor.

Corrigan went back to his hotel room in the Santini. He poured himself a drink, sat back with his feet resting on a chair, and prepared to be comfortable.

Willett came in shortly afterwards. He was a picture of bronze, his hair, the complexion of his lean, square-jawed face, his brown breeches and puttees, and his khaki shirt with the sleeves rolled up.

"What luck with the padre, fella?"

Willett nodded briefly.

"He's going to use his influence. That means a native gang will be going up the river with the idea that what they're going to work on is a boon to humanity and the recording angel will underline their names on the preferred list. Great institution, padres."

"Yeah, they marry people, too. That's another great institution.". . .

THE coastwise steamer from the capital followed a long tropical shore line, nosed into the harbor proper, proceeding slowly under the direction of a native pilot, gingerly feeling the way through waters that had recently been infested with mines.

And when she landed at her berth a slim girl dressed in tropical white, with a gay touch of color in the form of a silken scarf about her throat, stepped ashore into an atmosphere of humming chutes, staring, sweating coffee porters, jabbering hybrid tongues, and noisy steamship cranes. It was queer to see a girl landing alone. Queerer still to see that nobody met her. Her step was elastic and she moved quickly and surely across the dock to a taxi and got in.

"*Café Nacional Compania,*" she said. And added to herself, "Atrocious Spanish, my dear."

But the driver understood. National Coffee Company. *Si, si.*

She was here! All through the long air jaunt to the capital and the trip by steamer she had made no other plans beyond just getting here. And now she was here, and a big question mark rode with her.

SHE alighted before the National Coffee Company office. It was the only place she had to start. They were Terry Willett's employers.

The native clerk stared at her in amazement. And so did Drake, the Englishman who was manager of the branch office.

"Willett?" he repeated. "Why, he's been in town the past few days, but he's leaving right away. Going up the river to work."

"Where can I find him?" she asked.

Drake rubbed his chin. Where in the name of all that's holy had Willett ever met a girl like this? She seemed very anxious to find that man who'd come back from the States not saying much.

"He might be at the Santini Hotel. If you'd like, I'll take you up there."

"Thank you," she said gratefully.

The Santini was no luxurious-looking hostelry. It was a two-storied white stone building with walls at least a foot thick and ornamented with those omnipresent little iron balconies. Its bar was the most famous thing about it, and a smell of beer and liquor impregnated the lobby.

She ascended the stairs with her taciturn companion, walked down a corridor, and stopped before a door. Drake knocked.

"Come in!" roared two voices in unison.

"There's a lady here to see you, Terry," called Drake.

(To be continued)

Valley of Life

(Continued from page 78)

of birds, mammals, and plants derives from the six life zones of the park.

"The park goes from the Lower Sonoran zone, which is typically Californian and supports fig, orange, and olive groves, to the Arctic-Alpine zone at the top of the Sierras. In each zone we find the life natural to its climate."

"What," I asked, "am I in now?"

"Transition," he said.

The word startled me, and I took my leave, to wander again. He only meant from tropical to arctic, I knew, and he should have said temperate. But there I was, sitting on a log pondering the change from raindrop to Rotarian, from infant to nonagenarian, and from hot to cold.

Cupped in my hands, my head faced a bush, and while I pondered, moodily, the passing of life, the bush moved. A snout appeared, then a brown mustache, then eyes. The bear emerged waddling.

Instantly the passing of life was supplanted by its presence. I remembered a line in the booklet: "The bears will not harm you, but do not feed them from the hand." I put my hands behind me.

He sat down, licked his nose with his tongue, and yawned. He was cinnamon-colored and fat. I was glad of the latter.

For a while he eyed me glazily, as if I did not matter. Then his pupils cleared and interest shone. He inched forward on his haunches and stuck out his nose hopefully. I kept my hands behind me and said, "I haven't any food, honest."

His ears pricked at the sound of my voice, so I stopped. For a full minute he gazed attentively into my eyes. Then his ears dropped, the glaze returned to his pupils, and he got up and waddled off, moving like a certain cinemactress. Cautiously, at a safe distance, I followed. After a quarter of a mile he emerged into a clearing near the river. It was full of bears, big and little. They were gathered around a motortruck, and while I watched, the truck's rear tipped and garbage catapulted to the ground.

They ate silently, quickly. The cubs

Patients in clinics everywhere are getting remarkable relief from this new food.

DR. ALBAN GIRAULT (at left), lately chief of clinic of Paris Faculty of Medicine, says: "It is almost unbelievable how well this new fresh yeast works. Instead of acting harshly as cathartics do, it stimulates secretion of digestive juices and restores bowel action naturally . . . *a notable discovery.*"

Almost unheard of, these results in a noted U. S. hospital:

IN HOSPITALS in this country, astonishing results are being obtained with the new Fleischmann's Yeast: 93% of constipation cases corrected in one clinic; 83% of indigestion cases in another; 89% of skin cases of digestive origin in another . . . Typical cases from the actual records of one noted hospital follow:—

CASE OF T. E. MAN. AGE 30. Suffered from chronic constipation. Used strong cathartics habitually. Tongue coated.

Eating three cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily gave improvement by end of first week. *Easier bowel movements daily without laxatives.* Felt better.

CASE OF K. M. MAN. AGE 62. *Had used strong cathartics and enemas for chronic constipation for ten years.* Complained of discomfort from gas. Pale, weak. Was on a special diet.

Treatment with Fleischmann's new Yeast improved digestion. *Patient discontinued cathartics and enemas—has normal movements.*

CASE OF K. Q. WOMAN. AGE 51. *Had used strong cathartics for chronic constipation for years.* Appetite poor. Frequent headaches. Very nervous.

After eating Fleischmann's new Yeast, appetite improved. *After one week, had daily evacuations without cathartics.* Feels well. Headaches and nervousness relieved.

Completely corrected by this new discovery... chronic

CASES OF CONSTIPATION

A new food supplies "Protective Substances" your stomach and bowels need to work right. No other food, even fruits and vegetables, supplies enough of them!

HOSPITALS are now correcting even stubborn cases of constipation—simply by adding *one food* to the diet!

For some time it has been known that "protective substances" were needed in the diet for the stomach and bowels to work properly. When these "protective substances" are undersupplied—digestion slows up, people become constipated.

Ordinary foods—even fruits and green vegetables—do not supply enough of these substances.

But *one food* now supplies them in abundance. This food is the new Fleischmann's Yeast—their *richest source!*

The new Fleischmann's Yeast builds up a healthier condition of the intestinal tract. It starts an increased flow of digestive juices. It tones and strengthens nerves and muscles all through your intestines.

Begin to eat the new Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat it regularly—don't stop when you begin to feel better, but go on eating it! Follow the rules *below*. Digestion improves. Bowels work better. The skin clears. Energy increases.

Eat three cakes of the new Fleischmann's fresh Yeast each day. People vary in the amount they need—some eat 4, 5 or even 6 cakes a day, although 3 cakes daily is usually enough. A little experimenting will show you just the amount *you* need.

Eat it just plain, or dissolved in ⅓ glassful of water . . . or in milk, fruit juices or fountain drinks. Many like it spread on a cracker.

Eat it one-half hour before each meal. This gives it a chance to start your digestive juices flowing before *other* food enters your stomach.

If you're taking cathartics, discontinue them gradually (not all at once). As the new Fleischmann's Yeast strengthens your digestive system, you can stop using laxatives and cathartics entirely.

You can get the new Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, soda fountains and restaurants—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label.

THE NEW FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a food—not a medicine. Eaten daily, it can give you complete bowel regularity . . . (This new Fleischmann's Yeast is as good as ever for baking.)

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION:

In recent tests, Fleischmann's new Yeast increased peptic activity up to 30%; speeded up stomach's "emptying time" 34%; increased gastric secretion and motility measurably.

The most important substance in this new yeast resembles a *digestive hormone.* It also supplies *four vitamins:* Vitamin A, for the health of epithelial tissue, B for proper nerve functioning, G for growth, and D to aid in the assimilation of lime.

Constipation may be serious, especially if due to an organic disorder. To be sure, see a doctor.

NRA CODE

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finished first, and began climbing trees to work off the dinner. One of the mothers went to a tree inhabited by a cub and snarled. The cub scrambled down, tumbled under a cuff on the ear, and headed for the river, yelping. He drank slowly, watching his image. When he had finished he looked for a long time at his reflection. It seemed to please him, and he ran up the bank in high spirits, yelping.

Dusk fell quickly in the grove and I decided to get out before darkness. Back at the lodge the stage had brought newspapers, and people were arriving in swarms for the week-end. I ate dinner slowly. After coffee I joined the circle at the large fire in the clearing before the lodge and watched the flames mount. A ranger gave a lecture on the geology of the valley.

"Better take a hike down the road," a voice whispered over my shoulder. "That firefall ain't so good from here."

I thanked Gerald and went into the gloom, feeling the cool air draw the heat of the fire from my front.

Before a clearing people stood, looking up at Glacier Point, a black monk's cloak against the lighter sky.

SUDDENLY on the neck of the monk's cloak a red spot appeared. Then down its front a scarlet line descended, quivering, floating, mixing with winds. It was as if the falls had suddenly turned to blood; only, the color was lighter. Like the water of the falls the fire drifted and eddied, striking promontories and bursting into rockets, spilling finally over a ledge that a rumbling voice behind me informed the world was 1,400 feet below the top.

For a full minute the stream of red shone steadily. Then it began to pulse, like blood in veins, receding to a thin line, expanding, receding again. Little by little the expansions diminished, the line grew thinner. The cloak was folded again, all black.

I went to bed then, afraid I would not wake up in time. I thought, too, that I would dream of bears and deer and glaciers. Instead I slept heavily. My wrist watch said seven-thirty when I awoke.

The first batch of pancakes was on the griddle when Gerald arrived, and I invited him to sample my cuisine. When I turned around again from the stove the first batch was gone and Gerald was picking his teeth.

Dew was rising in steam waves when we left, and the valley looked like a great washtub as we went toward its end.

Gerald bestrode the driver's seat like a horseman. He was impervious to bumps.

After a few miles the valley narrowed, and we shot under the nose of El Capitan, the grandest of the granite domes, shaped like an army cadet's chest. Across the river, Bridalveil Falls, less impressive but more various in its streams, splattered the rock and got into the river with as much fuss as possible. We crossed the river below the falls and went through Wawona Tunnel, a tube cut through the rocks for a quarter of a mile. Then we wound, up and up, but mostly around and around, for what seemed like ages.

JUST before noon we entered a heavy grove, and I saw tree trunks as large as houses to the right and left. Then, for the first time since breakfast, Gerald spoke.

"These trees," he said, after clearing his throat and waving an arm, "are sequoias. *Sequoia gigantea.* Groves of 'em are all over the Sierras. They grow between the elevations of 4,600 and 8,000 feet."

He paused for my admiration of his lore.

"What about the redwoods?" I asked. "They're not so high."

"Cousins," he said, in the manner of a man speaking of poor relations. "This is the Mariposa Grove, the biggest of the three in the park."

The car stopped.

"Over there," said Gerald, jerking his thumb, "is the father of the forest. Lying down, I mean. Once a whole troop of cavalry lined up on it."

We went on, while I hung from the car, peering up at the giants, reading the names on the signs attached to them. Gerald continued to talk, deprecating the redwoods for slimness, pointing out the Grizzly Giant, probably 4,000 years old.

"It was here," he said, "in 933. It was here in 1066, when the Battle of Hastings was fought. It was here in 1215, Magna Charta; in 1492, 1620, 1776, and 1860."

"Let me see," I pondered. "What was the Magna Charta?"

"Here," said Gerald, "is the Wawona tree, with the road cut through. In 1880. Twenty-six feet wide at the base."

We got out and looked up, pushed our fingernails into the wood, remarked on its color, got back into the car, and went on. The trees thrilled me, but I said nothing to Gerald. They were the oldest living things, and I laughed to think that they had been named after states which were not in existence when they were born, and after men who came to earth and passed from it while they were adding a few rings. It was misanthropic, but I sided with the trees.

UP MORE twisting, back-tracking road we went toward Glacier Point. After a few hours snow appeared. It was the first I had seen since I left Istanbul, and I insisted on stopping to get a handful. The crystals were intricate and beautiful.

Glacier Point was silent, and the hotel was empty when we entered the long room.

"'Lo, George," Gerald said to the bald, kind-eyed man who peered up at us. He did not bother to introduce me, so I sat down anyhow. From the porch Half Dome was visible, just a little higher and straight across. To the right, Nevada Falls, more streams of drifting water, sparkled like ginger beer. Below, the valley was smooth and quiet, with people moving through the camps and bears wandering along the river. Night was coming swiftly.

I had never seen such a sunset, so white, so luminous, and so bereft of all the colors ordinary to it. It was, I supposed, because it was far from sunset time, and the sun was still high in the sky. The cliffs, intervening, shut it off at teatime and prepared the valley for early sleep.

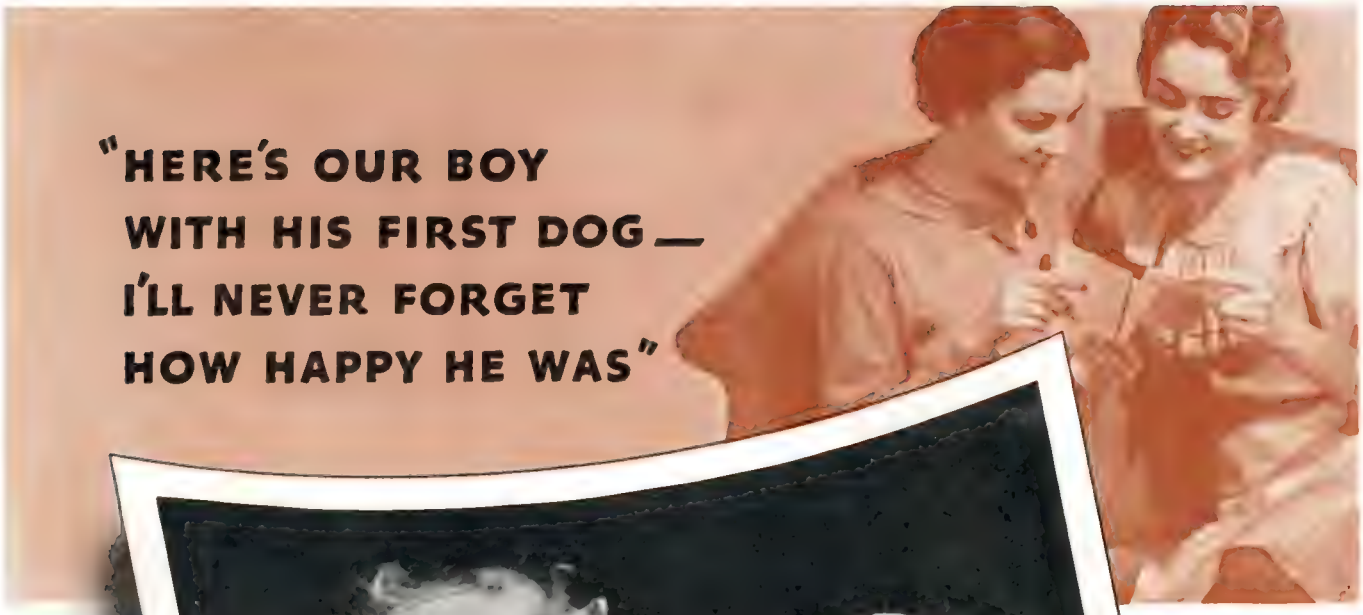
Without saying anything to me, Gerald and George got up and left, but I followed doggedly. They went to the edge of the cliff, behind the hotel, where a great pile of red pine bark was ready for firing. George looked at his watch, peered at the sunset glow, and set a match to the heap. I hung over the railing and looked down and about and across.

When I could see

"Two to one the ol' man faints when he sees us!"

Fred Neher

"HERE'S OUR BOY
WITH HIS FIRST DOG—
I'LL NEVER FORGET
HOW HAPPY HE WAS"



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no longer I sat beside the two men. George was talking.

"Some funny things I've seen," George said to Gerald. "Funniest, I guess, was in the South Seas. We was trading, and the natives thought we was gods, being white, I guess. Well, some of the boys got drunk and did some things they didn't like, but they thought we was gods, so it was all right. Then one of the boys up and died, of fever, I guess, and they saw us burying him. Well, sir, they thought we wasn't immortal then, and they got up a war dance and it looked like we was done for."

The fire dwindled.

"Well, what did we do but sneak ashore one night, dig up this guy we'd buried. Then we dressed him and lit a pipe and stuck it in his mouth, and the next day we walked all over the village with him, making like he was come back to life. Then we built a big fire on the beach and put him up on a throne. Cripes! We was all drunk, and scared, too. Then one of the boys gets behind him under a blanket and yells out a speech, and we sing *Seventeen Men on a Dead Man's Chest* and a lot of other songs.

"Next morning we stuck him up in front in the bow and sailed right out of that harbor like we was all gods. Cripes!"

GEORGE looked at his watch and got up. He stood for a moment, gazing into space. Then he looked at his watch again, bent over, and began shoveling the coals over the cliff. I stood at the railing and watched them descend, scarlet, dancing and weaving, cutting a red streak in the night.

"Since 1898," Gerald mused, "it's been going. Good show."

"Got onto the bark thing about seven years ago," George said. "Makes a better bed."

Going back it was cold, and I said nothing. In front of the lodge Gerald paused.

"You going to be making pancakes in the morning?" he asked.

I went home with my head up, proud and vindicated.

Next day was Sunday, so after breakfast I went with Gerald to the little wooden church. Squeezed between his bulk and a great lady in black silk I sang timidly.

"We are here but a short time," the thin man in the pulpit said, "yet our eternal happiness depends on it."

I remembered nothing else of what he said, but when we emerged into the sunlight everyone's face was happy and peaceful, so I gathered that doom had not been predicted very specifically. Gerald picked a blade of grass and chewed it.

"I sort of got a date," he informed. "And so I wondered if you could take the car and drive over to Hetch Hetchy yourself. It's easy to find."

"Anything," I assured him, "to help romance."

I was sorry for my leniency later. Had I known the way of my travels, not even an Elizabeth Barrett–Robert Browning romance would have gained Gerald his freedom. At El Capitan I turned right, a chain was lowered, and I started up Big Oak Flat Road, a one-way highway built, I found, in 1884. It was the first road into the valley, and no one ever thought of changing it. In four miles it went up 2,000 feet, and at no point was there a foot of straight ground.

To my left always was the valley, sinking lower and lower as I climbed, inviting me at any point to take off and soar. Sometimes the road doubled back, so that I could see the dust made by my rear wheels settling as I passed by on another elevation. When I reached the top the man who was waiting for me to come up so that he could descend laughed at me.

After that there were thirty miles almost as bad. When I did strike a good road Hetch Hetchy loomed below me, and I gave myself to its beauty with the energy I had left. Only a short time before, it had been put in operation, and even as I rode down to it people in San Francisco were drinking its water. The dam stretched across the valley like a piece of eggshell, looking from above all too frail to hold behind it the 66,000,000,000 gallons of water which I knew to be its capacity.

On its ramp, however, things looked different. An old man who seemed to work about the place told me that 390,000 cubic yards of concrete were in the structure. He seemed to think this figure was all the explanation necessary.

He said, "What do you think of it?"

"It's impressive," I said, "but after Yosemite it doesn't strike me as really tremendous."

He looked at me, frowning.

"This," he said, "is man-made. It took twenty years, and it cost $100,000,000."

"Well," I said, "what of it? Yosemite took 100,000,000 years, but it didn't even cost twenty dollars."

"Can you drink it?" he snapped.

I admitted the discrepancy.

"The city's a richer municipality for this," he said, to clinch the argument.

"And nature," I said, "is a dam site poorer."

I jumped into the car and sped gleefully away before he could answer. Big Oak Flat Road and the prospect of returning over it, I thought, was worth one very bad pun.

WHEN I got back to the valley, drunk from the spinning panorama, afternoon had set in with all the peacefulness that is Sunday. And suddenly it occurred to me that there was not so much change after all. A raindrop might become a tree, and a tree a bear, and a bear a varsity halfback, but Sunday afternoon was always the same. Always it was quiet, as if listening for something, and very still.

It was the same Sunday afternoon I had lived through in Connecticut, year after year; in Virginia, when students slept, or studied; in New York, when only outlanders marched on Fifth Avenue and Broadway. I had looked upon it in Jerusalem, in Istanbul, in Cairo, London, Paris, and Budapest. And here in the valley Lillie Langtry had observed it, listening, with the falls, for something half heard, half suspected, in the still air.

And somewhere Albert Einstein and Dr. Millikan and Billy Sunday and a red-hatted cardinal were observing it, and listening. But none of them heard any more than I, or the falls, or the bears, in that sixth of the seven holy hours.

Perhaps somewhere a tree had fallen.

★

Another of Mr. Sugrue's unusual travel articles will appear in an early issue.

Disarmament—How?

(*Continued from page 17*)

immense—a comprehensive—a final threat, which calls for equally immense and comprehensive efforts and huge and complicated remedies. The price of escape, the price of a World Pax, make no mistake about it, must be a colossal one. World peace means a gigantic moral and political reconstruction. One of the preliminary items in the price of peace, as we are beginning to understand, and only one of the primary conditions, is to abolish the sovereign independence of states, a proposal in itself unprecedented in the whole course of history. For how else, except by a destruction of sovereignty, are we going to disarm the world?

Make treaties; very well. Make treaties with all and every state in the world; well and good.

Now surely we shall want some central board, some federal board, to watch over the observance of these treaties. Or are we proposing to trust each and every government to keep faith in this matter?

Our Nazi brothers? Our Roman warriors? Our pupils in Imperialism, the Japanese? A few logical believers in non-resistance may be prepared even for that. I admire their logic and their faith more than their common sense. But I doubt if there are many who are prepared for so heroic a gesture. Very well—what then has to be done?

We are bound logically, if we talk of world peace, to talk also of at least so much world federation as will make world peace a practical possibility. And that means much more than a mere prohibition of war and armament—it means some permanent organ or organs for the adjustment of the biological and economic stresses that are perpetually arising between the various masses of the human population.

We cannot talk of world disarmament without a World Pax, a Federal World Pax. We cannot pretend to hope for it.

We cannot abolish war—which is integral to life as we know it—without putting some other method of adjustment in its place.

Is there at present any promise or hope

HAMILTON

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OF STUDENTS IN 41 AMERICAN COLLEGES

IMPARTIAL REPORTERS selected by college authorities asked 10,068 college boys and girls in forty-one colleges . . .

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More than seventy-five names of watches were given, yet Hamilton received ONE out of FOUR votes in answer to each question. A Hamilton landslide! No other watch was given this outstanding preference.

Hamilton's leadership is easily explained. Nearly *eight* out of *ten* students said that ACCURACY was their first requirement in a graduation watch. Naturally, the watch of proven accuracy is the watch your son or daughter wants to own.

Your jeweler is displaying the new graduation season Hamiltons. For a son, ask particularly to see the new Hamilton strap models with cases curved to fit the wrist. For a daughter, see those new Hamiltons called "the most accurate small watches in the world." Prices are the lowest in Hamilton history. Write for a copy of our special graduation folder. Hamilton Watch Company, 865 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

NEWS FLASH! Season's sensation in smart watches —the new Hamiltons with cases curved to fit the wrist! Below is one of these new models, the NELSON. 17 jewels. 14K filled natural yellow gold. With black figure dial (shown), $50. With raised gold figure dial, $52.50.

FOUR 1935 WINNERS! (Left to right) ALCOTT. 17 jewels. 14K filled gold, white or natural yellow. Leather (shown) or silk cord, $52.50. With filled gold bracelet, $55. GAIL. 17 jewels. 10K filled gold, white or natural yellow. With filled gold bracelet (shown), $42.50. With ribbon, $40. PRESCOTT. 17 jewels. 14K filled natural yellow gold. With raised gold indicator dial. $45. CARTER. 17 jewels. 14K filled gold, white or natural yellow. $45. 19 jewels, $60. Other smart Hamilton Watches for both men and women range in price from $35 to $500.

HAMILTON

the Watch of Railroad Accuracy

of any such World Pax? I think *yes*. To set up a World Pax amidst the squabbling governments and the passion, cowardice, and silliness of contemporary life, is a colossal task for man, but it is not by any means an impossible task.

I believe that a World Pax, a world state, capable of disarmament and a world-wide economic and biological adjustment, is a possible thing.

But that means much more than arranging a net of fiddling little treaties—scraps of paper.

For the last century and more, mankind, under the pressure of material necessities, has been making experiments in large-scale federation. And along the lines of these experiments lies our hope. If we are too impatient and lazy-minded not to go on with this problem, if we are too indolent to follow it up into its consequences, if we are content with some such halfway house as the League of Nations—then we cannot be taking this question of peace seriously. World peace, I insist, must be a part and a consequence of a General World Organization; it is not a detachable part; we cannot have the part without the whole.

IT MAY be said that this is not helpful now, that this is postponing something promising that peace advocates want to do at Geneva or somewhere else, quite soon, that it is postponing world disarmament and world peace to an indefinite future. It is a *put-off*.

No—it is not a *put-off*. It is a call to action—for action on a larger scale and with a larger vision.

If, indeed, there was a short cut to world peace, who among us would not take it? But the hard way and the difficult way is the only way. There is no short cut; there is not even a practicable road as yet marked out—to Everlasting Peace. The sooner we set ourselves to that road building, the sooner will the human hosts come out of the valley of frustration and pain and death into which they have blundered.

To deprive the weapons manufacturer of the incentive of private gain, is a very important step if we can achieve it, if we can bring about conditions that will make it possible, but it will be only one step upon the journey. By itself it gets nowhere. The problem World Pax will still be untouched in its essentials. But I do not believe that we can make this step by itself. I do not believe that even the matter of armament trading can be solved as a separate problem by itself. When we have a World Control, disarmament will be an easy proposition. Until we have an effective World Control, it will remain an impossibility. So that it is absurd to talk of disarmament unless we are prepared to talk of World Control at the same time.

What bodies exist which might control a partial or complete disarmament and a suppression of the arms traffic?

The League of Nations is a crude first experiment in large-scale federation. I do not think, myself, it is a successful experiment, but it is one we should all be grateful for. As an experiment. Its failures have taught us more than its successes. Is the League of Nations, as it exists at present, capable of the job of controlling disarmament or the manufacture of arms for profit? If not, isn't it time we melted it down and tried to recast it as Experiment No. 2?

The Pax Britannica is another experiment in holding together a great miscellany of communities without war. It has never raised the question of disarmament among its members. It has not been necessary.

It is a political pax and on the whole a fairly successful political pax. But you will never get it to disarm—alone. It is only a part of the world.

The United States of America, again, is a federal union of forty-eight sovereign states. Disarmed against each other federally. That shows what can be done. And the unarmed Canadian frontier is perhaps the most hopeful line in the political geography of the world.

Every one of the big imperial systems of the later nineteenth century made some contribution to this supernational problem. But nevertheless we all realize that, so far, nothing big enough, sound enough, and with a sufficiently organized and concentrated will, has been evoked, to which we may look for the firm establishment of world peace.

The very greatness of these experiments, and their insufficiency, give us a measure of the gigantic scale and intricacy of the problem we face, when we aspire to permanent peace and disarmament. The World Pax is a task of planetary dimensions or it is nothing.

A task of planetary dimensions.

Is it too much for us?

I do not think it is. I do not think it is extravagant to foreshadow a great educational campaign that would bring together all the great populations of the world—the English-speaking world, the Spanish-speaking world, Western Europe, the Russian-speaking world—upon this one great idea of a World Pax, enforced and consolidated.

But then I am supposed to be a dreamer.

Am I a dreamer? Or is it the moderates who are in a dream?

I THINK that we are waking up, quite a lot of us, to a daylight vision of the real problem before us. A book dropped on my desk out of the blue—a most typical book. It is called *Challenge to Death*. It is by sixteen writers of the most varied types and characters. It is really quite a good cross section of contemporary liberal thought. And I find these sixteen writers, with one exception, speaking of what they call Internationalism—denouncing nationalism and isolation, and yet, as if by some sort of magic inhibition, refraining from any such phrase as the Federal World State. One of them gets to the phrase "supreme international authority." Which is the Federal World State or nothing.

The Federal World State? This representative team of sixteen still seems on the whole disposed to ask for something more modest. But I think in the end they will ask for it plainly. They seem to be feeling about for something which looks more sensible and reasonable which doesn't appear to raise political and revolutionary issues, and which has indeed only one fault—that it will be entirely inadequate.

Is the bigger thing, the bolder enterprise, always the more difficult thing? I suggest that it isn't. In this case it is not. We may get a World Pax before we get disarmament, the whole before the part.

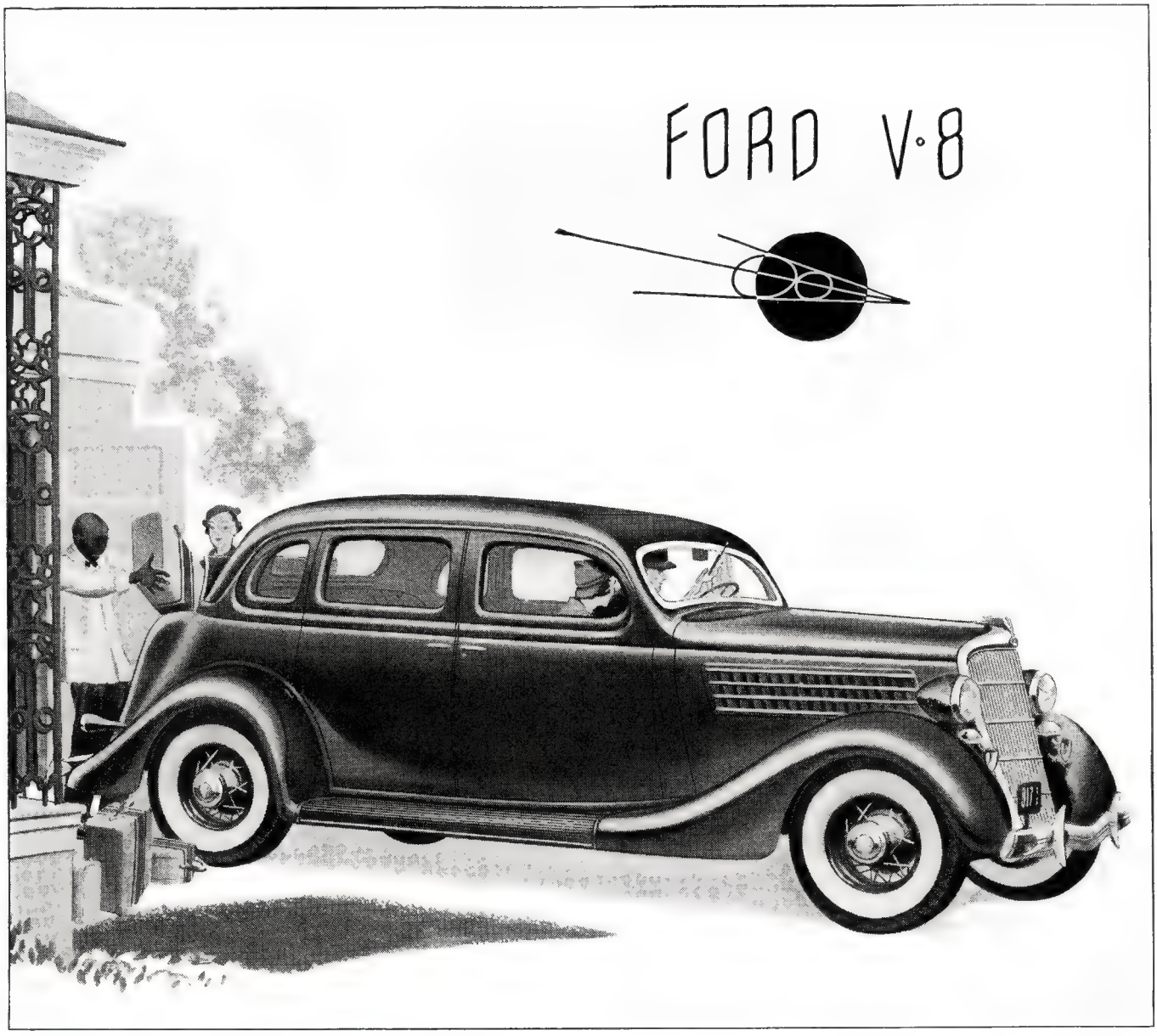
Is it not really more sensible and practical to hunt the lion than to go into the jungle and hunt for a few of the lion's teeth?

First catch our lion—and then deal with his teeth. We won't find them anywhere else.

Are we disarmament people idealistic

"She was all in green—like a breath of spring . . ."

Lawrence LaRiar



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Simoniz your car. And you'll scarcely believe your eyes when you see how beautiful it looks. New or old, your car needs Simoniz. Besides, the finish will stay beautiful. Simoniz not only makes it last longer but stops the color from fading. If your car is dull, first use the new improved Simoniz Kleener to restore the lustre. Its quicker, easier and safer to use. The Simoniz Co., Chicago, U.S.A.

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ

tooth-collectors? Or are we out for the whole lion?

How long will these quiet, limited people who want peace in our time and no other changes—who want just disarmament and none of this revolutionary talk—how long will they feel sensible and modest and all that? When they hear, as I at times can almost hear, the hum of the new airplanes, the thudding of the new guns, the tramp of the dictator's blackguards, and the impotent whinings of a life of fear.

This urgent problem of the World Pax has still to be worked out and solved, and only through its solution, and in no other way, can the threat of war be lifted from human life.

A GREAT responsibility attaches to disarmament advocates. Their declarations are a threat to do something to the traders in blood and hate. Well, what are we going to do to them? And their declarations are a promise, not only to those poor, brave war resisters who are languishing interminably in prison in nearly every European country from France to Finland, but to every anxious parent, to every threatened child in the world. They may take the stuff disarmament people are dealing out, and the stuff our eminent politicians are dealing out, as reality. They may sleep the better if they hear of us.

Disarmament advocates may easily lull people into a false security by their declarations and messages.

If advocacy of disarmament is not inspired by wide-eyed sincerity it is a cruel fraud. If any of us are active just because it helps on a national political career nowadays to profess pacific sentiments, just because it is in our rôle, we are doing a thoroughly mischievous thing. Nothing will help *so* to expose us to the danger of war as insincere and light-minded pacificism.

I repeat with all the emphasis I can summon: *light-minded pacificism.* There could be no worse form of levity. If we are not prepared to go all the way to a World Pax, if we are not prepared to sacrifice sectarianism, party, sentimental and patriotic loyalties, to subordinate financial interests and racial vanities and prejudices, to this greater issue, to make it the form and direction not only of our political but of our social life, then our amiable intentions are thrown away.

Unless we are preparing our minds and acts for changes that amount to an unprecedented world reconstruction of institutions and of education to a world revolution, we are not preparing for peace.

We peace seekers are revolutionaries or we are absurdities. Unless we are willing to live and work for the Federal World State, which is the only reality of peace, then it would be far better for us to leave sentimental disarmament alone, to get on with the lint and the bandages, the gas-mask making, and the excavation of refuges that will presently be required.

Starlight Pass

(*Continued from page 75*)

my life. I couldn't admit that then—not even to myself. And when you asked me to marry you I told myself I would forget my promise to Bert, and forget what might happen to Dad's position here. But I couldn't." She stopped. "I left that hysterical note for you and came back here. I was afraid you'd follow me—afraid, and at the same time hoping. And when you did come I tried to fight against you. But they told me you were going away. I knew then how little life would mean to me without you—and I realized you were all that mattered in my world."

Stooping, he kissed her upturned face.

"Cass, we have a lot of things to tell each other, but the biggest thing of all needs no telling."

"I know," she answered. "We love each other."

By two o'clock that afternoon the commissary was crowded to the doors.

At the farther end a short, stocky man in his late forties had already seated himself and was talking amiably with Pogue. "Ray Howard, the governor's representative," men whispered to one another.

Actually he was more than that. Howard was one of the cleverest lawyers in the state of Wyoming—a good politician holding the not unimportant position of state attorney. A man who knew where he was going and why.

At last Howard rose and tapped on the table for order. The room hushed at once and, with the clear, easy voice of one long trained in the art of the spoken word, the governor's representative began:

"Gentlemen, you all know the purpose of my visit. I shan't waste either your time or mine by repeating what I have been sent here to do. The problem for the governor to decide is whether or not from the standpoint of Wyoming's future development these forest lands will be of greater usefulness as federal reserves or as part of the great acreage already under state ownership. Mr. Pogue has presented what appeals to both the governor and me as an exceedingly strong case. He points out that in numerous specific instances the Forest Service, with its far-off headquarters in Washington, has been unable to cope with problems here. Mr. Pogue's memorandum of complaint includes specifically the charge that the Forest Service is not even able to protect its own land from fire."

HOWARD smiled toward Pogue. "I am not particularly interested in why the Forest Service fails to work with the North Continental. But it does seem that if the federal government is unwilling or unable to carry out its terms of contract in a businesslike manner, then it had best

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No Burning and Scraping with Dutch Boy . . . it costs less by the year and now the N. H. A. lets you pay for it by the month!

"Figure on painting your house? Sure, I'll be glad to. But I can tell you one thing, sir... the price will depend on what kind of paint you used last time.

"I hope it wasn't 'cheap' paint. Burning and scraping takes time. It runs the cost up sky high. But it's the only thing you can do when the old paint has cracked and scaled. Then I have to put on a new priming coat. *That's* an item, too.

"And when I've finished all that, where am I? Right at the point where I *first start* work on an old Dutch Boy job.

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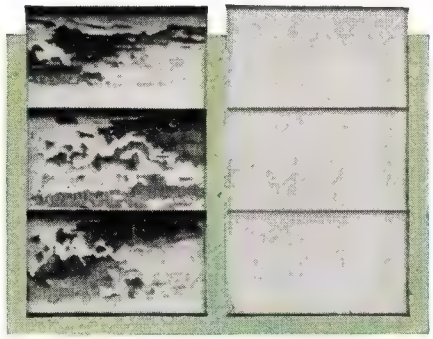

"CHEAP" PAINT
After 1½ Years

This paint is all through. First cost, $148. Now add $90 for burning and scraping, to take it off. That totals $238 . . . or $158 a year. Then add in the cost of a new priming coat.

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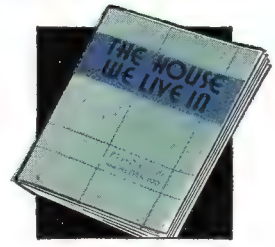

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Heinz Ketchup costs a trifle more than ordinary ketchups, but you will find it on far more dining tables of the world than any other ketchup. And here is why:

There are, of course, many grades of tomatoes. Years ago Heinz, unable to find enough of the topmost grade, searched America for the seed of the finest crops. These they cultured, cross-bred, developed to perfection. From these pedigreed seed are grown every one of the flavor-high aristocrat tomatoes that enter the Heinz Ketchup kettles, within a few hours from the growing vines.

Rare spices and other racy seasonings complete the appetizing sauce. Heinz believes that Heinz Tomato Ketchup is the very finest of ketchups. Few lovers of good food disagree.

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HEINZ *Tomato Ketchup*

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relinquish these lands and see if the states are not better equipped to handle the forests properly. I do not know that this is so, but it would appear to be. My mind is still open on the matter, and I shall be glad to hear any of you who care to speak. I shall, however, call first on one man—Mr. Corrin North."

A BUZZ of suppressed excitement passed through the room, and North walked slowly down the aisle until he stood directly before the table where Pogue and Howard were seated.

Howard looked up at him.

"I understand you have been in this country about a year—you have worked in the woods and are familiar with conditions. Tell me, Mr. North, would you say that the Forest Service has handled this sale satisfactorily?"

"No."

"Would you say that the company has no right to complain?"

"No."

"Then"—Howard leaned forward to press his point—"would it not follow that the complaints of Mr. Pogue are just, and that the company has suffered from Forest Service inefficiency?"

Unhesitatingly North answered, "Yes, that would follow—except for one thing."

"And that is?"

"The criminal interference of Pogue."

The clear-spoken accusation drew a hushed gasp from the spectators. But, unmindful of that sudden stir, North's voice went on:

"Within the past year Bert Pogue has used every means to prevent the Forest Service from carrying out its work—everything from threats, broken faith, lies, coercion, and bribery to attempted murder. They have all been tried by the man who sits beside you, in order to make the Forest Service appear incompetent. His purpose is obvious. The Forest Service alone has stood between the company and the plums that would come to it if Pogue were able to have his unrestricted way with this land."

A frown had gathered on Howard's face. "Can you by any chance"—a trace of impatience was latent in his tone—"can you give some concrete proof for these statements?"

"I think I can." North's eyes moved over the faces of row on row of silent spectators. "Do you mind if I ask one or two questions of Forest Ranger Mills?"

"Certainly not."

From the audience the ranger came forward.

"Harry, tell Mr. Howard about the trail of the man who set those forest fires."

At those unexpected words the audience stiffened, and Pogue sat up with a jerk.

Briefly Mills told a direct tale of how he and North had followed the trail that other morning, how they found the bundles of matches and the dim tracks of a horse. He related how after North left him he trailed the rider to where the burlap coverings had been taken from the horse's feet.

"After that those tracks were plain enough," Mills went on. "I was able to get clear impressions. On one hoof the calks had two parallel notches. That same day I compared them with the horse Jean L'Abat rides."

Howard glanced up. "And the result?"

"The tracks were identical, sir."

"You have proof of this?"

Mills nodded. "I took plaster casts of those tracks on the trail and I took some made by L'Abat's horse." Mills laid two small white plaster imprints on the table.

Howard glanced at them casually. "Who suggested that you do these things?" he asked.

For a second Mills was silent. "Corrin North," he answered at last.

"That's all. Thank you." Howard turned with a kind of speculative interest to the tall figure before him. "I shouldn't call this very conclusive evidence, Mr. North. Anyone else you would like to question?"

There may have been a lurking overtone of derision in Howard's voice, but North only answered, "Yes, I want Buffalo Lakin to say a word or two."

The bent old rancher limped forward.

"Buffalo, will you tell Mr. Howard what you told me about the big fire? Who set that fire?"

"I did."

A gasp of dismay ran through the room.

"Who told you to set it?"

"Bert Pogue."

"That's a lie!" Face twisted in rage, Pogue had started toward the old man, but with an impatient gesture Howard waved him to his seat.

"Go on, please," he nodded to Buffalo.

"I've got to go back a little," the faltering voice wavered. "I been working for this company twelve years now, but I never been able to get ahead. Always I been in debt to them for grub or tools or harness for the team, and last winter, when I fell and hurt myself, I got still further behind. Then Bert Pogue, he offered to let me off on what I owed the company if I'd start a fire that would put the Forest Service so far back in its work they'd never catch up. I'm pretty old, and I got a kid to support, so—I done it."

Howard was watching him closely. "And what made you decide to admit your guilt?"

Buffalo's head had raised. "Because in the night the wind turned on that fire and whipped it up Sheridan Creek where my cabin was. If it hadn't been for Cass Mirov, me and Nan would never of got out. It looked like I was getting what was coming to me. So I told Nan, and she said I'd have to come clean, no matter what happened. Then I told Corrin North, and now I've told you."

Broken and beaten, the old man shuffled back to his seat. For a long time Howard tapped the table with his pencil, eyes thoughtful.

AT LENGTH he looked up at North. "Is there any further testimony you would like to present?"

"Just one more," North said. "Nan Lakin."

Instantly the girl stepped out from among the crowd.

"Nan, do you remember that night in my cabin, when Pogue came in and you hid just outside?"

"Yes."

"Tell Mr. Howard what you heard Pogue say that night."

"He was talking about making Grandpop help him to get the Forest Service."

Howard was leaning forward. "Go on."

"Pogue was sore because the rangers were working night and day to keep up

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with the cutting. He wanted some way to slow them down. He said, I remember, 'They haven't even brains enough to take bribes. I've told L'Abat and his boys to bully them, and that helped a little, but not much. What I need is something to break down the whole system. I can make the governor believe what I want, but I got to have the real stuff before we start a Congressional investigation."

Howard's eyes had grown darker. "Was that his statement, Miss Lakin?"

"It was mighty close to it."

"I think that will do. Thank you." His eyes fell coldly on Pogue. "Have you anything to offer in response to the testimony of these three people?" He spoke brusquely and Pogue turned at bay.

"Why should I?" His eyes were blazing. "Surely you're not going to accept the statements of three irresponsible nobodies, and why should this wild tale of a drifting loafer have any weight against me?"

Howard's eyebrows raised. "Who is the drifting loafer, Mr. Pogue?"

"Corrin North."

Acidly Howard smiled. "Your information about Mr. North seems to be on a par with the rest of your information. At present he happens to be a special investigator for the United States Forest Service."

Pogue's face went white. "That—" But a spasm of fury choked him.

"Perhaps"—Howard turned to North—"perhaps you had better tell us just why you came here."

"I AM a forester," North began. "Until two years ago I held the position of forest supervisor in New Mexico. At that time I applied for a year's leave, and when my leave was granted I became junior partner in a small lumber company back in the hills. For six months it went well—so well that it attracted the attention of the New Mexico branch of this company. They decided we were a dangerous competitor and the word was passed out to ruin us. They used almost the same tactics that I later found up here, and in less than a year they had ruined us.

"I could have gone back with the Forest Service at once, but before I did I wanted to do one thing—I wanted to see if it was possible to strike at the heart of this octopus that had ruined me and was ruining others throughout the northern Rockies. So I took what little money I had left and went to Washington to lay the situation before the chief forester. He had heard of the North Continental's methods, and in two hours gave me a confidential appointment as special investigator. I went to the North Continental's camps and mill towns and picked up jobs there, and everywhere I went I kept my mouth closed and listened. The tale was always the same—the North Continental's ironclad policy was to put the little fellow out of business. At last I heard that one man was responsible for this policy and that he made his headquarters in Wolfshead. That same day I started."

"Weren't you in danger of detection by the rangers themselves?" Howard asked.

"Except for visiting inspectors, I felt I was fairly safe, for I had worked in a separate forest region, and rangers are rarely transferred out of their own region."

"I see. What happened then?"

"Fever got me in northern Colorado and held me back, but I arrived—just one year ago yesterday—broke and still sick. I learned a lot within those next few months. I learned so much that the day after the big fire I went to Denver and made a complete report which I sent to Washington." North smiled across the room at Mills. "My last report was phoned yesterday from Jackson." He turned toward Howard. "I can let you have copies of all of them. They include a number of affidavits from twelve of Pogue's own men, who out of friendship for me have been willing to make a statement. They include also the testimony of Nan Lakin, Buffalo Lakin, and temporary employees of the company whom Pogue ordered to cut illegal timber."

"Did Supervisor Guthrie know you were an undercover agent?"

"No."

"Why not?"

For the first time North hesitated. "The Forest Service in Washington," he said at last, "realized that things were going badly between the company and the ranger force. It was possible the fault may have been Guthrie's. For that reason the chief forester ordered me to tell no one my real position, and to report frankly on Supervisor Guthrie's handling of the situation. I have already reported that the supervisor and every man on his force have brought nothing but credit on the Service."

North ceased. A hum of astonished wonder filled the room.

With a gesture of finality Howard rose. "Gentlemen, I think it quite unnecessary to take further testimony. I can, of course, make no prediction as to what the governor will say to all this, but I can assure everyone that the attempt to maliciously discredit the federal Forest Service will not be passed unnoticed. This meeting is dismissed."

The long fight was won! To the people of Wolfshead it was Thanksgiving Day, indeed, and with one accord men were surging about North, pushing forward to shake his hand.

One by one loggers, ranchers, and rangers filed out into the bright afternoon, but within the commissary two men still stood by the table. Ray Howard gathered up the last of his papers, and, as he turned, he saw the tremor of Pogue's fingers, and his lip curled.

"I have always disliked being made a fool of." Howard's voice was glacial. "The governor, I daresay, has the same peculiarity. Pogue, for reasons that we both know of, I came here prepared to lend a sympathetic ear to your petition. You were a coming man, Pogue, but you tried to be a little too clever, and today you're through. Before tomorrow this hearing will be front-page news in every paper of the West. Well, one of the elementary rules of life is never to get caught."

Howard turned on his heel and left Pogue standing alone.

WHITE hands clenched on the edge of the table, Pogue fought against the bitter truth—the realization that he had lost, that he had been beaten. He knew that Howard was leaving for the outside world, bearing with him all his hopes of victory. Dully he walked back to the office.

From across the street a burst of laughter rose, and to the man's distorted ears it rang with mockery. This, then, was the end. He was done, and tomorrow he was to face the cold condemnation of men who had been his friends, perhaps to stand a long, vindictive trial at the hands of political powers he had flouted. Disgrace—even prison. Trembling in the doorway stood his clerk, little beads of perspiration on his lip, and he pointed back toward the town.

"They're coming after you, Mr. Pogue. I heard 'em talking, over at Sweeney's."

Pogue jumped to the door. No one in sight. Running to his desk, he opened a drawer and drew out a wallet stuffed with bills. His thin lips parted.

"They'll be just a little too late."

"You're going down the road?"

Pogue shook his head. "They'd get me before I'd gone ten miles. My skis are outside. Take them to the other side of the bridge. I'll be there waiting. I'm going where Williams' gang won't follow me." And his eyes rose to the distant pass. . . .

THE lengthening shadow of the cliff reached out and covered Cass and North, as slowly they walked along the trail. At the forest's edge they stopped to look down across the glittering slopes of ice and snow to where the clustered homes of Wolfshead dotted the frozen riverbank.

Caught up by the beauty of that sunset world, they stood watching, heedless of passing moments, and slowly his face bent to hers. A shadow flitted across the trail, a twig snapped close beside them, and hardly an arm's length away Pogue stood with drawn automatic.

His eyes glinted with a cold, relentless fire. Instinctively the girl threw herself between them, and with clinging, outstretched arms sought to shield her lover with her own body.

It was North who first spoke.

"Steady, Pogue," came the calm, low voice. "Put up the gun."

Pogue's mouth was set in a grimace and his voice cracked. "I'll put it up when I'm through with it," the voice croaked. "Get her to one side."

But, clasping both arms about North, Cass clung to him.

"Get her to one side." The voice had dropped, and North knew that death, behind the leveled automatic, hovered closer. Gently he tried to disengage the girl's straining arms.

"I won't let you go," she sobbed.

But his hands had forced her own hands from about him. Once more his eyes looked down into her eyes, then, slowly straightening, he held her safe at arm's length and turned to face the swift oblivion in Pogue's right hand. The long finger drew closer about the trigger. The girl had fallen to her knees.

Through the air sounded the high whining of a bullet's flight, the crack of a rifle on the trail above, and the hand that held the automatic relaxed. Pogue, falling, lay motionless in the trampled snow. Up at the edge of timberline Mills stood, rifle ready for another shot, but there was no need. Faithful Mills—he had followed Pogue, sensing trouble.

The girl still knelt, and like a mantle of protection North's arms raised and held her.

"Come," he whispered. "Don't look back. Come."

But just where the trail met the forest North turned. Silhouetted against the sunset sky, Mills stood, rifle in hand, gazing out toward the granite pinnacles that guarded Starlight Pass.

(The End)

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How to become a Movie Star

(*Continued from page 63*)

but I didn't get a chance. She thought I meant, "I think I'm better in this picture than you are!" . . . *Wow!*

Perhaps some day I'll learn to be diplomatic.

I have been in motion pictures since June, 1933, and have made some that were very bad indeed, which I won't mention, and two I was proud of—which I will. They were *As the Earth Turns* and *Desirable*. After *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which I am a member of an all-star cast, I shall make a picture with George Brent based on Ring Lardner's great story, *Haircut*, and following that I'll be in *Glorious Betsy*, with Leslie Howard.

One thing I never want to become is the great Hollywood pain-in-the-neck—the bad actor who thinks he's good. I probably am the worst actor in Hollywood but at least I admit it. I want to become one of the best, and that is a major ambition.

If I have my way, I never will appear in a picture that parents won't want their children to see. I haven't always had my way, and when I protested, the producers said, "What are you trying to be, another Pickford or Gaynor?" I was in one that was expected to be a smash hit, but it was released just as the churches were starting to clean up pictures, and when the various censorship bodies got through with it there wasn't much film left. I had a baby in the picture, and in one state the censors changed it to a cold in the head.

NOW that I am becoming adjusted I am proud to be in motion pictures. I want, tremendously, to make good. There are stupid people here, but, too, there are truly great men and women, with ambitions that reach far beyond the production of entertainment that will merely make money. Now and then they do something fine, for the sake of their souls and their self-respect, knowing when they start they will lose thousands of dollars.

You people can't consistently throw much mud at a business like that!

It is the general opinion that getting into pictures is a mere matter of looks, that you don't have to do any hard work, that it takes no knowledge of acting. You just stand around and look beautiful, and some producer comes along and says, "Ah, my ideal!" and makes you a star.

I don't know any actors of any standing who got in that way. Acting is an art that must be studied as intensively as singing or violin playing. In twenty years I hope to know something about it.

I was born in New York and grew up in Ridgewood, N. J. I was passionately fond of the theater and at ten saw Ethel Barrymore and Walter Hampden in *The Merchant of Venice*, and five days later I knew the rôle of Portia complete and recited it all over the house, until my father and mother almost lost their minds.

When I was fourteen my parents sent me to Dwight School in Englewood, N. J., and I didn't get along well there. I thought people didn't understand me, but the trouble was they did. I was a terrible child.

They let me run the Dramatic Club at Dwight because I forced my way into it—*bam!*—taking charge, undiplomatically, and making everybody pretty mad at me.

In my junior year I was operated on for appendicitis, and when I came out of the ether I turned my head and saw a huge bunch of chrysanthemums.

I asked my mother, "Who sent those?"

"The Dramatic Club," she said.

I was so happy I cried for hours. It was the first time children of my age had been kind to me.

I pulled myself together after that and determined to *make* people like me, but it didn't work. I went to no dances, for I knew boys thought I was a dead weight.

I WORKED furiously to get on the first basketball team, and made it. I was tremendously thrilled and thanked the coach, and she said, "You're not a very good player, Jean, but you have a large body, and that helps!"

I haven't a large body—I'm only five feet, seven inches tall—but it looks large because my feet and hands are big, and if I don't watch myself I'm awkward. My shoe size is 9½ and I don't care now who knows it, but when I was younger it was a shameful secret.

When I was about fourteen, another girl and I decided to go to a D. A. R. costume ball dressed as pages—in tights. When I arrived at the party and found the other girl, she was in Spanish costume, with skirts! So there I was, the only girl at the ball who was displaying her legs. And what legs!

I sat on the side lines, trying to cover my knees, my feet seeming to grow larger every minute. It was one of those parties to which the girls asked the boys, and the boy I asked started to dance with me. It seemed as if we danced for hours, and nobody cut in. Finally I excused myself, to his great relief, and fled, humiliated.

The memory of those knees has made me self-conscious in a bathing suit ever since.

When I was making *As the Earth Turns* a new publicity man came on the set and said, "I want some artistic pictures of you draped just a little, holding a beautiful Greek jug with a candle in it that I just found in the prop room. We've got some new bathing suits, too."

I tried to be diplomatic, and said, "No. This character I'm playing is a New England farm girl. She wouldn't be wearing new bathing suits or running around in a drape, carrying a Greek jug with a candle."

He argued. I was firm. He continued to argue. Finally I burst out with the truth: "I positively will not do it, and the reason is that my legs are no good."

I am relating the Cinderella part of my life only because psychologists may see in it some reason for what Hollywood calls my insanity and also in the hope that it may cheer unpopular girls.

When I was graduated from Dwight I went to Scotland to visit my father's people. After a few months in the Basque country in France, I settled in Paris for six months to study French and the theater.

I studied at the Sorbonne, haunted the museums, and nearly every night stood in line at the Comédie Française for a 32-cent seat in the gallery. When I sailed for home I had seen nothing of the gay life of Paris, but I spoke French like a native, had seen 75 plays performed by great actors, had read plays and books on the theater, and I had a definite idea as to what I had to do to get into it. I was nineteen years old and rarin' to go.

I am not superstitious but I have always had luck when I needed it. Now I was to meet some actors!

Up to this time I had met only one—Ethel Barrymore—and that was when I was sixteen years old. A friend took me to meet her at a party. To me it was like approaching a goddess and I was so awestruck I began to cry.

After I was introduced as a girl who had theatrical ambitions, Miss Barrymore offered me a cigarette, and my hand trembled when I started to reach for it and, embarrassed at my emotion, I withdrew my hand and said, "Thank you. I never smoke."

"That's good," she said. "It's bad for the voice."

I have never smoked since.

ON THE boat homeward bound was an English company going to America to present John Drinkwater's play, *Bird in Hand*. I charged in and they became my friends. Three weeks after I landed in New York I was traveling with them as an understudy at no salary per week. I played in three performances—twice in New Haven and once in Hartford—in the two months we were on tour. I was terrible! But now I was in the theater!

When *Bird in Hand* closed I went into *The Truth Game* with a three-line part and a job as understudy at $50 a week. I met Constance Collier, who often visited backstage. *The Truth Game* closed after three months, and Miss Collier gave me a chance to play in *Peter Ibbetson*. At the first rehearsal she introduced me to the cast and said, "This is one of the most talented girls the theater has known in years!"

I was walking on air. I was only twenty years old. Only eight months had passed since I started to try to get on the stage. I was beginning to get pretty cocky and I thought she meant it.

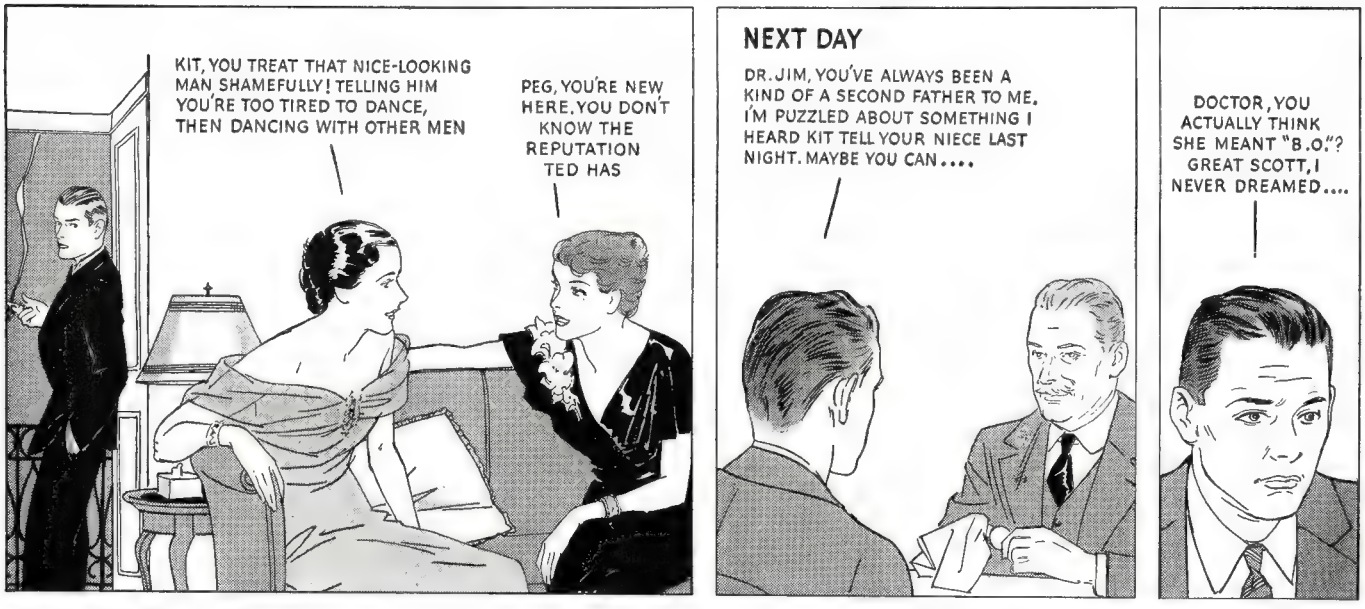
Later I was to learn she was starting to put me through an almost unbearably cruel process of "breaking" me, which was the finest thing that ever happened to me. Miss Collier believes an actress must be utterly crushed, that she must struggle out of the absolute depths of despondency, before she can amount to anything.

She was lifting me high so I would be crushed all the more, when I fell.

After two weeks of rehearsals she stood before the cast and, one after another, praised their work. She came to me last and said, "Jean, you are the worst actress I ever saw. You're not as good as your understudy. I'm afraid I can't use you."

I wanted to die. I hated her as I never

HOW TED LOST HIS "REPUTATION"


KIT, YOU TREAT THAT NICE-LOOKING MAN SHAMEFULLY! TELLING HIM YOU'RE TOO TIRED TO DANCE, THEN DANCING WITH OTHER MEN
PEG, YOU'RE NEW HERE. YOU DON'T KNOW THE REPUTATION TED HAS
NEXT DAY
DR. JIM, YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A KIND OF A SECOND FATHER TO ME. I'M PUZZLED ABOUT SOMETHING I HEARD KIT TELL YOUR NIECE LAST NIGHT. MAYBE YOU CAN....
DOCTOR, YOU ACTUALLY THINK SHE MEANT "B.O."? GREAT SCOTT, I NEVER DREAMED....

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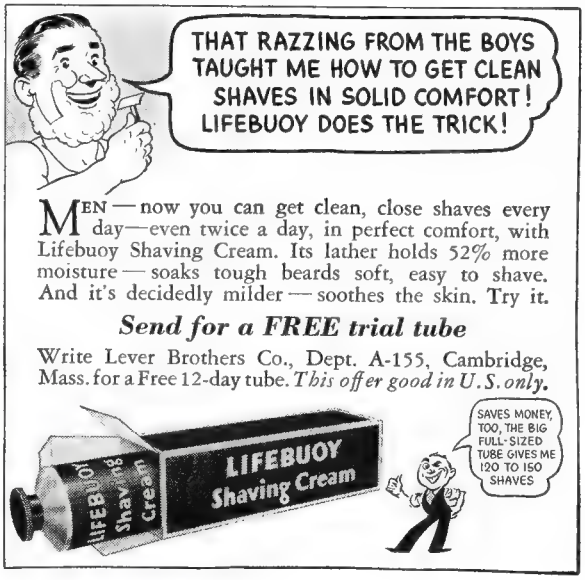

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hated any person before. For three days my understudy rehearsed the part and I sat in misery in the wings. I wouldn't give up. We were to open in New Haven, and Miss Collier finally said she'd give me a final trial. If I made good in New Haven I could open in New York.

In the New Haven performance I worked like a drowning man. I found I had powers I had never touched and strength of will. I could hardly stand up at the end of the performance, and as Miss Collier passed me she said only, "You looked lovely, Jean." But I got the part.

Later I realized why she did it. She taught me how to win a desperate battle, she taught me to "take" it," as I would have to take it many times if I were to be a successful actress. If I had quit I wouldn't have deserved to be an actress.

Evidently she still feels she should watch over me. I met her recently at a party in Hollywood. She turned to others, after she had greeted me in that regal manner of hers, and said many fine things about my ability as an actress. Then she took me aside and said, "Jean, why don't you look into assistant directing or stage management out here? You always were such a help backstage, you might make good at that."

AFTER *Peter Ibbetson*, I became a hanger-on, backstage, wherever they would let me in. I worked for six weeks backstage, at no salary, during the engagement of *Melo*. Katharine Cornell let me help backstage at *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*.

I got a chance to go to Columbus, Ohio, at $35 a week, in a stock company where, at twenty, I played women of all ages. After three months, just before Christmas, 1931, the company closed and I returned to New York.

I spent Christmas with my parents in Ridgewood and then, with another girl, I took a little basement room in West 48th Street, in the heart of New York's theatrical district, and started looking for work. My father now did not have enough money to support me and, at twenty-one, I was on my own.

The campaign of 1932 can be briefly told. I got one engagement, and was discharged after six days of rehearsals because I was too inexperienced. My friend and I got into *Life Begins*, which ran a week in Newark and two weeks in New York. I helped backstage when The Players Club produced *Troilus and Cressida*. I was in summer stock in Nyack, N. Y., for two weeks at $30 a week.

In January, 1933, a year after I had returned from Columbus, just before my twenty-second birthday, Helen Menken offered me the second lead in *Saint Wench*, and it ran a week in New York. I had a part in which I wept most of the time. Now I received my first notices—two of them—from the New York dramatic critics. One said briefly: "Jean Fullarton gave a good performance." The only other who mentioned my name wrote: "Jean Fullarton resembled all the ungifted Ophelias in the world."

I used my real name, Jean Fullarton, until I went into pictures. They said "Fullarton" was too long and wanted to call me Jean Fuller, but I insisted upon my middle name, which is Muir.

My father was suffering from an illness from which, a year later, he died. My mother was running a little bookstore in New York and living in the back of it.

I didn't try to get into pictures, except as an extra, and there is little of that work in New York. Long before, I had been told I wouldn't do for Hollywood. I had no glamour, no sex appeal. Eight different motion picture tests had been made of me.

I saw the tests and agreed with the producers. My eyes photographed too light, my voice was too high-pitched, and I had a bad trick of raising my eyebrows whenever I wanted to emphasize a line.

I went into pictures because I was cold and hungry and needed the money.

One day Warner Brothers sent word for me to call at their New York office, and when I arrived a man behind a big desk said, "Shall I talk money with you or with your agent?"

"What money? What is this?" I asked.

"We want you to go to work for us in Hollywood. We'd like to have you sign a seven-year contract."

My head spun, I pulled myself together to keep from fainting, and I gasped, "What fools they must be!"

It turned out they had a report on my performance in *Saint Wench*, had looked up one of my tests, and, after months, had decided I was worth a trial. I signed a seven-year contract, starting at $66 a week and running up to $1,000 a week the last year. The catch is, they can discharge me at the end of any six-months period. At present I am getting $300 and, with the help of my mother, who lives with me, saving two thirds of it. I'm Scotch.

The reason I was paid $66 a week instead of $65 was that if you get $65 a week or less, you are paid overtime. Otherwise, you may be called nights and Sundays with no additional pay.

I was thin, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, under-nourished, and worn out, and I asked them to send me to California by boat, to give me a chance to recuperate. I had sixteen dollars when I arrived at an apartment hotel in Los Angeles. That evening, I was so lonely I spent ten dollars for a car to take me back to the boat, where I knew someone.

THE next day, now in the movies, I sat down and thought it all over, and I realized this contract was a reward for hard work and honesty. I had put everything I knew into that part in *Saint Wench*. Even though a critic said I was bad, though the morning after the play opened in New York we all knew it was due for a quick death, I worked just as hard the second night as I did when Constance Collier was testing me for *Peter Ibbetson*.

And that was why I got into pictures. I, of course, had no idea a motion picture scout was watching me the second night. But he was there, and he saw something (perhaps it was nothing more than a will to win) that made him report, "We can do something with this girl."

Fortunately, I didn't have to be made over much. The photographers didn't worry about the light color of my eyes, my teeth were all right, and my chin and nose and eyebrows seemed to be the right shape and located where they wanted to have them.

At first they tried to make me glamorous, with black eyebrows and black lipstick and my hair slicked back, but they quickly agreed with me that such a type wasn't for me, and they softened my hairdress and let me remain about as I am.

They started to "build me up," and interviewers came to see me, and at first I thought the company was wasting time, for I was quite sure I would be sent home after six months. I was startled when I found they were billing me over such talented actresses as Marjorie Rambeau and Verree Teasdale and Florence Eldridge, and I said it wasn't fair to put my name ahead of theirs, and again the folks said I must be goofy.

Jimmy Cagney, who is a cultured, highly educated philosopher, was a great help to me.

When I would become upset because I wasn't being allowed to play a scene according to the traditions of the Comédie Française or the Russian Art Theater or Constance Collier, I'd go to him and excitedly tell him about it.

"That's nothing," he'd say. "Listen what happened to me." And he'd tell me a funny story about some of his troubles, and at the end say, "I thought it was terribly important. But it didn't make a bit of difference, after all."

WHEN Max Reinhardt was putting on *Midsummer Night's Dream* in the Hollywood Bowl a few months ago I went down and helped, just to watch him direct. I helped with the lights and make-up, and walked around the Bowl during rehearsals checking the voices to see which carried properly. I found, by the way, the actors with stage experience could be heard. The others couldn't make their voices carry.

I became excited over the make-up of most of the actors. They looked as if they hadn't any noses, for they hadn't put on the proper nose shadows. I went to Frank Reicher, all upset, and he calmed me by saying, "Don't you care. Who knows, the lack of noses may be the very thing needed to make the production a success."

I went to San Francisco with them, to help in rehearsals. I did so well with the lights, they put me in the lighting box, and when they would yell at me, "Hey, Muir, give us a light here!" I was really thrilled.

When I first began in pictures I was easily thrown out of my stride. For instance, I would be all keyed up, ready for the cameras on a big emotional scene, and the director, thinking he was encouraging me, would say, "Ready, now, Jean. Take it big. Knock 'em out of their seats!" And I would blow up.

Now I'm settling down. They can say, "Sock 'em, Jean." And I'll answer, "O. K. Here comes the sock." And go into the scene.

Now, I hope, I'm on my way toward my ambition.

In New York, of all the critics I read George Jean Nathan most, and hoped that some day he would write something kind about me. But he never did. Until a few months ago. Out of a clear sky came this line from his pen in a summary of the best motion pictures of 1934: "Jean Muir, in *Desirable*, gave the best straight acting performance of the year." He didn't say I was beautiful. He said I could *act!*

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As Japan Sees us

(*Continued from page 31*)

action because of economic considerations. There was no suspicion in our minds that this was a way of forcing Japan to change her policy or anything of the sort.

Q. Which country—the United States or Soviet Russia—does Japan fear most?

A. We don't fear either of them, because we know that there will be no war with either of these countries. But there will be more friction between Japan and Soviet Russia, for the reason that we are so near by. There is the fishery question, the Manchukuo question, and so on, which will from time to time bring about situations.

Q. Why has not Great Britain, with her vastly greater interests in the Far East, been regarded as your probable foe?

A. Because we had our alliance extending over twenty years and we know what their motives are. We understand the motives of the British. We know full well that all commercial controversies can be settled by diplomatic means: as evidence, the arrangement we arrived at last year in regard to the export of cotton textiles to England.

Q. Does not Japan believe it would benefit civilization if you were to assume a mandate over all of China?

A. That question has never entered my mind or the mind of any Japanese at all. It would be a thing of impossibility when there are 400,000,000 people in that big country, with its own civilization and its own political structure. The sole desire of Japan is that her colossal neighbor will soon attain political unity and proceed on the path of progress and prosperity. That will be a boon to Japan and the Far East.

Q. But what do Japanese statesmen mean when they refer to their country as "the stabilizing force" of eastern Asia?

A. That phrase was first used by American publicists who recognized the true situation. Japan's being a stabilizing force in the Far East is not a claim, but a fact. If we had not taken action in 1904, Manchuria would long have been Russian territory, and Korea would perhaps have been the next victim. Who can tell where China itself would have been? We think it is necessary for Japan to continue to be the stabilizing influence in the Far East. We must share responsibility with those who are capable of sharing it.

Q. Have you proclaimed a Monroe Doctrine in the Far East?

A. We have not done so. The Monroe Doctrine in America itself is very ambiguous. It may mean many things, and according to some interpretations we might wish to have that doctrine in the Far East. The real aim of Japan is nothing but the establishment of law and order and the consequent peace and prosperity of the Far East.

Q. And now, Mr. Ambassador, why, in a word, did you repudiate the Naval Limitations Treaty?

A. You mean the Washington Treaty? Well, first of all, because it is stipulated in the treaty itself, in Article 23, that it can be terminated by any of the signatory powers. Furthermore, the war vessels covered by the Treaty, namely, capital ships and aircraft carriers, are the ones Japan now proposes to abolish. Japan is in favor of a drastic reduction of the navies.

Q. But you were satisfied in 1921; what made you change your minds?

A. The changes in the technique of naval warfare and progress in aviation. We came to the conclusion that it would be better to have a new treaty.

Q. Do you not, by your action in demanding a navy as large as those of all other nations, merely draw the United States and Great Britain closer together?

A. I do not know whether that will be the result or not. We are not thinking in such terms. We are thinking only that Japan's proposal is the best one to bring about a sweeping reduction in naval strength on an equitable basis.

Q. You deny, then, that Japan is starting a naval race?

A. As has often been repeated by responsible representatives of my country, including the Foreign Minister, Japan is not proposing any naval building competition. Japan is proposing to have an adequate and reasonable treaty to supersede the Washington agreement which is to be terminated two years from now.

Q. Do you agree, Mr. Ambassador, with the theory that uncontrolled naval competition between Germany and Great Britain was one cause of the World War?

A. The cause of the war is difficult to determine, but I feel sure that this naval competition was a contributing cause of that great catastrophe.

Q. Isn't the same peril again imminent in a naval race between Japan, Great Britain, and the United States?

A. I don't think there will be a naval race. The United States and Japan have already said through their responsible statesmen that they do not want one, and it is a foregone conclusion that we are not courting a war.

Q. Isn't your navy even now larger than you need for defensive purposes?

A. The question of defense can be gauged only by the strength of the potential enemy. If there exists no strong naval power capable of attacking Japan, we need, of course, no navy at all. When you ask me whether we have a bigger navy than we need for defense, I would rather ask you whether *you* mean that it is big enough to stop the United States from attacking Japan in Japanese waters. In the Japanese mind it appears unfair that America should have a chance, at least, of attacking Japan in Japanese waters when there is no chance at all of Japan attacking the United States in the United States waters.

Q. What is the Japanese definition of an "aggressor nation"?

A. To my mind, an aggressor nation is one which goes out with her military and naval forces, not from the necessity of defending herself, but to satisfy her ambition for territory or any other purpose.

Q. Why do you regard the ratio system of naval strength, in the Washington Treaty, an obstacle to disarmament?

A. If we had parity, or equality, we could all make cuts as far as we liked. We propose: first, that a common maximum limit be set up; second, that the common maximum limit be reduced as much as possible. Don't you see how it works? Under the ratio system—5-5-3, for instance—the weaker navy becomes still weaker, relatively, as tonnage is reduced. Besides, the question of national honor and dignity is involved. The nation given inferior strength cannot be expected to be satisfied.

Q. Can you give us a figure?

A. I can't do that. It depends upon the prevailing situation at the moment. If we feel that it is dangerous to limit our tonnage to a certain percentage, we would build up. In other words, if the United States builds up, we would have to follow.

Q. What truth is there in the charge that many of your merchant vessels are designed for conversion into warships?

A. I do not know. But that is the practice followed by all countries at present. The big greyhounds of the Atlantic have foundations for six-inch guns. All such British and American ocean liners are readily convertible into cruisers. I don't know whether the Japanese merchantmen have such equipment or not.

Q. What proportion of Japan's budget is being spent on her army and navy this year?

A. We have no definite figures on the budget of this year, since they are at this moment being discussed in the Diet. The 1934-35 budget consists of a General Account of 2,143,000,000 yen and a Special Account of 6,883,000,000 yen, or a total of 9,026,000,000 yen. Deduct from this amount overlapping items totaling 2,368,000,000 yen and the net expenditure is 6,658,000,000 yen, of which the army's share is 449,000,000 yen, or 6.74 per cent, and the navy's share 487,000,000 yen, or 7.31 per cent. The combined percentage of the army and navy is 14.05 per cent. If the General Budget only is taken as the basis, the military and naval share stands at 44 per cent. In this connection, it is to be noted that budgets of different nations contain different items and accordingly it is often misleading to make a comparison of the percentages of military and naval budgets without close examination into those items. It is technically a difficult task, as was amply demonstrated during the Geneva discussions.

Q. Can you compare this with the percentage you spent ten years ago?

A. We have with us no available figures of the budget spent ten years ago, but our military and naval appropriations of 1927-28 amounted to 26.7 per cent in terms of the General Budget and 12.91 per cent in terms of the General and Special Budgets combined.

Q. Can you compare it with the percentages spent by the United States and Great Britain?

A. In 1933-34 America's military and naval appropriations amounted to 17.51 per cent, England's 15.62.

Q. How large is your standing army,

and how does this compare with Germany, France, and Russia?

A. The standing army of Japan numbers about 260,000 men. As we have no reliable figures on the armies of Germany, France, and Soviet Russia, I cannot make the comparison. It was recently reported that Soviet Russia is organizing an army of 1,000,000 soldiers.

Q. Would you now answer the charge that Japan violated her treaty promises in the invasion of Manchuria?

A. I object to the phrase "invasion of Manchuria." We violated no treaty stipulations in the Manchurian affair. Generally it is said that Japan broke the Kellogg-Briand pact and the Nine-Power Treaty. Now, as to the first, the United States Senate made an express reservation. This was really superfluous because it was already specified in international law. It said that force could be used for self-defense. Japan believes that the action she had to take in Manchuria was inspired by self-defense.

Who's Next?

WHAT widely known man or woman would you like to interrogate? What questions, of public interest, would you like to have him or her answer in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE?

For the best name suggested, accompanied by not less than 25 and not more than 75 questions, we will pay $50; second best, $25, third best, $10. Preferably, the name should be that of a person who is known throughout the country and who is in a position to speak with authority. Address "WITNESS," THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No entries will be considered after May 15, 1935. None will be returned. In case the winning name is suggested by more than one person, the decision of the judges will be based on the merits of the accompanying questions.

Q. But didn't the Nine-Power Treaty guarantee political and administrative integrity to China?

A. The independence of Manchukuo does not fall under the terms of that treaty because Manchuria, a part of China, declared independence of its own accord. It is true that the appearance of Japanese troops encouraged or generated the idea of independence, but that does not detract from the fact that independence was spontaneous on the part of the Manchukuo people. There are many examples of this in Europe. Czechoslovakia, Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, and all those countries declared their independence through the presence of allied troops.

Q. Is not Manchukuo—with its Boy Emperor—merely a puppet state which in all ways obeys the commands of Japan?

A. Manchukuo is clearly in a pioneer stage and we are helping it to a large ex-

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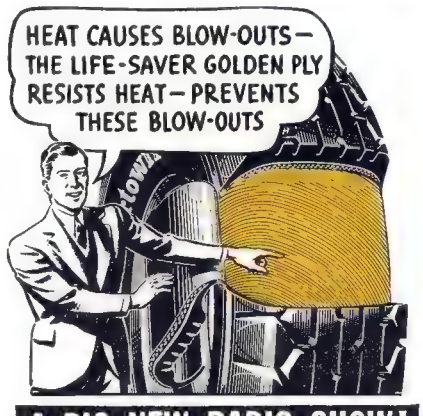

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tent. But it is independent. It has its own officials. Some of these are of Japanese nationality—many of them, I might say. But Manchukuo has its own will and Japan has had to argue with it on many political questions. For that matter, what power in the modern world can be entirely free in the formation of its opinions? The respect of outside opinions or this consideration of outside influences does not impair independence.

Q. Does not each Chinese minister and department head have a Japanese adviser?

A. Yes, there are Japanese advisers in each department of the Manchukuo government. But they conduct business under the direction of Chinese heads.

Q. Briefly, what caused Japan's grievances in Manchuria to mount?

A. The Nationalist Government of China built up a prejudice against foreigners and their interests. This seeped into Manchuria, where we had many vested interests inherited from the days of the Russo-Japanese war. For one thing, return of the South Manchurian Railway was demanded. Many grievances accumulated; 300-odd cases were pending when the Manchurian affair started in 1931.

Q. How many Japanese soldiers are now in Manchukuo?

A. There are now about 60,000 Japanese soldiers in Manchukuo.

Q. Is the consent of the Manchukuo government necessary before these troops can go into action?

A. No. Under the protocol signed by the government of Japan and the government of Manchukuo on September 15, 1932, the national defense of Manchukuo is under the joint responsibility of the two countries. Therefore, the Japanese troops have the right to go into action without the specific consent of the Manchukuo government.

Q. Japan sought control in Manchuria for military rather than economic reason?

A. Both.

Q. You think each was about as important as the other?

A. Yes, about equal. Japan fought Russia because of military and strategic reasons. At the same time, the economic development of Manchuria was done through Japanese agencies. Our economic life is so closely bound up with that of Manchuria that we think it is very important to keep hold of our vested interests in that part of the world. You see, the menace to such interests was the cause of the action we had to take; at the last moment in 1931.

Q. What lies behind this winter's military operations in Chahar? Are you now penetrating into Mongolia?

A. No. The arrangement was that a certain river should be the border line between Jehol and Chahar. It was in conformity with historic facts. But the Chinese soldiers stationed in Chahar came into Manchukuo territory and had some trouble with the local Chinese there. The Chinese commander at Peiping well understood the situation and ordered withdrawal of the Chinese troops. The matter has now been settled.

Q. Is there any difference between the seizure of the Philippine Islands by the United States and the annexation of Korea by Japan?

A. I think the circumstances were entirely different. You took those islands by force of circumstances. You didn't want them. They have nothing to do with the national existence of the United States. But Korea was often called a dagger aimed at the heart of Japan. When Russia was descending on the northern borders of Korea we had to take arms against that menace.

Q. If Japan wants peace, why did she withdraw from the League of Nations?

A. We would not have withdrawn had the League been realistic and appreciated our position in the Far East. We thought that it was the only one which would establish law and order. But this was not appreciated by the representatives from South America, from Europe, and from other parts of the world. I don't know how much they knew about the situation, but anyway they passed judgment and adopted a resolution which we could not accept. Our action had nothing to do with our desire for peace.

Q. You have mentioned, Mr. Ambassador, the reasons for harmony between the United States and Japan; can an imperial government such as yours work in harmony with a democracy?

A. I don't think there is much difference between democratic and imperial forms of government in modern times. Great Britain has its royal house, but the government is conducted along democratic lines. So in Japan. Japan is a constitutional monarchy.

Q. Except for the fact that the war and marine ministries in your country are not responsible to your Parliament?

A. They are responsible to Parliament, but they are appointed from among admirals and generals.

Q. But your Parliament cannot veto military or naval expenditures, can it?

A. Indeed it can. That is why the ministers of war and of the navy are going to the Diet every day explaining why they have to have so much money. On one occasion many years ago, just before the Russo-Japanese war, the naval appropriation bill was, in part, denied by the Diet. So the navy appealed to the nation and pointed out the dangers, and the whole nation contributed funds to build battleships.

Q. It is said that Japanese soldiers will commit suicide rather than surrender, and thus are invincible in battle. Isn't this a built-up national myth?

A. It is not a myth. That is the spirit of Bushido. Our soldiers are taught and believe that it is a greater humility to be a captive than to die. That spirit is still alive.

Q. Does Japan still need territory for her surplus population?

A. We have never needed any territory for surplus population. I am one of those who believe that the problem of too many people cannot be solved by emigration or by acquiring new territory. I don't believe in what is generally termed overpopulation. Our birth rate is declining, anyway.

Q. How successful have you been in persuading Japanese to settle in Korea and Manchuria?

A. Not very successful. We are not an emigrating race. As I have said, the bogey of overpopulation is not what it is generally believed. We can take care of our people. They can live in Japan. But of course we can't get on with agriculture alone, and we have to industrialize. That is what we are paying most attention to.

Q. And now, in conclusion, a few unrelated questions: First, isn't it true that by low wages and a depreciated currency you can dump such products as light bulbs, china, and matches into foreign markets?

A. We can sell more conveniently such articles in various countries, but we are not dumping in the sense that the word is generally used. If dumping means that we sell abroad at a lower price than at home, we are not dumping.

Q. Why, if you believe peace will continue, have you such rigid laws against foreign planes flying over Japan?

A. It is a small country, surrounded by sea. There are, in Japan, many vulnerable points which we call fortified zones. I don't believe that any power would allow foreign flyers to take photographs of such fortified zones. Japan, as I say, is a small country and these zones are congested and close together.

Q. Why, if your aim is peace, have you made such huge purchases of scrap iron?

A. I suppose you think it is all used for guns and shells? Well, it is a surprise in Europe that we are now sending our steel pipes to The Netherlands for their waterworks. Our steel tubes proved to be better in quality than those purchased in Germany and very much cheaper. I have seen scrap-iron heaps in front of our steel tube factories. By no means is all of the tonnage we import being used for munitions.

Q. Finally, we hear a lot of talk about "Oriental face-saving;" what do you understand by the phrase?

A. I think people worry about face-saving in the West as well as in the Orient. That is why you find that phrase used so often in English and European languages. Other people tell us that they borrow the phrase from the East. But they resort to face-saving more frequently than we do, perhaps.

Security

(*Continued from page 71*)

of President Roosevelt in the recent election. And it explains the great measures which he has been proposing to Congress.

Everyone is agreed that we must achieve greater security. The question is: What do the American people mean by security, and, then, what are they to do to get it?

It seems to me that we can make the whole question clearer if we divide the population into those who can work and can produce wealth and those who cannot. Who are those who cannot work and produce wealth? They are, in the first instance, children. They have to be fed, clothed, housed, if possible by their parents, and educated at the expense of the state. The American people now feel that, except for chores done at home and perhaps odd jobs in their spare time, children should not have to work for

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money. In one form or another, through mothers' pensions, support of schools, and child labor laws, they would wish children to be made secure.

The next great group is the aged. It is the general conviction that they are entitled to an old age free of want and worry. For them it is proposed to set up compulsory as well as voluntary schemes for saving while they are young and able to earn money, and, for those who are already old and have not saved, it is proposed to provide a small pension.

Besides the young and the old, there are the handicapped, those who are ill, or have been crippled, or are incompetent. They have always been dependent and must, of course, continue to be taken care of.

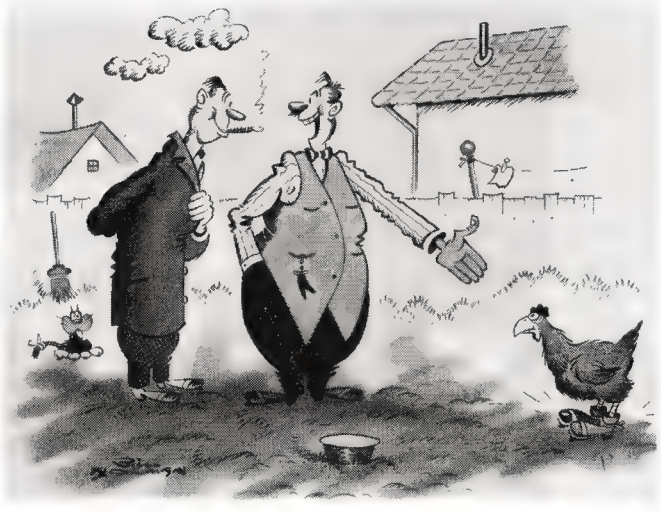
It is not very difficult to provide security for the young, the old, and the unemployable. It requires money. It requires good administration. But no one doubts that it can be done. The real difficulty is to provide security for able-bodied workers between the ages of, say, eighteen and sixty-five. These are the workers who have to produce the wealth which supports the children, the aged, and the unemployed. What kind of security ought we to aim at for them?

There can be only one answer: It must be the opportunity to earn a living. This may at first sound too obvious to be worth saying. But it is not. For there are many people today who imagine that the active workers can be made secure by unemployment insurance or by funds from the Treasury. There is no real security to be had by either method. The most optimistic insurance scheme that anyone has ever figured out would not insure an unemployed man for twelve months. It is absolutely impossible to build up a big enough insurance fund to insure for more than a few months an army of unemployed such as we have today. Yet the depression has now run five years. As for going into the Treasury that, too, is no remedy. For in a great depression enough money cannot be squeezed out of the taxpayers to do more than give the destitute a mere pittance.

That is why security for the active workers must take the form of an opportunity to earn a living. For the first three hundred years in America, the active workers who did not have opportunity at home moved West, cleared the wilderness, broke up the prairies, and created new opportunities for themselves. For many reasons this way of relieving unemployment and of finding security is no longer open to any very large number of people. There is not so much good free land to be had. The rest of the world will no longer buy in big amounts the crops that can be produced on such land. Most of the unemployed nowadays are city people who have never learned how to make a living from virgin soil.

So we are faced with the problem of inventing a substitute for the opportunity that was once to be found in the free lands of the West. That substitute must be work offered either by private business or by the government.

NOW, the task of seeing to it that private enterprise provides work is a problem which I shall not attempt to discuss here, except to say that it calls for sound policies dealing with banking, credit, utilities, taxes, prices, wages, tariffs, and many other things. If these policies are sound, business can be made even more stable than it has been. What we have to suppose, however, is that in spite of everything we shall have some unemployment all the time and much unemployment sometimes. How are we to make men secure?



"I got tired of her scratching up the flower bed!"

Bill Holman

For the unemployment which comes from the small changes in business conditions, insurance will help a little. It can be made to tide over a man for a few months between the loss of one job and the finding of another. It can be used to induce employers to regularize work in some industries which now work feverishly for part of the year and then lay their men off. But that is about all unemployment insurance can do if we are to judge by the experience of the European nations which have had it.

SO WE come up against the problem of security for the able-bodied worker who cannot find employment in private industry and is not protected by insurance. For him it is necessary to provide public work. Such public work is the modern substitute for the free homesteads of the early days of the Republic.

Now, there is no question that there is plenty of useful public work to be done. By public work is meant work that a private business man would not or could not undertake in order to make a profit. What business man, for example, will drain swamps to get rid of mosquitoes and malaria? Or replant forests to prevent the soil from washing away? Or control the floods in the Mississippi Valley? Or construct highways? Or bring electric power to the remoter farming districts? Or make parks and playgrounds in the crowded cities? Or go the length and breadth of a state looking for insect pests? Or build decent houses for the very poor to replace slums?

Yet all these things are profitable to the nation, though no individual would undertake them for profit. And no one ought to cry socialism and blue murder if the government comes along and says: "There is a great depression . . . here are millions of idle men . . . here are great quantities of unused materials . . . here are enormous funds of idle capital . . . and here are hundreds of things worth doing which will make the nation healthier, will protect its natural resources, will make life pleasanter . . . and so we, the government, propose to borrow the idle capital, hire the idle men, buy the unused materials, and produce wealth."

Such a policy is not a substitute for private enterprise. It is a supplement to it. If we can learn to administer it properly, we shall plan public works for long periods ahead. Then, when private business is good we shall do little public work. But when private business is bad, we shall do a lot of public work. And so public work will become a kind of flywheel to private enterprise, used to keep the amount of work available as stable as possible.

This, as I understand it, is the purpose and the meaning of the program for which, in January, the President asked Congress to appropriate over $4,000,000,000. Its purpose is to organize the only kind of security which it is possible to provide for the able-bodied: the security of an opportunity to earn at least a minimum living. I do not know how successfully the program will be administered. It is possible to make many mistakes. But I believe that even if the immediate results are disappointing, the principle is one which will remain.

It establishes for the first time in modern history the right of the individual to work and the duty of society to provide the funds and organize the opportunity whenever private initiative fails to provide work. In the years to come men will look back to the winter of 1935 in America and say, I firmly believe that when the President asked for and Congress voted a great fund to organize public work for all the able-bodied unemployed, the American nation made a historic advance towards the security of the people and the preservation of free institutions.

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Strategy of the Extremists

(Continued from page 37)

perhaps peace or war—and, possibly, the fate of our government itself. The very facts of this crazy situation give those who would be leaders of desperation their golden chance. That is our peril.

All this sounds like soapbox oratory, but it is true, and it is a truth that is seeping into the feelings of *a majority of voters.* That means that it is a truth with which we can no longer trifle. It makes little difference what you or I *think*—the important thing is that more people every day are convinced that our present system of government isn't working. All that is necessary to make them vote away the government we have known is for somebody to come along with a salable plan which promises to do the job. That is why Stalin rules Russia—Hitler, Germany—Mussolini, Italy. Their proposals were no more absurd in the beginning than those of the wholly irresponsible men who are now filling the air in this country with silly bunk.

MY FIRST point is that, once you set up what appears to be just ground for downing government, almost anything may come in to replace it. Nobody really thinks that it is better to "bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

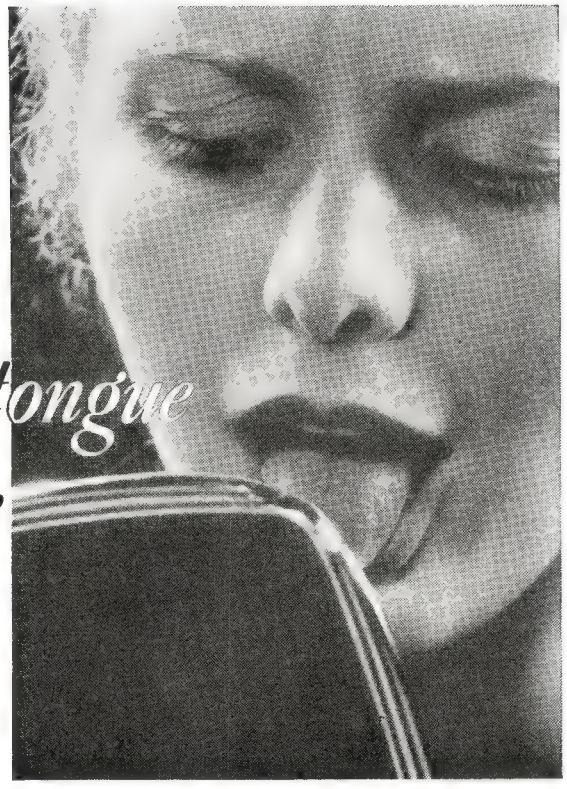
Five years of terrible punishment have made such a sea of resentment in this country that our own evangelists of those great and fatal extremes which now sweep Europe have only to find the weak tier of bricks in the wall that dams those things back from us.

Let us not be fools enough to suppose for a moment that this danger is not very real. Whether we listen to the cynical nonsense of one who promises to make every man a king with a guaranteed income of $5,000 a year, or the far more sincere but not less dangerous doctor who proposes to pay all debts and conduct all commerce with chaff—the threat is still the same. That threat is chaos and destruction of all that our people have worked and fought for years to create. Yet, if what we worked to create cannot now do the job—what argument stands against its destruction?

It is for this reason that the circles of listeners to these doctrines of disaster are spreading daily by the hundreds of thousands. There are men with crazy schemes who daily get a hearing and a following which may easily lead to destruction of our whole system of government. Put that point aside for a moment. Let's go on to the next point:

Franklin Roosevelt went into office with

Sticking out your tongue isn't polite



—but it's the new test for

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Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you a pure, fresh breath at ⅓ the usual cost

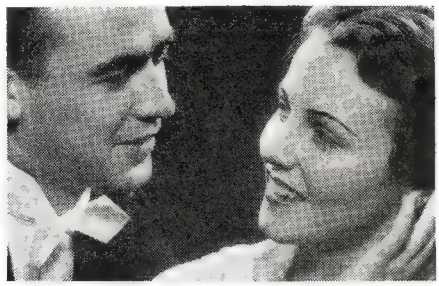
THE good opinion of others is important . . . so don't risk offending them. Look at your tongue in the mirror. The minute you see a grey or brownish coating on your tongue, you may be guilty of impure breath. For a "coated tongue" condition exists in 75% of cases of bad breath, authorities now find.

Take this simple precaution. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic . . . as thousands already do. Pepsodent acts to remove tiny food particles from between the teeth. It helps to cleanse the lining of the mouth . . . to sweep away dead cells and particles from the tongue. It kills the germs it reaches . . . the germs often responsible for unpleasant breath odors. Your whole mouth feels more refreshed—you are confident that your breath is purer, sweeter.

We do not claim that "coated tongue" *always* means bad breath. But take no chances. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic.

Makes $1 *equal* $3

But in fighting "coated tongue" and halitosis, never forget the vital difference between leading mouth antiseptics. So many leading mouth antiseptics, you see, have to be used full strength to be effective. Pepsodent is safe when used full strength—yet it is powerful enough to be diluted with 2 parts of water and still *kill* germs in 10 seconds. Thus Pepsodent gives you 3 times as much for your money—offers added protection against unwholesome breath.



Why take chances on impure breath?

Look at your tongue TONIGHT. See what it tells about you. Then use Pepsodent Antiseptic to be sure your breath is above reproach. And always remember—a clean mouth and throat are among your best defenses against colds.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Keeps breath pure 1 *to* 2 *hours longer*

almost every group of our people wishing him well. He went in on his promise of action and his oath not to destroy what had been created here under our Constitution. He proposed not to destroy, but to cleanse, and to try to make our system do its job—to assure the individual his right to work. He promised he would scrub our offspring vigorously but would not throw the baby down the soil pipe with the dirty bath-water. Desperately he has tried. He has not succeeded yet, but disaster has been staved off, starvation has been prevented, and a start toward recovery is seen.

That is not enough. Work remains removed from millions. Thousands of farms are still merely oases of misery in a desert of despair. Millions of our people continue to live on the thin edge of nothing. Things do not stand still at such a time. Nor do they move slowly toward new goals. Wherever they go—*they rush*. Our house of resentment and discontent is built of tinder which a lusty spark can set aflame.

As I have said, two years ago nearly all groups rallied to the President. A year ago the Old Guard was cursing him because he was too radical. Today the Economic Pansies of the New Order shake hopeless heads and the Eat-'em Uppers of the so-called Liberals gnash their teeth because he is not radical enough. The solidarity which made possible his two years of brilliant defense against constantly pressing disaster falls away in bitter factions. Today these factions are restrained from open assault upon him only by their failing fear of his popular appeal.

What I am trying to say is that the wand-wavers in his original mixed following are restive. They threaten to desert to real dreamers who, with uplifted sloe eyes fixed on ideals of humanity which never lived on land or sea, promise miracles. Every day these emasculated ones are gaining more power to lead more men into primrose paths of utter damfoolishness.

THE great trouble with the New Deal is the same trouble the Democratic Party has always had. Where its chief opponent, the G. O. P., is an organized appetite, the Democrats are a disorganized mob. The President swept to victory in the faith of men of many shades of opinion. He cooled the fiery, warmed the icy, paled the pinks, and slightly incarnadined the lily-whites, and thus became the inspired leader. Such wild men as followed Old Hickory a century earlier may not have spilled cheese and whisky over the cushions of the Blue Room on March 4, 1933, as they did at Jackson's inauguration, but be very sure that they were there in spirit.

The President can succeed in his efforts only if he can continue—under the ultimate test of statesmanship—to compose and compromise these warring wild ones and so give to our country the end and aim of all democracy, full benefits to none but —always and forever—the greatest good to the greatest number.

Division in the ranks behind a leader is a desperately dangerous thing.

I think we can take it for granted that Franklin Roosevelt believes that this government belongs to all of our people. And I for one believe with religious fervor that the hope of humanity is in him. The old order of big business and banking bossing Washington is not likely to come back again for a long, long while.

Most business and banking leaders know this. But not all know it—and all who know it do not act upon it. There are still a few big men, men who used their power and leadership stupidly, who, even in their dwindled wealth, have never given an inch to new ideas. These men bide their time and, given the faintest chance, would go straight back to their old folly. But democracy is in the saddle now. It is sometimes a dangerous rider, but the hope of humanity today is that it will ride straight this time.

MY POINT about this is that 14,000,000 people voted against Franklin Roosevelt in 1932. There are among them sufficient recruits for the Old Dealers to reform their shattered lines. Alone, they could not muster a majority against the President today, but in any split they could threaten an election. Any thoughtful man who has wondered at the wheat farmers of the Middle West, wavering at times, but almost constantly voting against their own economic interest every time somebody waved the bloody shirt of the half forgotten Civil War, knows that a split into a Third Party led by our new blind leaders of the blind could defeat Franklin Roosevelt in 1936. That, in the present temper of our people, would, in my opinion, bring rebellion as surely as the sun rises. You would see this country in a battle between those who have and those who have not, with a final result that is anybody's guess.

But that is not the way this thing will work, and here I come to my next point—which ought to be plain to every man who does have a five-cent stake in America, whether it be a business, a farm, a job, or the hope of one.

The President has been able to lead so well because he has composed the conflicting interests of warring groups and, in every crisis, worked out a compromise for the greatest good to the greatest number and the smallest harm to the few. That was right. But these extremists will have no more of it. If Franklin Roosevelt proposes any liberal program, it is the game of these wand-wavers to double it and to threaten a split if he stands firm. If he says, "Five billions for public works," they will say, "Ten Billions." If he says, "Ease the currency," they will say, "Bastardize it!" If he says, "Let us try to be fair, and compromise among conflicting interests," they will say, "No compromise."

These are the obvious tactics of the extreme. From their viewpoint it is plain horse sense—the greater their threat to split, the more they can push the pendulum in the way they want it to go. It is the greatest danger we face today.

For—write this in your hat—smoke it in your pipe—Franklin Roosevelt is not going to permit himself to be defeated in 1936. If (like Napoleon at Waterloo) to save the state it is necessary to sacrifice the Old Guard—which never surrenders—then the Old Guard dies. In spite of all the threats of disruption, there will be no Third Party—but there may be such a government of extremities as we shall shudder to see! If that comes, it will be the full fault of the same chuckleheaded stupidity which brought the deluge.

What advice could be given the President? To repudiate all that may be said or thought, or pretended, by these new leaders of the extreme? They would capitalize it. They would say, "We *could* make every man a king, but Franklin Roosevelt will not let us." And so what? "We will stand no more." "We propose a third extremist party." *For* what? Does any extremist suppose he could elect a President in 1936 against Franklin Roosevelt? Nonsense! But every extreme leader knows that the President can't suffer a split in 1936. They don't expect to elect a President and they don't expect to split with this one, but they do expect, by threat of split, to dominate government. They are wise because they know that the threatened alternative of returning the Old Dealers to power is a lever for them.

It is the dose of the desperate to rule or ruin. It is an attempt to drive us farther and farther to the so-called left, where no sane and informed man would willingly go.

I have no brief for any side. I have no inside dope. But this is too plain to ignore: *If Franklin Roosevelt is pressed to extremes by the bunk of balmy idealism plus the dumb stubbornness of social crustaceans, he will go to the left, but he will not give up the ship.*

And I for one agree completely that he ought not to give up the ship.

WHAT, then, is the answer? It is single and simple. During the past three months I have talked with no less than a thousand men in business. I have heard their lip service to the President. I know what is in their hearts. Unconsciously—I think—but nevertheless effectively, they are really on the other side of every one of his extremely moderate ideas of social improvement.

I come from the ranks of business myself. Of my old associates may I ask what they think they gain by delay? The issue of supporting or opposing the President's sane and effective measures can be deferred but it cannot be avoided. To oppose every government action—as some of our Die-hards continuously do—is a counsel of destruction. What these experienced, able, and effective gentlemen *should* do is to take the lead in these works and so to mold them as to prevent a complete reversal of our governmental system and yet to produce all the good results which national necessity requires. It is to their great genius in such things that the country has a right to look. For the sake of their own bodily existence they ought to step in and furnish the needed assistance. For it has already been proved that, if they do not, there are plenty of academic amateurs always on tap at the Capital and—even apart from these who come to Washington—plenty of volunteers on the air to take their places; glib men who, in the fiery test of responsibility, never performed a duty or did an act, but who step in when better men sulk silently.

What is the result of a contrary course? To resist the inevitable—to play fast and loose with honest compromise—to sow to the wind and reap the whirlwind? It is a double folly—besides getting nowhere, it adds oil to the fire of those who incite destruction. It excites fanatics and gives material to firebug oratory. It is the same old madness—the blunder of the Bourbons who learned nothing, forgot nothing, and so went to the guillotine.

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Powder-puff Champs

(*Continued from page 29*)

snapped into fighting attitude. "I'll show you what a fighter can do to a cheap ball player." He crouched. "This is what we call a kayo in the first round." He slashed with his left.

Bing side-stepped. The blow missed his jaw by a full six inches.

Bing said, "And this is what we call a home run with the bases loaded." He streaked past the big man's guard, whipped an uppercut to his chin, and sent him sprawling on the grass.

Rothman lay there dazed. The fight was out of him.

Cannon smoothed his clothes, adjusted his tie, and looked around to see if anybody had witnessed the scene. On the other side of the parkway a small private car was drawing up at the curb. The man at the wheel was watching Bing intently. Bing walked over to the car.

"You're Bing Cannon, aren't you?" the man asked.

Bing admitted it.

"I thought so. I've seen you play ball a hundred times. What happened?"

"I was explaining to a rat that I wasn't interested in selling out the pennant."

"I'll say he ought to be convinced."

The man drove Bing back to town. On his arrival he went into another huddle with Kerry. The play-off game was only two days away. . . .

THEY called it the Little World Series in One Stanza. Every seat in the grandstand and bleachers was occupied, while an overflow crowd oozed out into the playing field close to the side lines. It was a grand curtain-raiser for the annual classic soon to follow.

Kerry sat tense in the Kildare royal box. Bing moved nervously among his players. He had spent a great deal of time with them in the last two days mapping out the line of battle. To a discerning eye the team appeared less droopy than it had in recent games. In fielding practice they snapped the ball across the diamond with the old, familiar pep. Chesty Mulhill, the reigning Sultan of Swat, caught some out in right field that had the safe-hit label smeared all over them. Tony Vozzo scooped up grounders at short as only the incomparable Tony could. Lefty Picard warmed up for the pitching job as though he meant it.

Herman Rothman sat in the stands behind third. Kerry smiled when she saw him looking over at her. Even at that distance it was plain that his jaw was swollen. Bing raced over from first base to catch a

Combination Offer
Expiring May 15th!
THIS BIG
MOTH BAG
WITH EVERY
QUART OF FLIT
The Moth Bag is generous sized. Holds three full length garments or an assortment of smaller articles. Hangs up. Complete directions printed on back of bag.

DON'T FORGET FLIT DESTROYS MOTHS, MOTH EGGS, MOTH LARVAE

Here's good news for every woman worried about her fine woolens and furs. Flit Spray kills all three forms of moth life—the moth, the moth egg, and larvae or the little worms that chew holes. And Flit is so easy to use—inexpensive—has a pleasant odor.

Just spray the clothing in your closet regularly. If clothing is to be put away, spray with Flit according to the directions below, and hang in the roomy Flit Moth Bag, or pack in trunk or box. Flit *Spray* is deadly to flies, moths and other insects. Flit *Powder* is the best ever developed for crawling insects and fleas on dogs.

FLIT DOES NOT STAIN

Use both Powder and Spray—They kill them all—the cost is small.

HERE'S HOW TO HANDLE THE MOTH PROBLEM

BRUSH EACH ARTICLE CAREFULLY—REMOVE GREASE SPOTS.
SPRAY EVERYTHING WELL—ESPECIALLY ALONG SEAMS.
SPRAYER 2 FEET FROM ARTICLE
USE THE FLIT MOTH BAG FOR SAFE, SURE STORAGE.
FOR APPAREL IN USE—TWICE A MONTH SPRAY EACH GARMENT AND CLOSET—SEE CAN.

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high foul which descended near the spot where Herman sat. As he ran he called, "I'll take it." But he didn't take it. He dropped it. Rothman yelled, "He can't take it." His heelers seated near by laughed. Bing lifted his cap. One of the heelers cried, "Save it—you'll need it." . . .

Picard zipped the ball across the plate for the first pitch of the game. *Strike.* The loyal fans roared with delight, as they always do when the first pitch is a strike. Picard wound up. The ball zoomed. *Strike two. Ball one. Strike three. Batter out.* The crowd howled and applauded. The next batter smacked a sharp liner toward right center. Hans Breitweiser speared it with his gloved hand. A sparkling catch. The third man went down on an easy tap in front of the plate.

WHEN his side came in, Bing walked over to the Kildare field box and leaned on the rail, chatting with Kerry. It required nerve. All the roasting recently heaped on the club by fans and reporters had focused around the team's inability to keep under a woman club owner. A rasping going voice from behind third thundered, "Three cheers for the Powder-puff Champs!" From all corners of the field eyes turned toward the young manager and the girl owner. A barrage of taunts came from the baiters' section: "Oh, you matinée idol!" "He thinks he's Clark Gable." "Let's hold hands!" "Kiss me, darling!"

Bing turned toward the hostile group and made a profound bow. Then he resumed his conversation with Kerry and seemed more deeply absorbed than before. The crowd tittered, then forgot them when Rube Lemaire, first man up, banged out a clean single over short.

"Did you hear how they're betting on the game?" Bing was saying. "They're offering eleven to five against us."

Kerry said, "I'm sorry I'm not a betting man. I'd like to have a lot of it." She leaned closer to him. "You've put dynamite in this team. They must have taken to the idea."

"They did. They're on their toes. We'll shoot the works when the right time comes."

The game moved along at a dizzy pace, At the end of the sixth the score was tied. 3 to 3. The Old Man's shadow seemed to be hovering over the scarred battleground where he had for years fought tooth and nail every inch of the way. The team was again the old, familiar gang of sour-faced, hard-bitten, scrappy players that had always rallied under the Kildare banner. They growled at their opponents. They muscled into them on the base paths. They baited the opposing pitcher with a running fire of libel from the dugout. They disputed every strike called against them They made it plain they were showing no quarter. They made it equally plain they wanted no quarter.

This was patently a knockdown, drag-out fight. This was manifestly the kind of fierce, grueling struggle which had kept the Kildare turnstiles clicking merrily for years.

They thundered into the ninth inning in the same deadlock. Into the tenth, the eleventh, the twelfth. . . . And then the break came. With two out and a visitor perched on first, a long, soaring fly cut through the air toward a distant point in right field. With the crack of the bat Chesty Mulhill was after it. A tense silence settled over the crowd. Chesty dug his cleats into the earth and let loose a terrific spurt. He could just about make the catch. The ball was coming down. He reached for it—and tripped. He turned a complete somersault. The ball rolled safely to the fence. He was after it in a flash. Too late. Two runs were in.

A great din rose from Herman Rothman's Bronx-cheering section. Kerry's heart sank. She ought to have asked Bing to try out their little scheme while the score was still tied. Perhaps it would be too late now. Bing trotted over to the box after the third out. There was a grim twist to his jaw. The cowlick cresting his red head seemed agitated.

"Tough break," he said. "Now we'll shoot the works."

"Are they primed for it?" There was a slight tremor in her voice.

"Yes."

"Then shoot with all your might."

Dan Wilmot moved over toward the plate swinging three bats. He was the oldest member of the team and the hardest nut. One of the bats slipped out of his hands and brushed against the catcher's legs. Dan was a notorious ribber. He was never known to speak a kind word to an opponent. The catcher glowered at him and stood in a belligerent attitude. Dan put his arm around the man's shoulder.

"Gee, I'm sorry, old man. It was purely an accident. I wouldn't have done it for the world."

The catcher's jaw fell. His eyes opened in startled astonishment. He stood looking at Dan. When he recovered his tongue he asked:

"Did you say something?"

Dan spoke softly: "I hope I didn't hurt you. I apologize."

The catcher said, "For the love of Pete."

The pitcher walked in from the box. "What's up?" he asked briskly.

"Dan said he was sorry for dropping that bat on my leg," the catcher informed him.

The pitcher looked his disbelief. He returned to the mound shaking his head. He gave Dan four straight balls. The crowd let out a roar of hope.

DOWN on first base Dan carried on a public conversation with Bing, who was on the coaching line. He said, "Well, boss, I guess we're licked, but you gotta hand it to these boys. They beat us fairly."

The first baseman forgot that the pitcher was trying to pick Dan off the bag and the throw from the box rolled past him. Dan scurried to second. The shortstop was covering the bag.

Dan said, "That was a lucky one for me. Well, I hope you lads win the World Series. How are all the folks?"

The shortstop backed away. Dan Wilmot had surely gone cuckoo.

Mickey Shaughnessy was at bat. He was rotund, rubicund, and rowdy. The ball streaked past him, wide of the plate. The umpire called, "Ball One." Mickey stepped back from the rubber and addressed the umpire: "Much obliged. That was a strike, if I ever see one." The umpire gulped. Mickey tapped a roller toward short. Dan, making for third, yelled to the shortstop, "Come up and see us some time." The shortstop fumbled the ball ingloriously. Both runners were safe. The crowd let out a frenzied whoop.

Rube Lemaire walked, filling the bags. The visiting battery went into a huddle. Their manager signaled to them from the dugout. A new pitcher came trotting across the field from the bullpen. As he passed Lemaire at first, Rube gave him a playful tap on the shoulder and said, "It's a crying shame. The umps are trying to throw us the game." The relief pitcher stared at Rube.

Pep Ventrella popped up a foul which was juggled as it nestled in a waiting mitt near the left-field line, but it was taken for the first out. Pep did not hurl his bat to the ground with the usual burst of anger which pop-ups in a pinch always stirred in his Latin soul. Instead, he turned his gaze toward the fielder who had made the catch, cupped his hands, and bellowed, "That's nailing 'em, baby."

Chesty Mulhill tripped to the plate carrying a bat tied with baby-blue ribbon. He rushed up to the catcher and, before that astonished gentleman knew what was happening, Chesty had seized his ungloved right hand and was shaking it vigorously. "How are you, sonny boy; how's my old buddy?" Chesty gurgled. The catcher pulled his hand away and drew his arm back as though it was his purpose to throw a bunch of knuckles at Chesty's chin. Chesty held up a protesting finger in a naughty-naughty attitude, drew a dainty lace handkerchief out of his shirt front, and dusted off the plate.

THE stands rocked with a deafening blast of screams and laughter. The crowd caught on. They were wise now to all this tomfoolery. They were in a delirium of excitement. They wanted nothing better than to see the burlesque carried to a successful climax. Hot dog! A brand-new way to win a ball game. They stamped their feet, waved their arms.

Kerry sat transfixed. Over and over again she was muttering a little prayer: "Please, Chesty, don't hit into a double play; please, Chesty, don't hit into a double play." If that calamity did not occur Kerry would be satisfied. Bing was the next man up. Bing would do the right thing. Bing would not let her pet scheme fizzle out into drab disaster. . . .

The warning cry from the visiting dugout was neither heard nor necessary. Every player on the opposing team now understood the situation perfectly. The farce was over. They girded themselves for the impact of succeeding events. Their twirler was the picture of calm confidence. He stood to one side of the box and looked serenely over the field, making sure that every player was in position. He wagged his head affirmatively on receiving the catcher's signal. He stepped to the mound, wound up deliberately, and shot a fast one straight at the heart of the rubber.

Chesty swung with all the power of his long, sloping shoulders. *Crack!* The ball sped like a rifleshot toward the pitcher. He threw out his gloved hand wildly and knocked it down. It rolled toward third. He scooped it up and winged it to the catcher with the same motion. A gorgeous play. By the barest fraction of a step the ball beat Dan Wilmot to the plate. *Two out.* The crowd groaned.

As Bing faced the pitcher a dead silence settled over the field. The pitcher mea-

sured him with deliberation, performed his usual contortions, flipped his throwing wrist, and the ball winged away on its errand. Bing's bat swished the air. *Strike one.* The pitcher smiled. He shot another one to the same spot. Again Bing's bat cut through space. *Strike two.*

Suddenly the stillness was broken. From behind third base a familiar voice rasped, "You're licked and you know it, you four-flusher!" From the Kildare box came a clear, feminine cry, "Bing! Bing! You have to do it." He glanced over toward the royal box and called, "Okay, lady! I'm going to." Avidly the crowd pounced on this byplay. "Sock that pill, sock that pill!" the fans chanted.

The next two pitches gave everybody but the batsman heart failure. Calm and unruffled, Bing watched them slap into the catcher's mitt. *Two balls.* Another floated toward him. It was almost shoulder-high, the kind he loved. He reached out for it with an easy, graceful swing which did not seem to pack much punch. He caught it squarely on the end of his bat. It cleared the pitcher's upstretched hands by more than three feet. It soared steadily upward as it traveled out over the diamond. The center fielder turned and scampered frantically toward the point where it would land. He was yards behind when it hit the earth and rolled to the scoreboard.

Bing was squatted on third base, contentedly surveying the scene of wild delirium, before the ball had been relayed back to the infield. Three runs had crossed the plate. The game was over.

THE crowd was on the field mauling him. What of it? He was in no hurry to get to the showers. Slowly he elbowed his way through the throng. His back was sore from friendly pounding. He reached the dugout. It was empty. Well, he wasn't interested in the dugout, anyway. It was the field box behind the dugout which held his attention. He vaulted over the rail and sat beside Kerry. They watched the stragglers heading toward the exits.

A long time passed before the field had become clear of frenzied fans. Only the ground keepers and the ushers and the pop boys were left when he leaned over to Kerry and said:

"Well, we shot the works."

"Oh, Bing, I'm so happy. It was magnificent. I knew you'd do it."

"I didn't. It was your idea."

"And partly Mr. Rothman's, though he doesn't know it. At any rate, you made the winning hit."

"Wrong again, lady. It's you who's made the winning hit. Me, I'm just struck out."

The September shadows were lengthening over the ball park. Kerry slipped her hand into his. "Bing, I've never told you about a note my father left me. It was marked, 'Private and Confidential.' It advised me to keep my eye on a red-headed young party with a cowlick."

Bing said, "Why, the magnificent old schemer. He told me to keep my eye on his daughter Kerry. Your father was a grand philosopher. Didn't he used to say, 'When you feel like kissing somebody, take a shower'?"

"I believe he did," Kerry said.

Bing said, "Well, you see, I don't feel like taking a shower."

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QUICK . . . EFFECTIVE . . .

VITALIS and the 60-SECOND WORKOUT

FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME HAIR

● 50 SECONDS TO RUB . . . Massage Vitalis briskly into your tight, dry scalp. Your scalp becomes more flexible, awakens to new life...your hair has a chance.

● 10 SECONDS TO BRUSH . . . When you comb your hair, it stays smooth and lustrous with no unnatural "patent-leather" look.

REMEMBER this about your hair—its health and its good looks go hand in hand. That is why you need the healthy, invigorating double-action benefits of Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout.

Tight, dry scalp is the enemy of your hair—the common cause of thin, dry, sickly hair. Vitalis and massage rouses the scalp, stimulates and quickens the circulation, releases the natural, nourishing oils that mean healthy and handsome hair. Wide-awake and active, your scalp functions naturally—loose dandruff disappears. Your hair looks healthier—*is* healthier. And it stays perfectly groomed—but with never a trace of "patent-leather" look.

You'll like Vitalis and its modern, easy way of keeping your scalp alive, your hair healthy and well-groomed. Buy a bottle from your druggist and give your hair a chance.

ASK YOUR BARBER . . . He's an expert on the health of scalp and hair. Take his advice when he suggests Vitalis.

VITALIS

KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

Voice from the Bleachers

(*Continued from page 47*)

the telegraph company men told me that this inquiry has meant more cable business than anything that has ever happened in Washington.

At one end of the long room is an elevated bench somewhat like that of a judge. In front of this, at a table, sit several men who manufacture such toys as bombing planes, battleships, machine guns, submarines, and poison gas. They have been called Merchants of Death, but they look singularly inoffensive and harassed.

Among the inquisitors, usually, are the youthful, rosy, and deceptively jovial Senator Clark of Missouri, who asks smiling questions dangerously; the liberal Republican Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, mentioned for the next Republican presidential nomination; and Senator Bone of Washington, small, stooped, and caustic. Also Senators George of Georgia, Pope of Idaho, and Barbour of New Jersey.

IN THE center sits Nye.

He looks less like a senator than any of them. He is still young—forty-two. He has no flowing mane, but a recent haircut. He has no senatorial bay window, but the lean build of a second baseman—a position, by the way, which he can still play.

But he has keen, pale-blue eyes, a sharp nose, and a strong chin. His questions are put politely, but persistently.

"Of course," he says, "we understand that you wish to coöperate with us. But still, you haven't told us what we want to know. You have forgotten? Can you check up? How long will it take to get us this information? Yes, I understand that it will be troublesome, but we have been directed to obtain this information . . ."

Often the testimony is dull. Then, unexpectedly, there will be an electric flash in the smoky atmosphere. The reporters scribble busily, telegraph boys run out with dispatches.

News is breaking. Witnesses say that:

In Chile an American poison-gas firm was allowed to use convicts as experimental victims of its gas. . . . In Turkey an American warship obligingly docked and allowed a Turkish commission to examine its rapid-fire guns, to help an American firm to sell such guns to Turkey. . . . After the war an American submarine firm brought suit to recover millions of dollars for devices used in German submarines to sink American ships. . . . A munitions firm, it is charged, quibbled three months over a contract in the most critical period of the war.

A murmur from Senator Bone:

"If a buck private, in the face of the enemy, had tried to quibble over what he should be paid before he went over the top, what would have happened to him?"

A murmur from Senator Nye:

"He would have been shot."

Nye, as inquisitor, has neither the legal subtlety and white-haired majesty of Walsh nor the withering sarcasm of Missouri's Jim Reed.

He is, I should say, pretty much the average man in his tastes, abilities, beliefs, and suspicions, with a little more drive and energy than most of us have. He lives with his wife and three children, in very modest style, in a house in the suburbs of Washington. He is a baseball fan. And his senatorial position resembles that of a bleacherite who would be privileged, after every play, to go down on the field and examine the umpire on his reasons for that last decision, the pitcher on what curves he has been using, and the manager on why he tried that hit-and-run play.

Nye is America's Voice From the Bleachers, armed with a subpoena. When he yells, "He spiked him," or "He didn't touch second," the whole might of the United States moves to sift his charges.

He is not a lawyer. He is not even a politician, except by accident. He is a small-town newspaper man, catapulted into national eminence by luck or destiny.

His father was a crusading editor of country weeklies in Wisconsin—one of the original La Follette men. The son grew up in an atmosphere of printer's ink, finished high school (where he distinguished himself in the infield), and started editing one of his father's papers.

Young Gerald's paper was full of life, editorially, but not financially. He drifted down to Iowa, where he edited a daily in Creston, then up to Fryburg, N. Dak., where he took over a weekly in that bustling metropolis of more than fifty inhabitants.

It looked like a dead end. But things were happening politically in North Dakota. Rebellion was brewing among the farmers against the state political machine, which was largely controlled by the financial barons of Minneapolis.

The embattled farmers marched en masse to protest to Treadwell Twitchell, wealthy landowner and political boss.

"Go home," ordered Mr. Twitchell, "and slop your hogs. We're running this state."

THIS flash of temper lit the fires of the Non-Partisan League—a semi-socialistic farm organization working under the Republican label.

The radicalism of the Non-Partisan League appealed to Nye. At Fryburg, and later at Cooperstown, with the *Griggs County Sentinel-Courier*, he became one of its strongest editorial supporters.

It wasn't an easy course to follow. The League was variously accused of atheism, pro-Germanism, and free love, and Nye would wake up in the morning to find a bouquet of crape and stinkweed hanging on his door. Nor was it pleasant for his wife when neighbors in church ostentatiously moved to a distant pew.

But the war passed, and the neighbors couldn't help liking Mrs. Nye and the three children, and the Non-Partisan League prospered, and Nye proved himself absolutely indispensable to the Cooperstown team at second base.

It was 1925, and Governor Arthur G. Sorlie was in office, when U. S. Senator Edwin F. Ladd, of North Dakota, died.

The law was ambiguous. Some said that Sorlie could appoint another senator. Others said that Sorlie must call a popular election for the following spring.

In the midst of the discussion, to the amazement of everyone, including Nye, the said Nye, a thirty-two-year-old country newspaper editor, who had never held any political position except membership on the village school board, was appointed to the United States Senate.

As Nye has told me: "When the governor handed me my credentials, if there had been the slightest breeze, I would have blown out of the window."

Why Sorlie made the appointment remains a mystery.

AT FORTY-TWO, Nye is already something of a veteran in the Senate, secure with heavy majorities in his own state and successor apparent to the togas of such Western Progressives as Borah and Norris.

It wasn't, however, all milk and honey. When he set out for Washington, on borrowed money, the prospect looked pretty black. And when he arrived, and took rooms in a cheap hotel, the Republican majority in the Senate publicly handed him the oyster shell. He wasn't a senator at all, they said.

The future Grand Inquisitor was a forlorn figure hanging about the portals of the Capitol, with his yellow shoes, his pinchback rustic suit, his sugar-bowl haircut, and his absurdly boyish appearance. His little daughter, Marjorie, plaintively hoped that some time they would "give Papa a place to sit down."

Marjorie's hope was fulfilled by a fortunate set of circumstances. The Democratic minority took up Nye's cause as a means of embarrassing the Republicans. Old Progressive war horses like Borah and Norris sallied forth to battle for him. Nye himself did a workmanlike reporter's job in digging up precedents.

At last, one day, a couple of Old Guard Republicans incautiously went to the White House during Senate hours. Nye's strategists, seizing time by the forelock, brought his membership to vote. And Nye was led down to his seat—a Republican senator, appointed by a Non-Partisan League governor and elected mostly by Democratic senators. The precarious vote was 41 to 39.

"A bad day's work," mourned the *New York Times*. "A disgraceful vote," scolded the *New York Herald Tribune*.

But the brash young man from North Dakota was no whit abashed. Within two weeks he had delivered a scorching attack on the U. S. Chamber of Commerce and had demanded "a sweeping investigation" into the wages paid in tariff-protected industries.

Nobody paid much attention to him.

The voice, then, was just a piping treble from the bleachers.

Nye was just an obscure beginner, so he was given a place on an obscure com-

mittee—Committee on Public Lands. It was such an unimportant committee that all its members took chairmanships on *other* committees. That left nobody except Nye to be chairman of Public Lands.

Then Senator Norris proposed an inquiry into the Continental Trading Company oil scandal, and the Public Lands Committee was directed to make it. Almost before he knew it, Nye found himself an investigator.

Luckily, at the very beginning, he had Senator Walsh, the old master, on his committee. He let Walsh do most of the pitching, while he backed him up and learned by example. Walsh had led the investigation which blew the lid off Teapot Dome and seriously depopulated the Harding cabinet.

Nye, the average man, with all the average man's curiosity and with his ingrained reporter's ingenuity, is often a more formidable examiner than the highest-priced New York attorney. He asks whatever pops into his head. Sometimes the results are extraordinary.

For example, Nye was asking a battleship builder how much he had paid his Washington agent, since 1916, in salary and expenses. The shipbuilder said it was impossible to determine.

"How much would it cost to find out?"

The shipbuilder figured for a while.

"It would take three accountants," working for about thirty-six months, and it would cost about $60,000," he said.

Nye did not, of course, demand that this tremendous outlay be made. But the question was embarrassing to a firm that had worked on cost-plus contracts, and it was effective as an illustration of sketchy bookkeeping by a company that boasted of its confidential and patriotic relation to the government.

DURING the oil lease investigation Nye flushed big game almost at once. He discovered the faintly penciled name, "Andy," on the margin of the records. Surmising it to mean Andrew Mellon, he called the Secretary of the Treasury to the stand.

He gave Mr. Mellon some extremely uncomfortable moments. It seemed that Mr. Mellon had been approached with $50,000 worth of the Sinclair bonds under investigation, but had turned them down. What he never succeeded in explaining to Nye's satisfaction was why he had never reported this incident to the committee.

Before the hearings were over Gerald the Giant Killer had further notches on his gun: for Harry F. Sinclair, the oil magnate who was soon to go to prison for contempt of the Senate; for Will Hays, Postmaster General, who is now the movie czar; for William M. Butler, head of the Republican National Committee.

Almost overnight the obscure country editor had become a formidable national figure. The papers were full of stories about him. He had received so many threatening letters that he had established a special "crack file." His office had been ransacked by private detectives. He had been called everything from "mudslinger" and "sensation-monger" to "fearless young prober."

He had accomplished, also, a couple of things which the headlines overlooked:

He forced a revision of the government lease of the $100,000,000 Salt Creek oil field. And his disclosures resulted in Uncle

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This latter sum alone is enough to pay for every Congressional investigation since our government was founded.

Nye's next big job (chiefly because nobody else would touch it with a ten-foot pole) was as chairman of the special committee to investigate campaign expenditures of senatorial candidates in 1930. Here was a position guaranteed to make political enemies in every state which the committee visited.

Early in the investigation Nye gathered evidence that Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick (daughter of the late Mark Hanna) had spent about $250,000 in her campaign. He also found that he was being closely followed by private detectives.

Later he obtained some of these detectives' reports. There were many references to the senator's traveling about with "a strikingly beautiful blonde." Undoubtedly there would have been trouble for Nye here, except for the fact that the beautiful blonde was Mrs. Nye.

The investigation disclosed quaint election practices in many states: Repeaters traveling about in trucks from ward to ward. Obliging election watchers marking the ballots for Negro voters.

In Nebraska he was able to strike a blow for his old friend and mentor, Senator George W. Norris. He exposed the plot by which a grocer in Broken Bow, who happened also to be named George W. Norris, filed his candidacy for the Senate. If his name had not been removed from the ballot in time, hopeless confusion would have resulted on Election Day.

Nye showed that prominent Republicans were behind the scheme.

In this investigation Nye made many enemies, but came out of it unscathed.

FOR years Nye has cherished the idea of investigating the munitions industry. He has always hated war and he has never liked big business. His friends, however, had warned him that he would never be able to force such a resolution through the Senate. There would be too much quiet pressure by both the industry and the government departments.

Nye bided his time. In February, 1934, public opinion was favorable. A number of sensational books on the munitions industry had been published. Nye introduced his resolution, which was shuffled around from committee to committee.

As the session drew toward its end, Nye concocted a stratagem:

He slipped a little rider into a revenue bill. This amendment provided that, in case of war, income taxes on all incomes under $10,000 a year should be doubled; and income taxes on all incomes over $10,000 a year should be automatically boosted to *98 per cent.*

This was thoroughly shocking to all conservative senators. And yet, public opinion being what it was, these senators did not relish voting against it.

Consequently, Nye was able to make a deal. He would withdraw his amendment if the Senate would vote his munitions investigation. He did, and the Senate did, giving him $50,000 for expenses.

Nye immediately assembled his staff. As secretary to the committee he chose Stephen Raushenbush, an experienced investigator. He borrowed Alger Hiss, former secretary to U. S. Supreme Court Justice Holmes, and bright star among Harvard Law School graduates, from the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, to help with the legal details.

These two chose about 60 other investigators, clerks, and assistants.

The investigators, armed with subpoenas, then went on the road, visiting all the great war-material plants.

To a large section of the public, the facts revealed by the inquiry came as a definite shock. The colossal profits made by munitions firms at home while the soldiers died in the trenches; the international tie-ups between war-material makers; the thinly disguised bribery practiced in making sales to foreign governments; the selling to both sides during wars in South America; the assistance given by the United States Army, Navy, and Commerce departments to the sale of the products of American munitions firms.

People agreed with Mr. Jonas, representative of American munitions-makers in South America, when he wrote home:

"We are certainly in one hell of a business, where a fellow has to wish for trouble in order to make a living. . . . It would be a terrible state of affairs if my conscience started to bother me now."

The searchlight was thrown on such characters as Sir Basil Zaharoff, "the international mystery man," who has made millions out of the sale of war material.

"Zaharoff is now shown to be not a mystery man at all," Senator Nye told me, "but an ordinary salesman who discovered that by selling Greece one submarine, he could on the following day sell Turkey two, and then Greece and Turkey would both order more and more submarines."

Nye thinks that the government, by suitable compensation, should take over all factories directly manufacturing war materials, and should sell only to the American Army and Navy.

But Army and Navy men are doubtful. They question whether government ownership could be as efficient, or expand as quickly in case of war, as private ownership.

There, for the moment, the situation stands. The Senate has recently voted Nye another $50,000 to continue his inquiry. Perhaps the further hearings will develop other suggestions.

MEANWHILE, Nye has had a tremendous public response. Churches, women's organizations, and peace societies are especially enthusiastic. The National Council for Prevention of War, under the slogan, "Let's Advertise this Hell!" (taken from an article three years ago in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE), have built the actual quotations from the hearing into the form of a brief play called *A Repeat Hearing.* They have already had 6,700 calls for this play.

The defense services are somewhat alarmed. When President Roosevelt, last December, called upon General Hugh S. Johnson and Bernard Baruch to draft a plan to take the profit out of war, many commentators suggested that he was trying to put a damper on Nye's findings.

Nye himself apparently put this interpretation on it. He made an impetuous comment: "If Dillinger were alive, I guess they would put him on a committee to make plans for fighting crime." Nye has no love for Johnson.

In any case, it had no dampening effect on Nye. As soon as the Senate convened he opened his fight for further funds with a three-hour speech.

GERALD NYE has come far from the forlorn little rustic figure pitched so unceremoniously into Washington in 1925. His manner is confident and assured.

His position is powerful. He was elected in 1932, in face of the great Democratic landslide, by a 3-to-1 majority. He has his state in his pocket. He is admittedly the leading proponent of senatorial investigation—always a strong weapon.

As inquisitor, he is not of the bullying or insulting type. He is courteous, and he sticks fairly close to the point. The chief complaint against him is that he is overeager to believe sensational charges; that he has a tendency to make statements to the newspapers on matters not yet proved.

He has been called a publicity hound. His own claim is that publicity is a necessary part of the investigative instrument, and that any publicity which comes to him is merely incidental.

Investigations have their faults. Often they descend into gossip; sometimes they expose reputable citizens to unjustified innuendo. Nevertheless, they remain the only method, in a democracy, of bringing certain situations to the public attention. As long as they continue, business men and public servants had better remember the little warning which I once saw in a letter-writing rule book: "NEVER—and this is the most important of all—write a letter that you would not like to see printed or made public!"

Nye is a hard worker, a digger, persistent and unafraid. Though he is a cousin of Bill Nye, the famous humorist, he is himself a deadly serious fellow. His chief recreations are reading Western fiction and going to every ball game he can find time for. Since coming to Washington there has been only one great temptation to leave his senatorial career:

A couple of years ago there was talk of Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis resigning as baseball czar. The baseball magnates approached Nye with an offer. He rejected it, but still he was tempted. Gee, to be able to see all the biggest games from the inside, to know all the stars, and to receive a whopping salary!

A week or so later he and Mrs. Nye went to New York for some theater-going. A baseball magnate telephoned him at his hotel, "Let's talk it over once more." Nye agreed to meet him at Times Square.

The magnate spoke persuasively and in large terms. Mrs. Nye put in a word: "After all, you must remember the honor and fame of the Senate."

"Fame?" said Nye. "Why, in all my time in Washington, I bet my name has never flashed up there on the Times Building in those electric lights."

The senator was telling me about it.

"And do you know," he said, with wonder in his tone, "at that very moment the moving sign flashed: 'Senator Nye says Bishop Cannon will be prosecuted.'"

And so Mr. Nye will be behind the searchlight for many a year to come, with some of the effulgence illuminating his own active figure.

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Still Fishing

(*Continued from page 23*)

now?" said the girl in waders. Her cool eye once more regarded him. "You've been poaching here for quite a long time"

"Why poaching?" demanded Kemp, disturbed by the other's unassailable air of fortitude.

"Because my father happens to own that bank you're sitting on," she said. "He's owned all this old Fletcher Farm property for over three years."

Kemp's pole and pride went down together.

"I'm sorry to be the intruder," he said, with what remained of his dignity. "I rather thought the fish belonged to the fellow who came and caught 'em."

Her laugh was both crisp and brief.

"But you're not catching 'em," she pointed out. "And this is the third day I've gone without a strike."

"With all that equipment?" he demanded, with a laconic head-nod towards the leader-fringed hat.

"I don't like the look of this water," she impersonally announced.

"Handsome is as handsome does," ventured Kemp as he removed the bait from his hook. "What's wrong with it?"

INSTEAD of answering him, the girl scooped up a handful of the running water and sniffed at it.

"I don't even like the *smell* of it," she was triumphantly proclaiming.

Kemp took his turn sniffing at a handful of the amber-tinted fluid.

"It is a bit brackish," he finally admitted.

"But it shouldn't be," objected the girl. "Something is polluting this stream."

Kemp had his doubts about that. "Perhaps it's a dead horse," he suggested.

The reproof in her eyes, as she studied him, slowly turned to a look of triumph.

"I know where I saw you before," she proclaimed. "It was last June at Princeton, when it rained and we all had to go scrambling into the faculty-room at Nassau Hall. They gave you a degree or something just after Dad got his."

The girl waded ashore and sat down on the bank-slope.

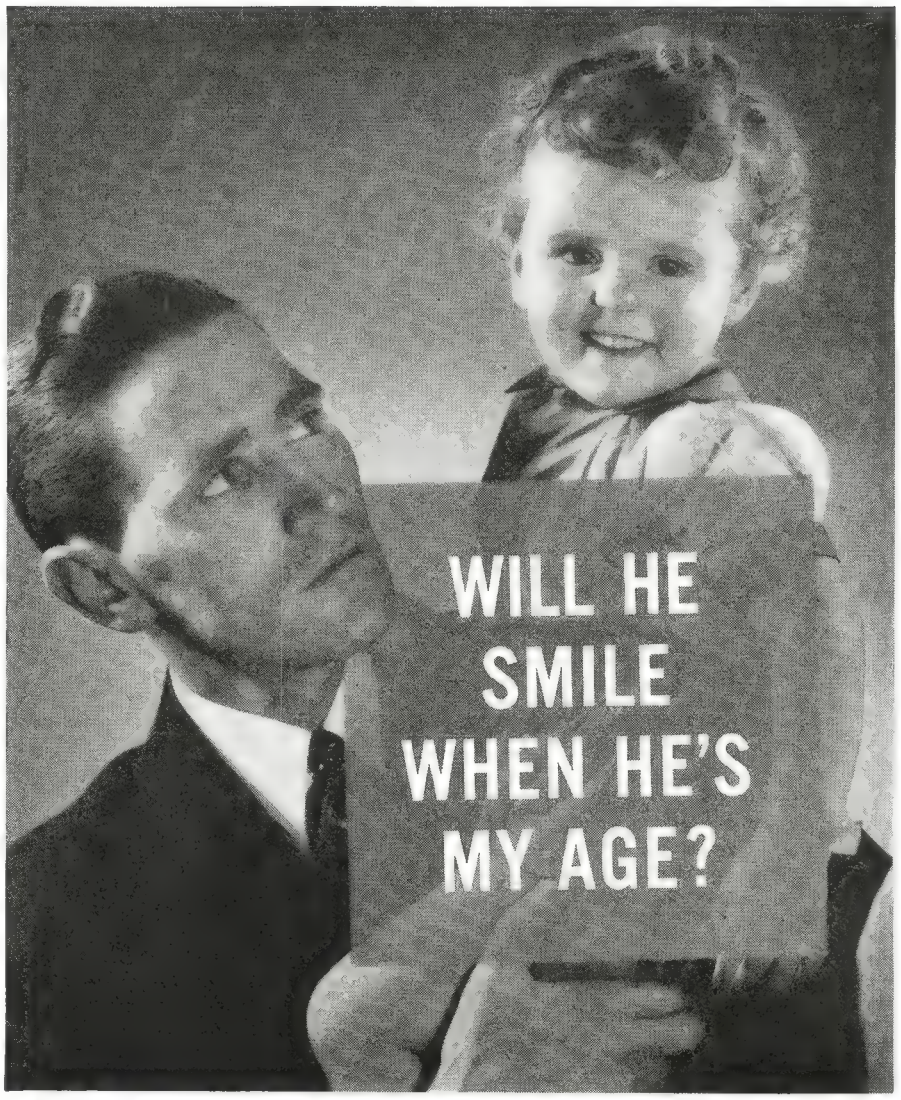
"The important thing," she said, "is to know what's spoiling our fishing."

Kemp, in spite of himself, had to admit that he liked the Flying Victory way in which she held her shoulders. And he liked the parenthesizing small laughter wrinkle at either end of her full lips.

"Let's find out," he surprised himself by saying.

"How?" she exacted.

"By following up this stream," he ex-



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plained, "until we come to the trouble."

"All right," she agreed. "My name's Allie Sencourt," she added.

"Mine is Richard Kemp, commonly known as Dick. I try to be a corporation lawyer, when I don't run away from work."

"That's great," said Miss Allie Sencourt. But her brow clouded again. "There's something distinctly wrong about this water," she solemnly averred.

Kemp didn't seem to mind the flies and mosquitoes. Even his wet feet didn't bother him much.

The lady in waders, it's true, had the advantage whenever they came to deeper water. For on several occasions Kemp was compelled to take to the bank, where there were rocks to be clambered over and underbrush to be pushed through.

The girl stopped abruptly, when they came to half a dozen strands of barbed wire bridging the stream.

"Here's where our land ends," she explained as she wormed her way through the wire.

"So we're both trespassers now," said her companion.

She nodded her head and laughed.

"But there doesn't seem to be anybody to stop us," she pointed out as they continued their laborious course.

THEY were in a world of their own, where time and space became trivial. Yet the shadows, Kemp observed, were growing perceptibly longer, just as the watercourse they were skirting became perceptibly smaller. Its increasing turbidity continued to puzzle him.

"Would there be any factories up here?" he asked.

"Who'd want a factory in country like this?" countered his fellow explorer.

Kemp stopped and looked about him.

"It does look a bit desolate," he acknowledged.

"That's what I like about it," averred Allie Sencourt.

"You're not tired?" he asked.

"Not a bit," answered the girl. "And we're going to see this thing through, aren't we?"

"We are," proclaimed Kemp.

It was wild enough, Kemp thought, as they went on in silence. They might just as well have been at the headwaters of the Amazon. The silence was so sustained that the girl stopped short at the sudden scream of a kingfisher.

It seemed almost like a warning.

"Are you afraid?" asked Kemp.

"Not with you here," was her promptly valorous reply.

And Kemp, as they went on again, felt very brave. An army of bushmen loaded down with poisoned arrows, after that, would have proved a triviality in his path.

But instead of a bushman with poisoned arrows, half an hour later they came face to face with a dubious-looking prowler with a rifle in his hands. He stood on the bank above them, with a scowling and saturnine face.

"Jus' a minute there, buddy," commanded the man with the rifle, stepping closer to the water's edge.

"What is it, my good man?" asked Kemp as Allie steadied herself with a hand on his arm.

"Where in hell you folks headin' for?"

Kemp considered that question.

"What business is it of yours?" he asked.

The man with the rifle spat into the water at his feet.

"You'd better be swingin' back," he said, with a sort of wearied indifference.

"We're looking for fishing pools," protested Kemp.

"The further back y' go the better the fishin'," announced the guardian of the upper reaches.

"Why shouldn't we go on?" challenged the girl.

"B'cause I say so."

Kemp could feel her small body stiffen.

"It'll take more than that to stop me," she smilingly asserted.

"Then b'cause you're trespassin' on private grounds, sister, an' the sooner you're off 'em the better."

The girl met and held his glance.

"Are you attempting to threaten us?" she challenged.

"No, baby, I'm not threatenin' you," was the insolently deliberate reply. "I'm jus' speakin' firm but friendly-like. And the sooner you turn back the better."

Kemp's surrender to that ultimatum was a distinct disappointment to the girl in the waders.

"All right," he said. And without further argument he took Allie's hand, swung about, and went slushing silently downstream. They plodded on, conscious of the silent figure regarding them, until they rounded the first bend.

"Why did you turn back?" asked the indignant girl.

"Who's turning back?" countered Kemp.

Their glances, as they stood face to face, locked together. The frown that had clouded the girl's brow cleared away.

"That's great," she said, quite simply.

"It's getting worth while," agreed Kemp. "We'll circle around him."

"Did you notice that funny-looking drum on his rifle?" Allie asked as they clambered up the bank.

"That," said her companion with an effort at indifference, "was a submachine gun."

"Hot dog!" said Allie, a little out of breath from climbing.

"Don't talk," warned Kemp, as they pushed their way cautiously up through an alder thicket. And they remained silent as Apaches as they effected a discreetly wide detour, keeping well under cover as they went, and once more swung down to their stream.

THEN Kemp came to a sudden stop. He stood looking at a ditch that debouched into their trout stream. It was a man-made ditch, flowing with a small but steady current of discolored water. He stooped and thrust his hand into what looked like a brownish-yellow sand bank, lifting out a viscid mass which he sniffed at, and then washed from his fingers.

"I thought so," he observed.

"What is it?" asked the girl.

Kemp, instead of answering that question, crawled cautiously up the shallow stream-bank, parted a fringe of raspberry canes, and studied a huge barn that stood in a hollow between the wooded hills.

"What is it?" repeated the girl as she clambered up beside him.

"It's the answer," he told her, "to what's spoiling our trout fishing."

"What's the answer?" persisted the puzzled girl.

"That," said Kemp, pointing to the brownish-yellow sand bank. "It's sour mash refuse."

"Sour mash?" she repeated.

"Yes, from fermentation vats." He showed her the lonely-looking barn in the lonely-looking hollow. "That building over there is a place where bootleggers make illicit alcohol."

"Are you sure?" she questioned.

"It's certainly not a shoe factory," asserted Kemp.

"But it looks absolutely deserted."

"Deserted?" cried Kemp. "Don't you see that sheet-iron vent pipe coming out from under the eaves there? And the smoke curling away from it? And that truck trail winding down between the hills?"

She saw all of these, in time, her eyes widening with excitement.

"What are we going to do?" she asked.

Kemp had to confess that he didn't quite know. "But I'd like to get a look inside that barn."

"Why?" asked the girl.

"To confirm my facts," replied the man of law.

SHE returned, with mounting disapproval, to a study of the building.

"There's a man there," she whispered.

Kemp, peering through the raspberry canes, saw the man. He was long-armed, like a gorilla, and singularly thick of shoulder. He wore a vest and a fedora, and he was indifferently smoking a cigar as he indifferently circled the barn.

"Be careful," warned the girl.

"There's likely to be more than one of them," Kemp meditated aloud.

"Then you mustn't go up there," proclaimed his companion. "At least, not alone. If they're outlaws, running a still, they'd certainly give you a royal welcome. They're always killing somebody."

"I'm not afraid of them."

"Of course you're not. But I'd much rather have you alive."

"Then what are we going to do?" he demanded.

The answer did not come from the girl at his side. It came from behind him. And it came in a voice barbed with venom:

"You're goin' to stay jus' where you are."

It was their old friend from downstream, the saturnine-faced man with the submachine gun.

"Oh, no," he quickly cautioned, "don't move."

Kemp, looking into the menacing metal O, remained where he was.

"Be careful with that thing," cried the girl. "It might go off."

"Sure, it might," mocked her captor. Yet he surprised Kemp, a moment later, by grounding the weapon. But any relief stemming from that action was brief, for the intruder, with a quick and casual movement of his right hand, produced a dark-metaled revolver from under his coat-flap.

"Stand up, both of you," he commanded.

"I prefer staying where I am," said the resentful-eyed girl. She even showed her scorn for Kemp, who rose slowly to his feet.

"Stand up," barked her captor.

"Why should I?" objected the girl. "I don't see that I've—"

Her speech was cut short by the repeated thunder of the firearm. The double

report split the silence of the quiet valley-side, echoing up to the outer hills. Their enemy had fired two shots into the sand bank.

"You jus' wouldn't listen to reason, would you?" that enemy was saying, with a glance towards the barn in the hollow.

And Kemp, glancing over his shoulder, awakened to the fact that the revolver-shots had been a deliberate call for help, for, hurrying out from the building, came the thick-set man who had earlier circled the barn. That second man came to a stop, in the evening shadows, as he caught sight of the trio in the trampled-down raspberry canes.

"What've you got here, Slim?" he casually inquired.

"Two bull-headed rubbernecks, jus' set on committin' suicide."

The thick-set man refused to show surprise.

"Just what're you lookin' for?" he questioned.

"We were fishing for trout," Kemp said.

"And did you get what you were after?"

"We did," answered the girl.

"And what was that?"

"The knowledge," she answered before Kemp could stop her, "that you're running a still here."

THAT statement brought a new grimness to the swarthy face considering her.

"You two married?" he curtly inquired.

"Of course not," answered the girl.

"That's just too bad," he said, with his sardonic smile.

"Why?" demanded Kemp.

"Because you're sure goin' on a honeymoon," was the altogether unexpected reply.

"What does that mean?" challenged the girl.

"You'll find out when the time comes," retorted her captor. He turned to his confederate. "Take 'em up to the shack, Slim. And if they duck for a get-away, give 'em the works."

"Okay," said the man with the revolver. The barrel-end prodded unpleasantly against Kemp's ribs. "Git movin'," was the curt command.

They moved forward, walking measured step by step across the evening meadow slope. The man called Slim walked close behind them, his pot-bellied rifle balanced on his left shoulder, his black-metaled revolver balanced in his right hand. And behind him again, equally vigilant, walked the thick-set man with arms like a gorilla's.

They did not, as Kemp had expected, go to the barn. They were herded along the winding wagon-trail up through the hills, where they came, in time, to what looked like a hunter's cabin in a clearing.

"Get inside," commanded the man who looked like a gorilla.

Kemp felt that it was time to take his stand.

"I want to talk to you," he said.

"It's too late for talkin'," retorted his captor.

"What happens to me," persisted the solemn-eyed Kemp, "may not be of much consequence. But it's different with this girl. You've got to let her go."

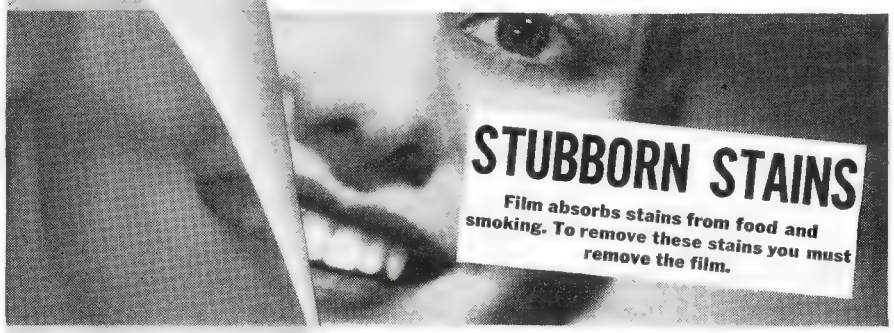
"Go where?" casually inquired their enemy.

"Back to her home, of course."

The other's laugh was brief and caustic.

"Sure she'll go back t' her home. But

BLEEDING GUMS
Film combines with minerals in the saliva ..to form hard, sharp deposits, which may cause soreness and bleeding of the gums.



FILM on teeth may invite all three

Remove film this safe, sure way as only the special "film-removing tooth paste" does

SCIENCE issues a warning . . . that the fate of your teeth may rest on what you do to remove film! Dare you risk ineffective methods when film may lead to such serious consequences? Can you afford to trust precious tooth enamel to any but a special film-removing dentifrice?

21 years ago a group of men discovered a scientific fact known to comparatively few—*that film should be removed* if teeth are to be kept clean and sound, if gums are to remain healthy.

A special formula was devised. Since then it has been constantly improved with one thought in mind: to remove film *safely*. Today, Pepsodent is known as the "special film-removing tooth paste." It has been proved unexcelled in the way it removes the film that glues decay germs to teeth. Millions know how it polishes teeth to natural brilliance.

Other dentifrices may promise film-removing action. But are they equally effective? *Can these other kinds remove film with the same safety?*

Pepsodent is SAFE—*effective*

In fair and unbiased laboratory tests, it was shown that Pepsodent's special polishing material was the softest—and therefore *safest* . . . of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 leading tooth powders. Pepsodent contains no grit, nothing to harm the teeth.

Use Pepsodent Tooth Paste twice a day; see your dentist at least twice a year.

10% more Pepsodent
in the new tube—dealers are selling it at
a new low price!
YOU GET MORE! YOU PAY LESS!

PEPSODENT *the Special Film-Removing Dentifrice*

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

whose constipation miseries vanished in one week when she found this safe, simple method

"WHEN little Junior was born on my birthday three months ago," writes Mrs. C. E. Nuniviller of 548 East Columbus Street, Bellefontaine, Ohio, "I thought my joys were complete, but soon I became nervous, constipated, the pain in my side was terrible, my abdomen was swollen to twice its size, gas crowded my heart. I could not eat or sleep, sick headaches would come on with the slightest exertion. I thought it was the beginning of some terrible disease. The baby too became constipated, irritable; he did not gain as he should.

"Then I thought of the way my mother taught me, the *Nujol Way*. Within a week the whole world changed for me. Nujol did not only regulate but healed and strengthened me. The pain in my side disappeared, no more headaches. The baby is his old sunny self again and is two pounds overweight.

"You can see by the picture (of the baby and myself) we are a happy contented lot. Thanks to Nujol."

Now, if constipation is making the whole world seem wrong for you, change to Nujol!

Not a laxative—Nujol is a colorless, tasteless liquid which acts as an aid to Nature by softening the waste matter and easing its passage through the bowels. Nujol contains no drugs, it never gripes, never creates violent or exhausting disturbances. You can take it every day and never worry about becoming a victim of the "laxative habit."

Begin today following the directions on the Nujol bottle. It may make an amazing difference in your life. Once you gain relief from constipation, you'll find you're able to work better.

Nujol has solved the problem for millions—once you try it, you'll never want to go back to harsh laxatives again. Nujol, "regular as clockwork," now comes in two forms: plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for the past ten years, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Inc., 2 Park Avenue, Dept. AA-16, New York City.

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she'll go when I say so, and not before."

The girl, as the second outlaw unlocked and opened the door, turned on the man in the fedora.

"What are you going to do to *him?*" she demanded, indicating her companion of the trout stream.

"If he doesn't listen t' reason," was the prompt reply, "I'll sure take him for a sleighride."

Kemp faced him without flinching.

"That won't get you far," he proclaimed.

"I know jus' what I'm doin'," proclaimed the other.

"So will the state police," Kemp was foolish enough to assert, "inside of twelve hours."

He said it bravely enough. But men of that breed, he remembered, could be rather ruthless. They had little respect for either law or life. There was, in fact, something not at all to his liking in the face of the gorilla-armed man, who, with an unexpectedly quick movement, jerked Kemp's creel from its owner's shoulder, glanced contemptuously inside, and tossed the wicker basket out the door.

"Take off your shoes," he commanded. "And that means both o' you."

The girl's eyes questioned her companion. Her face even clouded a little as Kemp, after a moment of thought, silently nodded his head. Her frown deepened as her fellow-captive sat meekly down on the floor and began to unlace his shoes. But his eyes, as he did so, were quietly studying the cabin. It was empty, except for a maple table, small and scarred, against the end wall. In one side wall was a smoke-stained fireplace of field stone. In the other side wall was an oblong window, high above the floor, screened with metal mesh. Beyond that the room was disappointingly empty.

Kemp's attention went back to his companion. The gorilla-man, plainly resenting her lack of response, had sent her, with a sudden insolent push, staggering against the fireplace stonework.

"Take off those shoes," he barked.

Kemp could hear her broken gasp of indignation. He could also see the insurrectionary fire in her eye as she subsided on the cabin floor beside him. But, without further protest, she began unlacing the heavy wading-shoes.

"I don't suppose it makes much difference," said the girl as their enemy took possession of the footwear, "but I happen to be extremely thirsty."

"Slim," their captor called out over his shoulder, "fetch a pitcher o' water. And that haulin' chain with the two snap-locks from under my car seat."

KEMP rose slowly to his feet.

"I expect you," he said with what dignity he could command, "to treat this young lady with respect."

The gorilla-armed man's laugh was in the nature of a challenge.

"Watch me," he retorted as he took a length of steel chain from his returned confederate. With altogether unlooked-for celerity he swung one end of the chain about Kemp's ankle, securing it there with the snap of a thick-metaled padlock. It was as he turned to repeat the operation on the more slender ankle of Allie Sencourt that Kemp suddenly saw red. He lunged forward and grappled with his enemy.

But, from the first, it was a hopeless fight, an unthinking eruption of violence that led to no good end. It merely resulted in a minute or two of manhandling, followed by a bruised skull and a period of inertia during which Kemp remained only vaguely interested in the things about him. When his brain cleared he found Allie Sencourt stooping over him, moistening his throbbing temple with water from a ridiculously small handkerchief.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

He decided, in time, that he was. He saw, for the first time, that the chain padlocked so closely about his ankle was also attached to the ankle of his companion. They were linked together in ignominious intimacy, like two farm fowls destined for a market stall. And their captivity had been made complete, he saw, by the fact that the chain had been passed through a heavy iron ring, presumably to support a potcrane, set in the masonry of the fireplace arch.

"Where are they?" Kemp asked.

"They've gone," said Allie, as she leaned forward to ease the tug of the steel links that pressed into her ankle bone.

HIS morose eye studied the empty room. Then, in the uncertain light, he examined the padlock just above his ankle bone, and the stout links of the chain, and the iron ring so firmly embedded in cement. He studied and tested each, in turn, and found nothing on which to base any hope.

"I'm glad you're here," said the girl, out of the silence that had fallen over them.

Kemp stiffened his shoulders.

"They'll think I'm drowned," she murmured.

"That's fine," asserted Kemp, whose abstracted finger had been exploring a darker slab of granite incorporated in the fireplace masonry beside him.

"Thank you," Allie retorted in a voice edged with ice.

"I mean," explained Kemp, "that once you're missed you'll be hunted for. They'll find us, of course. But we can't sit back and wait for them."

"What can we do?" asked the girl.

"I don't know yet," said Kemp. "But there's always a way."

That, he remembered, was his business in life, to devise escapes from predicaments, to use the brains that God had given him and meditate his way out of an impasse. And he had no intention of being beaten by a bootlegger.

He reëxamined the chain and ring and padlocks. He studied the empty room, wall by wall, from the fireplace masonry to the oblong window, from the locked door to the old maple table well beyond their extended finger tips. And for the second time his gaze went back to the granite slab in the masonry.

"I want that table," he suddenly announced.

"It's out of reach," she reminded him.

"Only temporarily," he corrected.

"But how'll you get it?"

"Since we're fishermen," he proclaimed, "we'll fish for it. Could I have those flies and leaders from your hat-brim?"

When, in silence, she passed the hat itself over to him, he doubled the leaders and knotted them together. To the end of them he attached a cat's claw of feathered hooks. Then, straining out to the extreme limit of his chain, he began to cast for the nearest table leg.

"I'm better at that," said the girl behind him.

"I'll manage," maintained Kemp, intent on his own ends.

But his first efforts were not successful. On his fourth cast, however, one of the hook-barbs bit and held in the wood. Slowly and guardedly he pulled in on his line. Then, inch by inch, he maneuvered his strange catch to a landing. He breathed easier when he was able to reach out and take possession of the table. And he grunted with satisfaction when he was finally able to turn it over on the floor beside him.

As he had hoped, each embedded leg-top was held against the crosspieces by an iron bolt. The nut on one of these was loose enough to be turned by hand. With the binding bolt removed, he was able to wrench and twist the leg free. That leg, he explained, was a mallet and the bolt was a chisel. And with such a mallet and chisel he could remove the slab of granite from the fireplace masonry.

"And then what?" asked the girl.

With the serrated edge of his granite slab, he proclaimed, he could eventually saw through one of the chain links and release the two of them from their anchorage there.

"What's more," he said, as he balanced the thick-wooded table-leg in his hands, "this makes a mighty good war club."

HE POUNDED and pecked for a long time at the sullen masonry. And the granite slab, when released, was neither light in weight nor easy to handle. But it had what might be called a cutting edge. He could see how it abraded away the metal of a chain link held close against the table-leg.

Yet to weaken that link, so that it could be snapped asunder by his table bolt, required an unconscionable amount of sawing. The watching girl found her lids drooping. The monotonous sound of stone rasping on metal made her drowsy. But she was wakeful enough when, in the end, the link was pried open and the ruptured chain fell free of the ring.

"That should help," said Kemp, wiping his wet face.

The knowledge that she was able to move about again brought with it a renewing sense of personal dignity. She felt less like an animal chained to a stake. Then she wondered why Kemp was kneeling before her in the growing darkness.

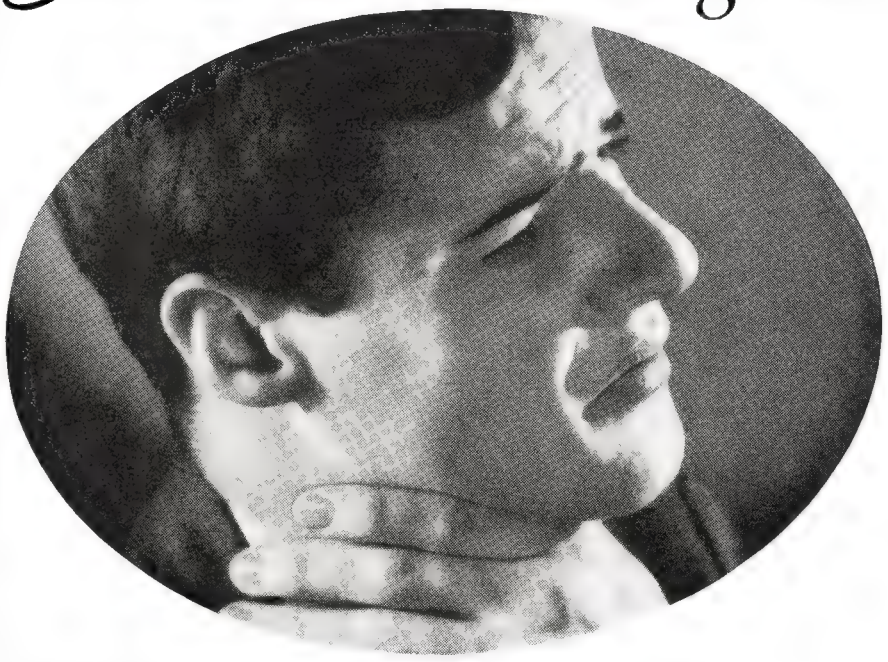
He was, she saw, wrapping the chain-end still padlocked to her ankle closely about her leg. It hung there, when he tied it in place with one of the leaders, like a barbaric amulet. He could not be sure, as he knelt before her, if it was purely an accident that her hand should rest lightly on his bowed head. But he nursed the hope, before turning to wrap his own chain-end about his ankle, that that contact was something more than a blind groping for support.

He tried the door, and found it locked. So he moved the three-legged table close in to the wall under the window, mounted it, and explored the edges of the metal mesh. Then he stood suddenly arrested, in an attitude of listening.

"What is it?" whispered the girl.

He slipped down from the table. Instead of answering her question he swung her behind him as he pressed close in

Soothes as it kills the germs



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And, at the same time, Solution S. T. 37 is killing every disease germ it touches. Solution S. T. 37 is stronger even than carbolic acid in any usable solution, yet it is entirely safe even if swallowed.

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against the wall next to the door frame. The table-leg, she knew, he held poised high in his two hands. She could feel the flexing of his shoulder muscles as a key grated in the lock.

It was as the door swung open, at the same time that the beam of a flashlight stabbed the darkness, that the waiting table-leg descended. It descended with such force that the man holding the flashlight went down like a clouted rabbit. Kemp was on him, like a catamount, calling out for the girl to pick up the light.

"Now take that revolver from his pocket," gasped Kemp as he removed the prostrate man's belt from his waist. "And if anybody comes, kill 'em."

The girl, as she stood in the doorway, could see that Kemp was trussing the unconscious man's hands behind his back. Then he dragged the denim trousers from the still inert legs, tore them into four long strips, knotted them together, and with them securely bound his enemy's ankles.

Then, having turned over their quietly moaning prisoner, he saw that it was the man called Slim. This seemed a disappointment to Kemp. But it was only momentary.

"Let's get along," he said to the girl in the doorway.

"Hadn't you better take this?" she asked, feeling for him in the darkness. It was the revolver, he realized, that she was pressing into his hand. He pocketed it, leaving his right hand free to hold the flashlight.

"Wait," he said in a whisper, as they stopped at a turn in the path.

Out of the blackness emerged a deeper blackness. When the girl heard a sound, half grunt and half gasp, she knew that moving shadow was a man, a man breathing hard.

"Stick 'em up!" cried Kemp, with altogether unexpected ferocity. His revolver end, where the flash flowered in the darkness, advanced until it pressed against a protuberant vest-front. "Don't move, or you're a dead man."

The chest behind the vest front continued to heave and pump, but the gorilla-like arms went slowly upward.

"Get his gun," commanded Kemp.

THE girl, stepping closer, reached into the bulging side pocket. It was as her fingers found and clutched at the automatic that the gorilla-armed man decided to take his chance. He did so by exploding into action. With a quick body-thrust he sent the girl toppling back against Kemp, whose hand went out to keep her from falling. She still clung stubbornly to the automatic. But that hiatus of confusion gave their enemy his moment. He ducked low and went crashing through the underbrush, intent on escape. Twice Kemp's revolver barked ineffectually in the darkness. The third shot was followed by a howl of pain.

"Have you killed him?" asked Allie Sencourt as she groped after her companion.

He was bending over a blasphemously voluble figure on the ground, a figure with two thick hands clasped about a reddened shinbone.

"Winged him," said Kemp, quite without emotion. "That'll anchor him where we want him until the state troopers come."

"What state troopers?" asked the girl.

"The ones we're going to summon," answered Kemp.

"When?" questioned his companion.

"When we get out to a motor road." He reached for her hand in the darkness. "Do you think you can make it?"

She failed to answer him, at the moment, for it was not easy to grope and feel their way back to the path. But Kemp was conscious of her tightened grip on his hand.

"You know," she finally said, "you've been rather wonderful."

Kemp turned on the light and studied the rutted trail at their feet.

"Here's the wagon road," he explained. "That ought to lead somewhere."

It would lead, he remembered, back to a world of order and security, to a world where there would be no golden-throated girl to press close to one's side in the velvety darkness of an embattled midnight.

"I don't want to start back," he found the courage to say, "until you promise me something."

"What?" she asked, a little closer to him in the darkness.

The answer to that question, it must be recorded, was not expressed through the clumsy and inadequate medium of words. . . .

THE high-shouldered misanthrope who presided over the lonely little hot-dog stand at Hillboro Corners was about to lock up for the night when a strange-looking couple wandered into the island of light that encircled his gas pump. The woman wore waders and was without shoes, and festooned about one ankle she carried a length of steel chain, singularly like the amulet of a Fiji Islander. The man, who looked both tired and unkempt, was also adorned with numerous coils of metal, which clinked musically as he walked in his stocking feet.

"Got a telephone?" that metal-laden stranger curtly inquired.

"Sure," answered the stand owner, with an indifferent thumb-jerk over his shoulder.

The newcomer promptly clinked his way into the booth.

"What have you to eat here?" asked the young woman, who, for all the abraded waders and the shadows under her eyes, seemed not unsatisfied with life in general.

"I'm pretty well sold out tonight," admitted the high-shouldered man, "except for ice cream."

The girl moistened her lips.

"I think we'll take two quarts," she said, with a hungry light in her eye.

Her misanthropic host tarried to look over the torn waders.

"Been fishing?" he sardonically inquired.

"We have," acknowledged the girl.

"Catch anything?" he asked as he rounded his counter.

"Yes," was the slightly retarded reply, "we caught a still."

"Is that all?" the other ventured, with purely ironic intent.

The girl's face softened as the chain-bearer at the telephone turned back to her. "And something much nicer," she added, with a smile that washed the weariness off her face.

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Don't go near the water

(Continued from page 54)

A. Edison." The girl pointed a thumb at her sullen companion. "He knows everything."

Division of labor ensued. The bitter-spoken girl was pulled aboard the larger boat, where the twins administered restoratives and cosmetics. Tink went down into the crippled boat with some tools to see what was the matter with its motor, while Jane and June parked their guest on the cushioned seat and pumped her for information.

Her name was Betty McBride. She lived in New York, and wished she had stayed there. The mechanical genius went under the name of Karl Pritchett.

She and this miserable object were fellow guests on an island off the Long Island shore bearing the improbable name of Reefer's Craigs, where the Stanley Fergusons had a summer home. The young people had been getting on very well indeed up until today, when the so-called Karl Pritchett had lured her out into a motorboat on the pretense that he knew how to run one. After a couple of hours the engine stopped dead and they had been drifting helplessly out into the Sound ever since, for it was too deep to anchor. Bobbing around in the trough of the waves had made her seasick. No boats had come near enough to see their distress signal and the Fergusons had sent out no rescue party. They were facing the terrors of a night at sea in an open boat.

June saw everything clearly.

"He's a kidnapper, of course. This engine business was a fake. When it got dark he'd run you into a lonely cove where his gang is waiting and hold you for ransom. Thank goodness, we came along in time to save you. I hope the papers don't make heroines of us and print our pictures."

WHILE the twins were thus extracting entertainment from their refugee, the seagoing mechanic was poking a wrench and screw driver into the vitals of the Molasses. He found that a bearing had been burned out because of a faulty oil pump.

"You're out of luck, Karl. This is a shop job."

The young fellow asked Tink whether he would tow the cripple to its home at Reefer's Craigs.

"It's in that direction." Karl's wave was vague. "I'll recognize it when we get near. We can make it before dark."

Tink did not like the idea, but one can-

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BEFORE you take *any* preparation you don't know all about, for the relief of headaches; or the pains of rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia; ask your family doctor what he thinks about it — in comparison with Genuine Bayer Aspirin.

We say this because, before the discovery of Bayer Aspirin, most so-called "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians. *Some,* as bad for the stomach. And *others;* more pertinently; as bad for the heart.

As a result; the discovery of Bayer Aspirin largely changed medical practice, throughout the world, in the treatment of common pains, headaches and colds. For, chiefly on doctors' advice, millions of people changed from old time remedies to Bayer Aspirin.

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not abandon mariners in the open sea.

So the Molasses was tied to the Jujania, with the dinghy bringing up the rear. Karl stayed in his boat to steer, with the rest of the party on board the larger vessel. As the sun lowered, it disappeared in haze.

"It would be just our luck to run into fog," growled Tink. "And I bet that bird doesn't know where we're heading."

"He doesn't know anything about anything," said Betty McBride.

A LONG time passed and no signs of recognition came from the Molasses; it was obvious that Karl was lost. The twilight was coming on fast because of the increasing mist, and Tink was frankly nervous. The Long Island shore was visible, but he was a stranger to this coast. When, therefore, a wooded island loomed up on the starboard quarter he decided to run in and look for shelter. What seemed to be the roof of a house was visible above the treetops at the high point of the island. If there was anybody there, they might get information. Otherwise they would anchor and spend the night.

The twins' delight was unbounded. Another one of their dearest wishes was coming true. They chattered happily about being cast ashore on this desert island.

"I'd rather be at home," said Betty, the wet blanket.

Tink turned on the searchlight and approached the island cautiously at low speed. No pier was visible but there was a sandy cove which looked like a safe landing place. Suddenly the progress of the boat was stopped as by an invisible hand. There was a faint scraping sound but no thud. The Jujania had run on a hidden sand bar.

Tink threw into reverse and tried to back off, but the boat did not budge. The Jujania had managed to wedge itself firmly in the sand.

"We'll row ashore in the dink," he told his crew. "If the tide is rising, we'll float pretty soon. If it's falling, we're stuck for the night."

He dropped the anchor, turned on the riding lights, put a flashlight in his pocket, and soon the five shipwrecked mariners stepped out upon the sand. The wet pebbles at the water's edge showed that the tide had been on the ebb for an hour or two. The Jujania would be stuck on the sand bar until flood tide tomorrow morning. The light showed another piece of bad news painted upon a board:

"Private property. No trespassing under penalty of the law. Elisha Wattleworth."

"We can't stay here and we can't leave," cried June gayly. "Boy! Are we in a jam!"

"Thing to do," said Tink, "is to go up and ask Elisha to let us stay all night on the island. If he won't, we'll have to park in the boat."

At this point Karl Pritchett, who had not covered himself with glory thus far, adopted the heroic rôle.

"Give me the flashlight, Tink. I'll go."

But the adventure-loving June invited herself to go along to exercise her girlish wiles upon Elisha.

The two disappeared up the wooded path, while the others waited in the misty darkness.

After what seemed a long time a light gleamed along the pathway, and a man came bearing a lantern and something else. The lantern he set down on the sand, but the something else he pointed at Tink, and it was unmistakably a shotgun.

"Stick 'em up," he said in a high quavering voice.

Tink instantly obeyed, but there was something ludicrous about the affair. The words were in the best underworld tradition, but this was a mild-mannered little spectacled man well along in years. Still, a nervous fellow with a shotgun is not to be taken lightly.

"Don't get careless with that thing, friend," said Tink. "We can explain everything."

"You'll have an op'tunity to," replied the gun-toter.

"I bet you're Mr. Waterworks," said Jane in what she thought was an ingratiating tone.

"The name is Wattleworth." He gave Jane a dirty look. "I s'pose you thought you was p'etty smart, lamming me with that stick and runnin' off to warn your confederites."

For the first time Betty found her voice:

"She's been with us all the time. It must have—"

A sharp kick in the ankle delivered by Jane terminated the sentence. The Baylor twins were always being mistaken for each other, sometimes to their entertainment and profit. All Betty did was to call attention to herself.

"A blond one, heh, heh." The discovery seemed to give Elisha keen satisfaction. "They said he might have a light-headed moll with him."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"I s'pose not," said E. Wattleworth with heavy irony. "Prob'ly you never even heard of Soft-Voiced Kelly."

"I've heard of him, of course, but I never saw him."

"Well, you'll see him now. All tied up in a passel and ready for d'livery. Now march along quietly, everybody."

"Come on, ladies," said Tink, picking up the lantern. "We'll straighten this out."

HE LED the way up the path, followed by Jane, Betty, and old Wattleworth. Tink blamed himself for letting Karl and June go on this errand. He might have known that they would make a mess of things. And what was this talk about Soft-Voiced Kelly, the notorious young bandit so ardently wanted by the police? Where did he come into the picture?

Jane had settled that matter already.

"Shiver my timbers!" she whispered. "We've picked up a gunman and his moll."

"Those kids!" Tink laughed.

Presently the procession reached a clearing, and the huge bulk of a house with dimly lighted windows loomed through the fog. The old gentleman opened the door, and ushered them into a large room inadequately lighted by a cheap oil lamp. The place was comfortably furnished, a cheery fire crackled on the hearth, and under happier circumstances it would have made a pleasant refuge for distressed mariners. But the first sight that met the eye was Karl bound hand and foot with clothesline upon a wooden chair. Facing him sat a small, thin, grim-looking woman of advanced years, holding incongruously a deadly automatic pistol. June Baylor was missing from this picture.

Still grasping the shotgun, Wattleworth

took the lantern from Tink and held it so as to illuminate his captive. Every eye in the room was focused upon the blinking Karl.

"Purty picture, ain't he?" Elisha addressed the blond moll. "I s'pose you never laid an eye on him before."

"Tell him who I am, Betty," Karl begged. "That thing might go off."

"All I know," said Betty icily, "is that I met him at Reefer's Craigs last week. He says his name is Karl Pritchett and he claims he's an electrical engineer."

Tink tried to introduce a reasonable note:

"Let's all sit down and talk it over quietly. If Mrs. Wattleworth will put away that gat our boy friend would feel—"

"Mrs. Wattleworth fiddlesticks!" cried the gunwoman. "I wouldn't marry that old booby if he were the last man on earth. And what's more, I'm going to leave this place tomorrow if I have to swim. No electric light, no supper, no hot water, and the house overrun with riffraff."

"Now, Miss Surbaugh," Elisha began. But at this point a pleasant middle-aged woman of ample girth hurried into the room with a candle in her hand and something on her mind.

"Listen, Elisha. I saw a girl with a white hat outside the kitchen window. I s'pose it's the one that hit you with—" She stopped suddenly and stared at Jane Baylor. "Oh, my soul's alive!" She disappeared instantly from the scene.

Tink and Jane exchanged faint smiles. At any rate, June was still in circulation.

ELISHA gathered his wits and returned to the attack:

"Where'd you say you met this party, young woman?"

"Reefer's Craigs. That's an island near here some place."

"'Tain't, nuther. I've lived here p'etty near four years and I never heard tell of it."

"It's Stanley Ferguson's place," said Karl.

"Never heard of him, nuther."

For the first time Tink was assailed by doubt. After all, what did he actually know about these young people? He now remembered that this Ferguson was supposed to have phone connection with the mainland.

"Have you got a telephone here?" he asked his host.

"Ignoramus!" snapped the violent old spinster.

Recovering from this attack, Tink briefly told his story of the rescue.

"Of course, I don't know this young fellow but he seems all right to me. What makes you think he's Kelly?"

"Because Kelly's known to be hiding out along this coast som'ers. The police have been out in powerboats two, three times. Kelly is a dark, skinny feller and he travels around with a blond party like her. 'Course, he's too slick to speak soft like Kelly does. We're s'posed to be on the lookout for him. So when I hear my dog bark I get my gun and go out. 'Course, I'm not such a booby's to carry a lantern. I tell this party to stick 'em up, and he does so, but this young wildcat whangs me with a limb and runs. Is that any way for folks to act if they come lookin' for shelter?"

"The girl was scared, I guess," said

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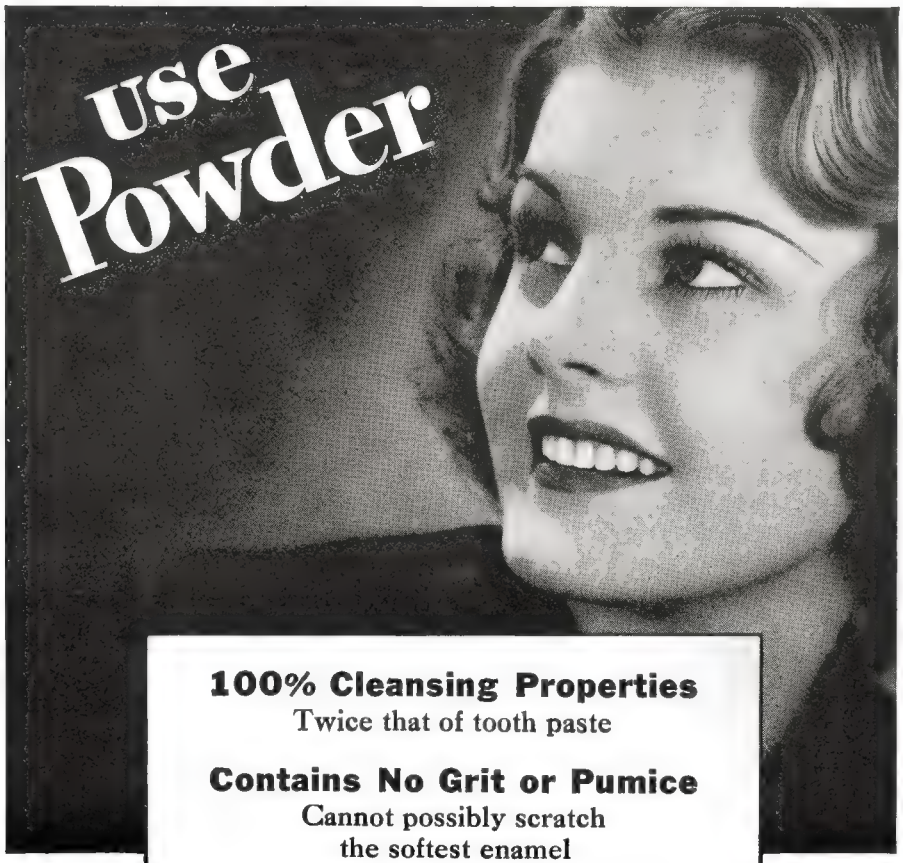

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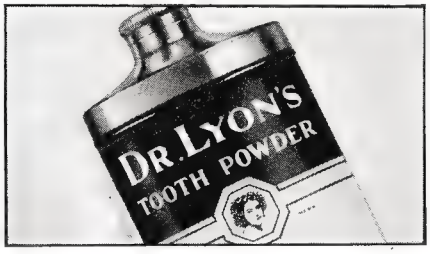

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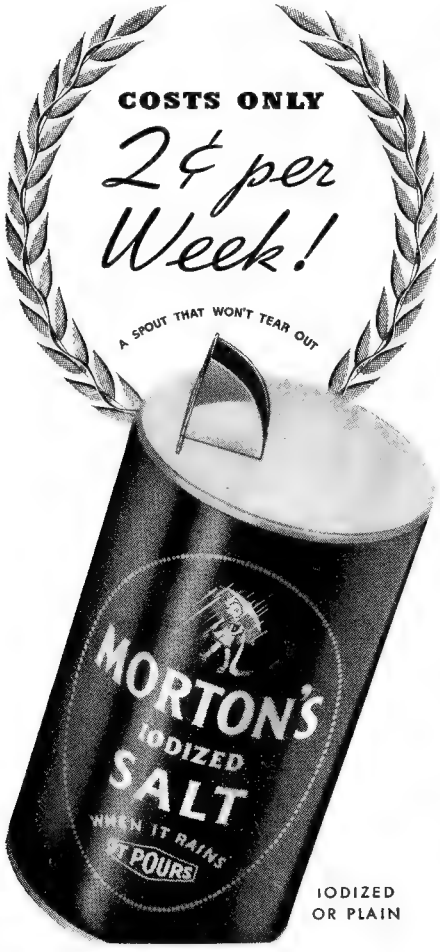

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WHEN IT RAINS • IT POURS

Tink. "But this couldn't be Kelly. He wouldn't run around unarmed."

"That's the p'int." Elisha's voice took on a note of triumph. "I found that there automatic in his coat pocket."

Again that dark suspicion crept into Tink's mind.

"How come you were packing a gun, Karl?"

"Ferguson lent it to me. The cops told him about Kelly, too."

"A likely story," snapped the gun-toting Miss Surbaugh, and indeed it did sound like a lame explanation.

Karl tried again:

"Ferguson said if I caught Kelly on his island he'd give me half."

"Half of what?" asked Tink.

"There's a reward of ten thousand offered by an insurance company on account of that armored car robbery in Brooklyn."

"I see." Tink turned to his host. "And you're after that."

"Heh, heh, heh."

"WHAT do you mean—heh, heh, heh?" Jane cried. "Who picked him up on the high seas and dragged him in?"

"You're pro'bly in cahoots with him, whangin' me with a stick and all. I'll have to hold the lot of you pris'ners for the night. In the morning I'll go ashore and bring out the officers. If I've made a mistake, you don't owe me nuthin' for the night's lodgin'."

"Ten thousand dollars!" Jane said dreamily. "Just think how much yacht we can buy with that money."

"Okay; we can't get away, anyhow," said Tink. "I wish there was some way of getting word to the Baylors. They'll be worried if we don't turn up tonight."

"They'll have the United States Navy out looking for us," said Jane.

"Can't help it," Elisha replied. "It's three miles to shore and very foggy."

"We might try Wixpig."

This remarkable statement came from the large woman, who had re-entered the room unobserved.

"Yes, we might, Emmy. . . . No, we can't, nuther. The current's gone off."

Elisha explained to the guests that he had an amateur broadcasting station in the house and he could generally pick up a young fellow on Long Island, Station WXPYG. But a couple of hours ago the domestic electric system had broken down from some unknown cause. Everything was out of commission—lights, radio, refrigerator, cookstove, and oil water heater.

"Is it run by a gas engine?" Forgetting that he was a prisoner, Tink sprang to his feet. "Let me have a look; that's my racket. Wait a minute—here's an idea." He pointed at Karl. "He claims to be an electrical engineer. Let him show us what he can do."

"Well, I dunno. If he's a des'prit crim'nal—"

"Oh, come on. Put the automatic in your pocket if you're afraid of monkey business."

The so-called Karl Pritchett was now untied, and the three men repaired to the cellar with the lantern. Tink first examined the gasoline motor and found that it responded promptly to its battery. The trouble was evidently in the dynamo. The specialists operated and found that the armature had burned out.

"That's a rewinding job, brother," Tink said. "You'll be lucky if you get it fixed in a week. Is that right, Tom Edison?"

"Yes, unless— There's one thing we might try. Sometimes it works and sometimes not, depending upon how badly the armature is shot." He made some careful adjustments of wires which even Tink did not thoroughly understand. Then he disconnected the switch leading to the house system.

"Stand back," he cried. "Let's go."

He threw in the motor. There was a splutter, then a blinding flash. Karl sprang forward and stopped the engine. Now he connected his wires in the normal way and again turned on the juice. This time there was a pleasing hum, he threw in the other switch, and the cellar bulb lighted up. Near by the motor of the water heater began to move. The electric system of the Wattleworth island home was functioning again.

"That's a new one on me," said Tink admiringly.

"I shorted the dynamo, and the heavy charge welded the wires together."

"Seems to me you took a chance on ruining the whole works."

"This bird took a chance on ruining mine, with that wild woman holding a rod on me."

"I'm much obliged to you for what you done," said Elisha to this electrical genius. "Still and all, it don't prove you're not Kelly. They say that Brooklyn robbery was a brainy piece of work. I wun't let that reward money slip through my fingers."

"Why, you bull-headed old—"

"Wait a minute, buddy," said Tink. "Let's see if we can get Mr. Wixpig on the short-wave set. Couldn't he do some telephoning for us?"

"Yes, he did one time when m'sister, Emmy, was took sick."

He led the way upstairs to the now well-lighted house, and the entire party gathered in the radio room. He sent out his call for Station WXPYG, but for a time he got no response.

"Mr. Wixpig," Emmy explained, "generally eats his supper—"

"Sh—"

A VOICE was coming in over the receiving set but it was not Wixpig. It was a police alarm from a Long Island station. It reported as missing Karl Pritchett and Betty McBride, who had disappeared in a motorboat from Stanley Ferguson's house on Reefer's Craigs, locally known as Sheep Pasture Island. The descriptions of the young people left no room for doubt.

"That makes an honest man out of you, Karl," said Tink.

"Yes, I s'pose it does," Elisha reluctantly admitted, as one who had just lost ten thousand dollars. "I heard tell some city feller had bought Sheep Pasture Island, but I didn't know he give it that crazy name."

"It's the only name I ever heard," Karl said.

"It's only six-eight miles from here. I'll tow you over in my powerboat in the morning."

"But what about us?" demanded Jane peevishly. "Who's broadcasting any alarms about us?"

"I guess they haven't missed us yet," Tink answered.

"I don't just know how to pick up the

police station," Elisha said, "but I'll get somebody."

He started his call again, and soon he was chatting with Mr. Wixpig, who had evidently finished his supper. The young man promptly telephoned the police station, and thus the Baylors and the Fergusons, all police stations, the Coast Guard, and possibly the United States Navy were assured that all was well. By the magic of radio, words passed over miles of foggy sea and the visitors were changed from prisoners to guests.

Apologies were exchanged and reconciliations held. Elisha gave Karl back his automatic.

"'Twan't loaded, anyhow. I tried it out the back window before I gave it to her." To Jane he said, "You hadn't oughta whanged me with a stick. Still, I guess you was scairtlike."

"If all is forgiven," said Jane, "it'll be safe to let her come in."

SHE went to the door and hoo-hooed into the darkness, and soon June dramatically appeared. The subsequent explanation was a great relief to Sister Emmy, who had begun to fear that she was seeing things at night. With her peace of mind and electric range restored, she set about the concoction of odorous clam chowder, sweet corn, scrambled eggs, and bluefish.

The twins, assisting, learned that she and her bachelor brother had sold out their shoe store in an inland Connecticut town four years ago to realize their lifelong dream of owning an island. They raised chickens and a kitchen garden, fished, dug clams, and took paying guests in the summer. Miss Henrietta Surbaugh, the only boarder just now, came year after year. She was difficult to please and frequently threatened to go home, but she paid well and they would hate to lose her.

"She's not so bad as long as we've got four hands at bridge," said Miss Wattleworth.

"Maybe we can scare up a game tonight," said Jane, "and get the old girl back in good humor. Betty can probably play. She must be good for *something*."

June went to inquire, but came back with the answer to another question:

"They're out on the porch forgiving and forgetting. I could see them through the window. Boy! Are they doing a thorough job!"

"I'll never forgive him," said Jane, "for turning out to be an honest man. We could have bought a fifty-foot cruiser."

The next morning the Jujania floated clear on the flood tide and all the inhabitants came down to see them off.

"We'll send you a lot of customers," said Jane in parting.

"We'll bring them over and turn them loose," her duplicate added. "Then Mr. Waterworks can run them in with a shotgun."

Later in the morning the three old salts were riding up the street of Blueport on their way home.

"We have made up Father's mind to buy this boat," said Jane.

"You'll have to give your approval, Tink. We need it in our new business," said June.

"What is your new business, June?" Tink asked.

"Catching Soft-Voiced Kelly."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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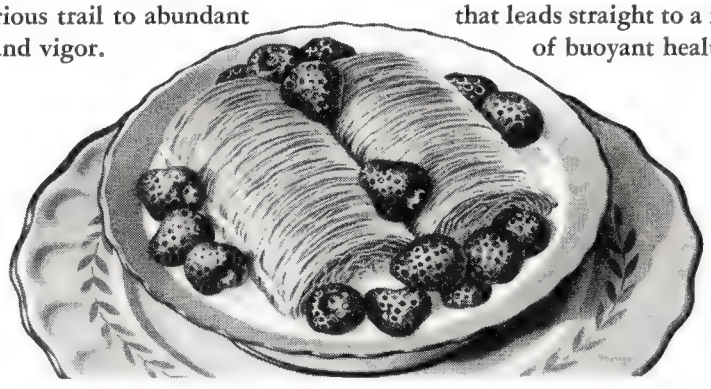

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Flying Phantom

(*Continued from page 25*)

night. It was always the same—a dead-black airplane diving out of the darkness to bomb and machine-gun—then a bandit attack. No one ever saw him in daylight.

Fear had woven so many legends about him that he'd become a supernatural ogre. The roar of his engine was the beast's howling, the exhaust flame was fire flashing from his eyes as he searched for Chinamen to kill. His slather ripped great holes wherever it fell, and his claws killed tens of men. There was no human element.

Bob and I divided these mutterings by ten and believed that occasionally some nit-witted Chinaman hopped across the country in an antiquated plane, tossed out a few homemade bombs, and scrammed.

He'd have to be killed quickly, though, so the soldiers would go into the province and fight. Bandits were blowing it nilly-willy about the landscape. Two thousand renegades were threatening Chinwangtao. Erho had been sacked by communists. Antung was in ruins. And La Ho Tse, the Old Rat of Shansi, the cruelest bandit butcher of them all, was just 40 li away with 3,000 men—closing on Lo-yang.

All Lo-yang had gathered its possessions and fled to the flying field for the first protection they'd had; 3,000 families were bivouacked beyond the hangars.

Bob and I held a conference with General Liu. We decided I'd take one squadron at dawn and search for the Ghost Lao Hoo. If we didn't flush him by noon, we'd move west and attack La Ho Tse. Bob's flying outfit and Liu's troops would guard Lo-yang and its canals in case the Ghost or the Old Rat got past us.

IT WAS midnight when we finished, and we turned in, while the distant wailing of the Chinese rose on the night wind. We were soon asleep. . . .

And then our hut leaped into the air and crashed into splinters!

I jumped up from the corner where I'd been blown and clawed through the wreckage. There was a second explosion and I was knocked to my knees. Then through semiconsciousness came the scream of an airplane in a dive.

It was the Black Ghost of Honan!

The compound was filled with writhing men and the packed earth was red as I tore for the hangar. The mechanics were in a corner wailing, and I had to beat one until he started cranking my engine.

Overhead, the Lao Hoo was raking us, and as he streaked across the buildings we could see his exhaust flame and the twin tongues of fire from his guns. My engine roared to life, and then I was in the air.

My first combat—and at night.

At a thousand feet a dark splotch crossed below me, and I rammed the throttle open and dived for him with both guns working. He whirled like a cobra; there was no sense or caution; we fought for the upper position—not daring to lose sight of each other's exhaust flame for an instant.

We came at each other head on, and the blazing muzzles of his guns stared me in the face, while the slugs from them snapped around my head. We nearly rammed. I tried every trick to get on his back, then tried for his belly. He shook me off and I lost sight of him, expecting every frantic second to feel his bullets stitch a red seam up my back.

I dodged in every direction. He'd pulled out. No use hunting him in the dark. At least the Ghost wasn't invincible—neither was he a nit-witted Chinaman in a jiloppy of a plane. The fiend could fly like lightning and his plane had everything.

I hadn't been on the ground thirty minutes when a messenger stumbled across the field gasping for breath—to tell us that the bandit La Ho Tse was closing on Lo-yang.

I assembled the pilots and gave them instructions for the attack. It was getting light. A quick handshake from Bob and a "Good luck, Pop," then we were racing across the field and into the air in a squadron Vee.

WITHIN fifteen minutes we arrived at the valley that would lead us to La Ho Tse. I signaled with my wings, and we dove low over the ground so the hills would cover our approach and shatter the sound waves from the engines.

We made a sharp turn in the throat of the valley and roared upon the bandits unexpectedly. They whirled around and looked up at us, too startled to run.

The first bomb landed with a wallop in the midst of several hundred men jammed around their supply wagons. Clods and men leaped into the air; the wagons disappeared. Eight more bombs struck with a murderous thump. The bandits who were able to run scrambled frantically, some staggered and fell.

One of our planes bolted and streaked for home, but Bo, a section leader, cut loose a burst and sent him crashing.

By now, the bandits able to reach cover were concentrating their machine guns on us. We formed a circle at 3,000 feet, with the planes nose to tail. I was the first to go down in a vertical dive, squinting along the gun sights. I could see machine guns trained on me. Men came in the line of the sights—the guns jibbered, and they sprawled. The plane was making 200 miles an hour, its propeller and guns shrieking like fiends. More men came in line, and again the guns chattered. Then out of the dive and up into the circle.

The fourth pilot to go down neared the end of his dive—and kept diving. "Pull up," I yelled crazily, but he crashed. A bandit gun had got him on the way down.

Another of our planes pulled off to one side, and when I closed on him I found it was Gee shot in the neck and covered with blood. I motioned for him to head for Lo-yang and the doctor.

By this time our ammunition had given out, so we left the wreckage below, and

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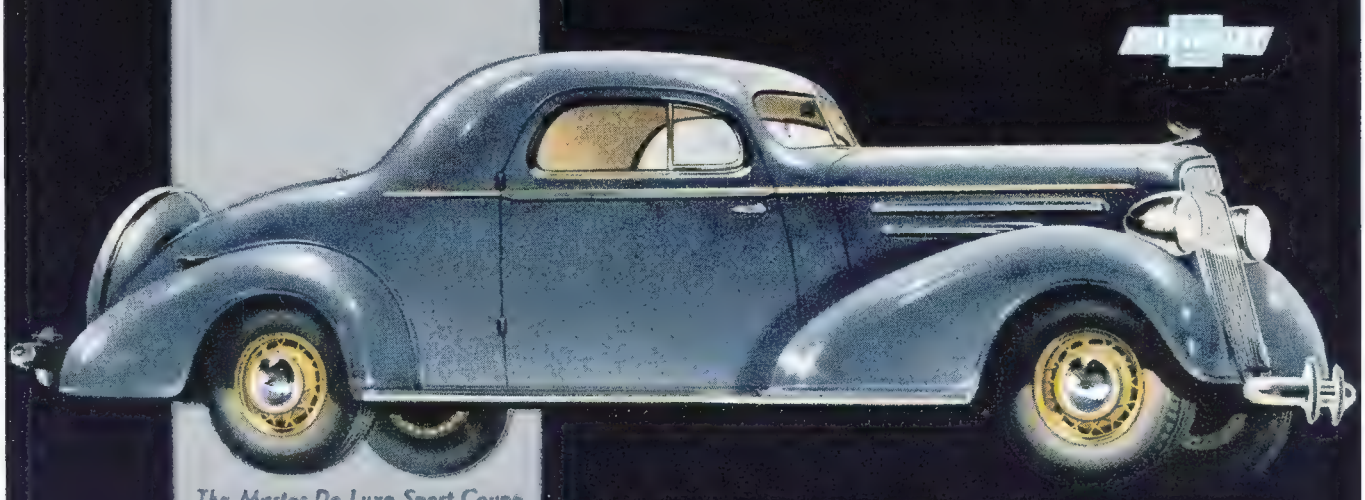

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the remaining five of us started for home.

The houses were blazing in Lo-yang and every street was splotched with the dead. Our planes had driven the bandits into the open and General Liu's infantry cut them down with rifles and knives.

Bob and I racked our brains that night for a way to stop the Ghost's clock. I was certain he was a white man, because the devil could fly too well to be a Chinaman. Bob was equally as positive that he was a foreign-born Chinese, arguing that no white man could sink low enough to fly in the pay of a bandit. If he were white, I didn't want to be in on his extermination.

At last we gave up. Both of us were dead tired and jittery.

NEXT morning, Bob took one squadron and flew east to see if La Ho Tse's bandits had attempted to reorganize. I got out a map and went to work trying to figure out where the Ghost based and what kind of machine he had. If I could settle that, I'd try to imagine how I'd do his dirty work. Then we might go after him systematically.

I finally decided that the 12-cylinder Vee engine he used was Italian—there was no mistaking the sound. A plane as fast as his couldn't carry much weight—those engines were heavy and he carried four 100-pound bombs. After allowing for errors in navigation at night, winds, and the fact that he had to detour from 30 to 50 miles in approaching and leaving us to cover the direction of his base, his radius couldn't be more than 100 miles. By eliminating the regions we flew in most and the heavily populated areas, his possible territory was cut to a triangle 100 miles long and 75 miles across the base.

We began a systematic search. By the end of October we'd cut the area to a 40-mile square. Any minute now we'd nab him. We were at 5,000 feet and climbing, when one of the boys waggled his wings and pointed down. In a moment I spotted wheel tracks on a flat strip at the bottom of a deep canyon, then his hut and hangar almost hidden by brush.

My first impulse was to bomb the place off the map, then land and see what we'd got; yet, what if we killed a white man?

We banked about for several minutes while I tried to make up my mind. Nothing showed below, and I was fairly sure he'd skipped—but he was a crafty cuss.

I landed, expecting any minute to be greeted by a machine gun, but there was no reception, so I carefully sneaked up behind a bank and looked into the hut. It was empty. I crawled to the hangar; it was empty, too.

Four shots from a .45 set a gas drum afire, and when it exploded the Ghost's home and hangar went up in flames. I wrote a note telling him if he were white to fly over our field with a rag tied to one of his struts—in daylight—and we'd wave him in. We'd pay his fare out of China if he wanted to go, but if he kept on fighting, he would be killed. I stuck the paper on a post out of reach of the fire.

It was late afternoon and comfortable up topside when we started home, so I scrooched down in my seat for a pleasant ride. The sky was cloudless, no place for that devil to hide and jump us.

The engine was snoring along comfortably and I was lighting a cigarette, when a burst of machine-gun fire crackled, and here came that wild hyena diving out of the sun with his guns blazing away at us.

The China boys scattered. About the only thing I could expect from them was a collision, anyway. The Ghost tied into me and we went at it. That black plane was everywhere except where I needed it worst—it was like trying to fight a cloud. He pulled up in an Immelmann turn and, when I followed, his plane rolled into an inverted turn and he blasted away at me upside down. I dived at him; he leveled off and zoomed out of range. When we closed again, he slid under my belly and gave me a two-gun Bronx cheer.

His flying tactics were like the thrusts of a rapier—or of a man who wanted to die and drag another along for company—tempered only with deadly precision, while mine were the crowding, plunging swings of a fighter who slugs, not for a cause but for $1,000 a month gold.

Suddenly he roared into a canyon with the three of us after him. We raced down one gorge and up another, twisting between cliffs where there was barely enough room to get through. The flight was too crazy and tortuous to get a shot at him.

How that devil could fly! He whipped through those gorges like a typhoon at nearly 200 miles an hour.

We plunged into a rock pocket that seemed to have no way out of it. It looked like he had us; if we couldn't zoom over the cliffs ahead it was curtains. He must have something up his sleeve; surely he wouldn't deliberately crash.

I didn't dare drop back for fear he'd swing and shoot me up or crowd me into a cliff, but I stood by to repeat whatever he did, and at the same time tried to wave off my other planes. The cliff was dead ahead, we were doing two hundred—too late to clear it now—then up he flashed in a half-loop, stayed on his back an instant, then rolled right side up from an inverted dive. I repeated to a split second. One boy got my signal and turned in time, but the other plowed into the cliff!

MY HEART was pounding the ribs off my wishbone when I closed on the Black One. Then he turned sharply and plunged into the only exit. I came into position, and he was dead in line as I cut in the gun switches and moved my fingers over the firing buttons. All I had to do was press the buttons and send him to his death.

Then he jerked his head around. . . . He was white!

I was too startled to shoot, and sat there gawking like a zebra while he got away.

He couldn't have seen my face, because it was partly obscured by the engine. We sat low so the cylinders would protect our head from bullets.

I pulled away and rejoined my other plane. We flew back to the pocket to look at the crash. Yuan had taken the "fiery ride," all right.

Jitters had settled over the pilots like fog in the timber. This was the first time Chinese had taken to the air in combat and they didn't like it.

I climbed over the field on the following morning and made radio contact with Hungjao airdrome at Shanghai, tapped out a request for a week's leave for my men, then cut in the receiver. "I'm sorry," the answer started. One swipe with my pistol butt wrecked the receiver. "Receiver

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out," I cut in. "Will be in Shanghai by dark." . . . I wanted to see Jania.

We landed at Hungjao with the whole Chinese staff howling around our ears. General Lew Lem, in charge of operations, squealed the loudest and logically accused us of disobeying orders. We hated his innards anyway. He was always bragging about his great aërial combats, but no one had ever seen him in an airplane.

The louder he got, the worse the rest became, until Bob swung on him and I got excited and flattened Pom Jung, the chief of staff. The rest scattered like rabbits. My man was out, and when I looked around Bob had his by the throat, and Lew's face was purple. I tried to pull Bob off. "Let me kill him, Pop," he begged. Arguing did no good, so I tapped Bob on the chin and dumped him into a staff car. We could get by with this monkey business because they'd have a hard time getting white men to replace us.

Four hours by airplane was all that separated Bob and me from death and disease in a hundred forms. Here there was quiet, luxury—and Jania. Time stood still, or at least day changed to night with no outward sign of its passing, and when I tried to tell her how happy I was, I got tongue-tied.

I WANTED to leave China and take her with me, but I didn't know how she'd be received in the States. Some people have an unbending intolerance that is akin to fanaticism—and Jania was Russian, and too good and lovely to be snubbed by any Main Streeters.

Sometimes I wasn't entirely sure of myself. In the cold logic of the day I could see a mail-flying job, home half the time, a modest car and house, then children—and anchored. This way Jania and I maintained our separate identities, and I could butt into other people's troubles without any weeping at home.

"No, Pop," she would say when we spoke of marriage. "Do not let us spoil this. Before we are too accustomed to each other you will find another war."

"But, Jania—"

"That is life, Pop. The loveliest things we cannot have, and people are better for longing. I would not be happy in your country."

These visits with Jania were the only links between Lo-yang and sanity. So much of being alive was jammed into the days and evenings. Bob and Ina, a friend of Jania's, joined up in the evening, and we prowled among Shanghai's night clubs.

On the fourth day we decided to shove off early the following morning; so the last night called for a roundup. The four of us went to Del Monte's, and earnestly went to work forgetting about tomorrow. Soon I discovered that Bob had spotted "Laddie," the wild young Britisher we'd come up with from Hong Kong.

Laddie joined us, and in less than an hour we'd all been put out of the place. He had lost some of his former high spirits, however. Something was plaguing him. I was tempted to ask if he needed help, then thought better of it. He was too British and proud to approach.

We left early Sunday morning, with the howls of the whole Chinese general staff in our ears and a bale of messages telling us what the bandits had done since we left.

On the way to Lo-yang I doped out a crude plan that I believed might trap our wild man. The result was two replicas of an airplane made from bamboo and cotton and colored just as our machines were painted. We planted these in a field. I had two of our pilots park their planes near by and told them to get into the air as soon as they heard the Phantom's engine and to circle the bait as though waiting for the two fakes to take off. I would sit at 15,000 feet and when the Phantom bit, if they didn't get him, I'd try. I hoped like fury that one of the Chinese would get him, since I'd found out he was white.

On the second morning I was about to give up, when the two decoys took off and began circling the field. I rolled onto my side and soon spotted the Ghost. He was at 10,000 feet diving at the bait. I gulped a load of air and dived for him. He was closing on the other planes. It all lay on my gun sights like a miniature stage set. The three were at it hammer and tongs.

I ripped across the Ghost's back, letting drive with my guns, but missed. He ignored me and swung broadside at one of the others. The lad gave ground and sidewiped his partner, their wings locked, and both bailed out.

For a moment the Ghost let down his guard and I had him covered. It looked as if this was the end of the Black One. At fifty feet I opened fire. The bullets ripped into his tail and crept up to the cockpit. Two inches to go, and the clatter of my guns stopped—out of ammunition!

The Phantom deliberately swung wide and came for me. My only hope lay in outmaneuvering him until I could slide another belt of cartridges into the gun breech. There wasn't much of a future in it for me. He had no worries. All he had to do was choose his time and blast me out of the air—unless I could get that belt in.

He tried for my tail, and I Immelmanned out of range. He repeated, but fell short, giving me a chance to close in. No matter what he did I hung on like a tattoo mark. I kept saying, "Don't be yellow. Don't look scared to death when they find you konked."

OUR flying circus lasted about ten minutes, and during the wild flopping I kept trying to get a belt in one gun. I nearly had it once, and during a mad scramble to latch it he shook me and got under my belly. A burst ripped through the cockpit floor, tearing my instrument panel to pieces. Oil and gasoline spurted over my chest and legs from the broken pressure gauges—then I got that belt latched.

We parried and thrust, dived and howled among the mountaintops like a pair of drunken lumberjacks.

I got on his back and put a burst into his top wing. Fabric and bits of wood flew back in the propeller blast. He managed to squirm away and dodge into a canyon.

"Not this time, black luck," I yelled to myself. "I played one game of tag with you."

I clawed for altitude and watched his plane streak away.

Bob's squadron was on the field when I got back. They'd routed a band of 5,000 communists near Erho. Two of the pilots were shot up and Bob had a small flesh wound on his right leg.

It rained hard that night and toward morning it came down in torrents.

"Gin Fizz," the cook, clucked around

the place jabbering in Chinese. Once he looked at me and shouted, "Amelican fly clazy foolo." Poor old Gin Fizz took it on the chin. If the food was good, which it seldom was, we told him it was terrible and when it was terrible we threw it at him.

There was too much water on the field that day for flight operations, so we spent the time in the hut.

"We're just a coupla suckers," said Bob.

I knew it, too, and was fed up with the mess.

We weren't braver or any more scared than anyone else, just crazier. A few months ago La Ho Tse, Lo-yang, and Lao Hoo had been just names.

Four of us started out early the next morning looking for my pal, the Ghost.

I was flying along minding my business, with one eye peeled for the Evil One. I was half full of malaria and mighty lonesome for some white folks. A mule train was plodding along a trail raising a cloud of brown-red dust, and, when I turned to watch them, out of the corner of one eye I saw that black son-of-a-gun.

MY PLANES widened out and we went for him. One caught a burst in his gas tank and went down in flames.

For the first time I really wanted to get that hyena.

We ripped back and forth across the sky like fiends sparring for a jugular vein. Neither was conscious of position or height until I got on his back and crowded him into a vertical dive. Every ounce of power was on the engine; we were screaming earthward at terrific speed. I couldn't get my sights on him. He pulled up in a vertical zoom and I clung to him, then for a second he came in line. Chong charged in from the side and we both fired. His plane fell off and flopped crazily. Chong closed and I tried to wave him off, but he blasted him again. The Ghost slumped against the instrument panel. His plane headed toward a level spot; he was trying to land it. Then the wheels bounced off a hummock, flipped him into the air, and over on his back. I cut my gun and landed.

I ran to the crash and jerked part of the top wing off the cockpit.

It was Laddie.

"Hurt badly?" I gasped.

"Yes, a bit," he answered weakly, looking at me. Then: "My God, Pop—didn't even—know—there was a—white man in here."

"Where are you hit?"

"One of the—bad—ones," he answered. "Guess I'm outbound."

I pulled open his jacket. There was a bullet hole over his right lung—on Chong's side of the fight.

"You can make it. You've got to."

I got the first-aid kit from my plane and put a compress over the wound.

"Tell me where you're from. This may be bad, Laddie," I begged.

"Can't—tell much. Royal flying—corps, disgraced myself—court-martialed. Came out—here—to get it. Please—don't say a word. Promise?"

"Sure, Laddie. It will be as you say."

"Was—it you—I led into—the canyon?"

"Yes."

"Had me—why didn't you shoot?"

"You turned around and I saw you were a white man."

"Awfully decent—old fellow. I thought

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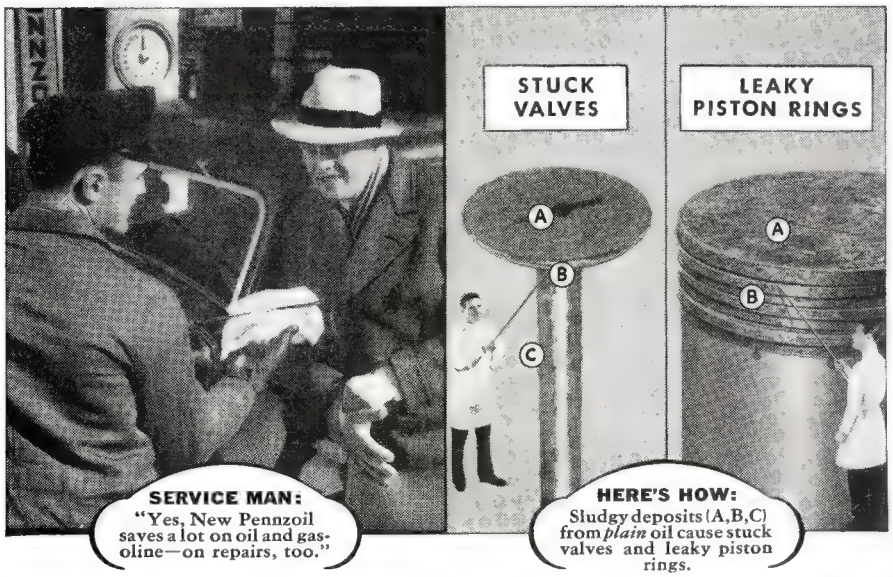
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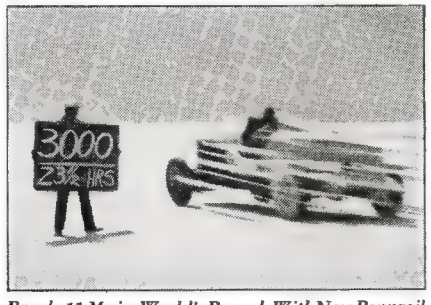

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—you were—Chinese. Couldn't understand why—you didn't—open up."

I held a whisky flask to his lips. The stimulant worked momentarily. He opened his eyes. "Better marry Jania, Pop, and get—out—of—this—mess. You're—a good egg."

He smiled, then managed to say "Cheerio," and that was all.

The Black Ghost had taken off on his last flight.

I touched a match to the black plane. Flames leaped up, blazed, then died. . . .

THE ship breasted its way eastward, rising and falling deliberately in the swells. It was a day in early February, 1934. We were two days out of Shanghai, homeward bound.

Bob came down the deck and handed me an envelope, then left. It was a radiogram from Shanghai. The message read: "Instructions completed. Laddie buried today. Your friends from Hungjao flew over and dropped flowers on his grave. It was beautiful. I shall always love you, Pop, and my best thoughts go with you. Jania."

Cloud legions marched down the horizon toward eternity. A wisp floated over the moon's face. It was shaped like an airplane. That would be Laddie going up to join all the pilots who had preceded him. We'd meet there some day. No more fog or sleet, no more dead engines or whining bullets to sing a requiem. Just clear skies and a fast plane forever.

The Lao Hoo, the Black Ghost of Honan, was joining the squadrons of the dead.

Tent Show

(*Continued from page 43*)

come out. She would be carried out, a cripple, with her head smashed in and her ribs broken. And the crowd would still think it was a fake. He could understand, Collins could, people doing almost anything for a living; but that gypsy girl seemed to actually like wrestling that bear.

Just then Pietro passed by, following a large woman whose half-open handbag was dangling from a little brass chain on her wrist. Collins put his foot out. Pietro stumbled and was about to sprawl on the ground when Collins jerked him up on his feet and grinned at him.

"Have a cold drink. It will cool you off."

"Don't want your drink," Pietro screamed, trying to get away.

"Just a minute, brother. Don't like to see you taken by the state police today. It will give the whole fair a black eye; see? You're just out of jail, aren't you? We all know. You got a tough break. So stay here and have a drink on me."

PIETRO smiled a sickly smile. Malva was making money. The two fortune tellers, her sister and her mother, were doing well. And now that fool *gorgio* was wasting his time.

"What is she to you—sister?" Collins asked, pointing in Malva's direction.

"What is that to you?" Pietro countered angrily.

"Nothing. Just so as to know. Great act she put up with that bear. Some day she'll get you in that cage and kill you, and would I like to see it!"

The look in Pietro's eyes and the tone of his voice had told Collins that Malva wasn't his sister. Yet he could not believe that the little shrunken, shifty-eyed pickpocket meant something in her life. "She couldn't love that," he thought. The next moment, looking at Pietro, he said:

"She means nothing to me." Having paid for the drinks, he added, "And if you like jail better than your tent, that means nothing to me either; see?"

And he walked away to watch Sam rub down and dry his mare. She had lost the race but she was a better horse than the one belonging to the winner . . . better by perhaps only a shade, but better, just the same. He wondered whether he hadn't lost the race because his mind hadn't been a hundred per cent on the job. He now remembered distinctly how he had thought of the gypsy girl just as he had rounded the half-mile post. He was ashamed of himself.

HE HAD traveled with that fair through the Middle West and over upper New York State. The gypsies had been with them all the time. He had passed them by a hundred times and seen Malva at every turn and hadn't spoken to her once. As a matter of fact he had been thinking, in a manner of speaking, of Flora, the circus rider. The gypsies were outsiders. He didn't even know the girl's name. The one she called herself on the posters was probably a phony. Malva! Probably a phony! And maybe not! There wasn't anything phony about the girl. Malva! A beautiful name. Malva Collins! How would that be?

Sam was looking at him and, though the colored man wasn't saying a word, his eyes spoke and said:

"Hi there, Jimmy Collins! What are you thinking about? You are crazy. You have been married once. The woman died. You said never again. And a gypsy girl at that."

"Rub the horse down gently, Sam. She has made the best time on the track even if she has lost . . . and come to think of it, Sam, maybe them gypsies ain't white folks after all."

"Maybe not," Sam grinned.

And it seemed to Collins that he had told Sam all and more than he had wanted to tell to himself or anyone. . . .

That night when the crowds were gone the gypsies assembled around the cooking pot of Malva's mother. They had had a

great day. Malva had taken in over a hundred dollars. Malva's mother and sister had taken in almost as much in their fortune-telling booths.

Pietro dug his hands into one pocket and pulled out a watch and, taking out a roll of bills from inside his shirt, he put them down and said: "Count them."

Malva rose, took the watch, and threw it away as far as she could.

"There's no sign on the money, Rom, but if that watch had been found in your pocket or if anyone had come in just now, we'd all go to jail. Some day I'll forget you are one of ours and let you rot in jail."

Pietro rose to his feet in a terrible temper. Four years ago, Malva had been promised by her father to become his wife. She had been postponing the marriage from month to month.

"Is it because of that *gorgio* across the road? Why don't you go over and tell him that you are only my sister, since he wants to know?"

Malva pulled Pietro down on his heels beside her, and asked in dulcet tones:

"So he wanted to know! And have you told him?"

"Since when do I have to tell anything to any *gorgio?*" he countered. "To this one or to any other one."

"You don't have to, Pietro—only—not one of the others has ever talked to us, and it is well to have at least one of them who speaks to you."

Then they all began to talk at once. They ate and talked and laughed, cried, sang, and dug each other in the ribs, out of sheer animal joy in their well-being.

"And the bear?" Malva's father asked. "Tell me about the bear."

"He grows trickier every day. But I know him. And I will break his wild heart to avenge what he has done to you. When I have cowed him so that he is afraid of my shadow, you'll shoot him for having crippled you."

"Why not shoot him now?" Pietro urged upon Malva's father. "He has crippled you. Shoot him now, and then Malva will come away with me."

They all looked at him at once, and Pietro felt that he had said something he should have left unsaid.

SUDDENLY Malva rose and walked out. It was an hour after midnight. The fair grounds were deserted. Only the company kitchen, where ate the people working at the fair, was open and lighted. Men, still in their working clothes, the clowns in their harlequinesque garb and pompadoured hair, and the wire dancers in skin-colored tights, sitting at tables and at the long counter, and sipping coffee or eating hasty meals.

The horsemen, with Collins in their midst, were in a heated discussion over the race. A woman in riding costume, full-faced, blue-eyed, and red-haired, whose voice was louder than that of the others, stood close to Collins to show her partisanship, and argued in favor of his horse, until Collins tried to moderate her:

"Now, Flora!"

"Your horse won. I'll tell the world I know when a horse wins or loses!"

Malva's heart shrank at the sight of the intimacy between Flora and Collins.

Suddenly the red-headed woman cried out:

"Let's settle the argument now. The

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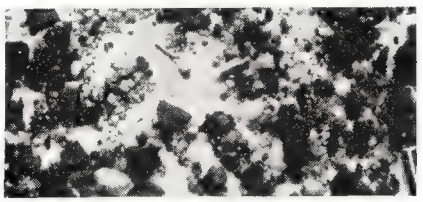

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moon's out. Get out your horses and race them now. I'll bet Steve Verner a hundred dollars against his horse!"

Her proposal electrified them all. What a grand idea!

"Atta girl, Flora! A race of our own. With no crowds to watch. A real race. With nothing phony about it."

They left the food on their plates and the coffee in the cups, and surrounded the horsemen.

"Yes. Let's do it now. What do you say, Steve? How about it, Collins?" A hundred people spoke at once.

Malva leaned against a table. She had eyes only for Collins and that red-headed woman. That woman was much more interested in the man than in his horse.

In the noise that followed Flora's proposal Steve Verner had come up closer to Collins.

"What do you say, Collins?"

"It's what you say, Steve."

"O. K., then," Verner said. "Let's go."

A hundred people followed the two men out and to the stalls. The fairgrounds came to life again. Those who had gone to sleep came out, dressed and half-dressed, every which way, when they had found out what was up. A race of their own!

They were betting even money. The red-headed woman had bet all her money on Collins's horse.

In the moonlit night that crowd of excited people and freaks of every kind looked like a midnight meeting of the unearthly population of a dream or a nightmare; like a meeting of devils and angels and gnomes and ghosts. Even the two horses between the slender shafts and the men sitting hunched over the tall, thin wheels, looked like phantoms. Three men were appointed judges. Stripped of show business, their actions were prompt.

"Take the inside, Steve. A little more to the center. Turn. Easy, Collins. In line. In line. Go . . ."

The two phantom riders were off and were lost for a moment in the half-darkness made by a moon playing hide-and-seek in the rolling clouds. The silence was absolute except for the tramp of the horses' hoofs, which grew fainter and fainter as the riders disappeared behind the bend in the half-circle of the track.

MALVA'S eyes were fixed on that red-headed woman. She could know what was happening on the track by watching her. Flora's face had broken out into a large smile. Her hair was floating. She bent forward and threw her head back.

Suddenly Pietro, tugging at Malva's sleeve, said:

"Why don't you look at the horses? Your *gorgio* is racing. I have bet on the other man."

"I'll look where it pleases me," Malva answered, edging away from him. At the same moment there was a loud shout. The horses were nearing the post neck to neck. The next moment a louder shout rose in the air. Collins's horse had won. The fair people vaulted over the fence and ran after the sulkies, which were slowing up. The red-headed woman threw her arms about Collins's neck and jerked him off his seat. Other women, other men now came running to wring Collins's hands and to pat and kiss the horse. Steve Verner was not forgotten. He had run a good race. The two men were surrounded by their friends and lifted on their shoulders and carried in triumph.

The gypsy girl had remained standing at the fence, like a railbird. Pietro was somewhere in the crowd.

Malva followed the crowd into the circus tent. No one spoke to her. She tried to catch Collins's eye, so that he should know she was there. If she could only get his eye. He had looked at her and spoken to her that day. That look had said something to her, whether he knew it or not. Pietro had disappeared. The red-headed woman was clinging to Collins.

THEY had left their food on the plates when they had run out to watch the race. They were hungry. They forgot the cause of their excitement and lived out the excitement itself. It had been a great lark.

Malva sat down alone at a table. Her heart was beating fast. She was happy because Collins's horse had won. She was unhappy because his success had brought the red-headed woman so close to him. When he had looked at her that day he couldn't possibly have thought of the red-headed woman. And she, Malva, had returned the look in his eyes. Was it possible he didn't know!

Suddenly she saw Pietro, his head in the air, his lips spread into a fixed smile, walking about the restaurant in a nonchalant manner. The thumb of his left hand was stuck in his vest pocket. His right hand was hanging loosely. Collins turned his head, saw her, and turned to talk to the red-headed woman. Malva knew he was talking about her. Flora looked in her direction. Collins was probably explaining her act with the bear. He turned and looked again at Malva and smiled at her.

While this happened one of the men discovered that his pocketbook was missing.

"You may have lost it on the ground," someone told him.

At the same moment three or four other people discovered that their pockets had been picked. There were several light-fingered professionals there, known to all fair-people, but not one of them would have done such a thing. All eyes fell upon Pietro, who was edging himself out. At the same moment Collins discovered that his watch had disappeared. He rose and made a leap towards the gypsy boy. Quick as a cat, Malva threw herself in the horseman's path to give Pietro a chance to escape the men. Blinded by fury, Collins tried to shake himself loose but Malva held on to him. Meanwhile, Pietro had reached the door.

"Let me go!" Collins cried.

Malva's hands had locked themselves behind his back. She had been wrestling that huge bear now every day, and her arms were as hard as steel. When he had broken one hold she slid upon him another hold, back of his neck.

"So you are in cahoots with him," Collins raged.

Wrestling, the horseman and the gypsy girl tumbled to the floor and rolled one on top of the other, their legs thrashing in the air. Their breaths mingled. Their arms locked. When Malva realized that the man held on to her even when he could have broken the hold, she jumped to her feet, breaking with ease the embrace of Collins's arms. She, too, had been lingering just a little closer and longer against him than was absolutely necessary. He

rose and looked in her eyes for a brief second. And that brief second told a long tale.

"She is in cahoots with him!" Flora cried, raising her hand to slap the gypsy girl's face.

"Let go of her," Jimmy cried, pushing her hand away. "She ain't . . ."

"How do you know? Jimmy Collins, did she whisper that to you on the floor?"

Not knowing how to break the tension between themselves, Malva and Collins brushed the sawdust off their clothes.

Finally, Flora, shaking a finger under Malva's nose, cried out:

"Tell that man of yours to give us back the money he has stolen."

"You tell him," Malva answered.

"He is no man of mine," Flora countered.

"Neither is he of mine."

"Isn't he?" Collins asked. And there was a meaning in his words the others didn't understand.

"No," Malva answered.

"Then why didn't you let Collins catch him, if he ain't?"

"Because one gypsy defends another one, no matter what happens," Malva said.

Flora did not hear what Malva had just said. Her hair was disheveled. Her voice was at its highest pitch; near the breaking point. "So you just wanted to wrestle for a while, what? I'll show you."

But Jimmy came between them.

"Go to your tent," he said to Malva. "I'll settle with the people here."

She obeyed without a word, as if she had been trained to obey him.

PIETRO was in the tent when she raised the flap a few minutes later. He was terribly frightened.

"We can't stay here any more, Malva. Let's go. Your people will follow."

"What do you mean by 'we'?"

"You and I."

Upon that, Collins came in, and Pietro ducked and disappeared under the other side of the tent.

Left alone in the half-dark tent, the tall horseman and the fiery gypsy girl were like two embarrassed children.

After a while, Collins asked:

"What will we do with the bear?"

Strange how those words contained all he wanted to say to her!

"The bear?" Malva asked.

"Yes, the bear," Collins repeated. "You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Father will probably shoot him," Malva said, as if she didn't care what happened. "But what will we do with that woman—the red-headed one?" Malva questioned, looking him in the eyes.

"She?" Collins laughed. "Leave her to her father. Come along, now. She's leading the pack here. Hear them?"

And indeed the noise was rising. Flora was leading the crowd to the gypsies' tent.

And then Malva said:

"I won't run away. Stand up and tell them what you are doing. And I'll stand up and tell my people. I don't run away. And you shouldn't if you aren't ashamed."

By that time the howling mob, led by Flora, had come running to the tent.

"What's the great hurry, folks?" Jimmy asked, facing them. "You didn't think I might forget to ask you to come to the wedding, did you?"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

What Over-Indulgence *in Food, Smoking, Stimulants* Does to You

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Scientists now tell us that the most common aftermath of most forms of over-indulgence—too much rich food, too steady smoking, too many stimulants—is a condition of extreme stomach acidity.

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Nausea	Sleeplessness
Loss of Appetite	Mouth Acidity
Sour Stomach	

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Upstage

(*Continued from page 51*)

gently. "'A in Effort?' All right, darling. It's her part, then. I wasn't objecting, really. I'll give the little girl a hand, if she'll let me."

They got into their parked car and drove away.

Tim was sitting bolt upright, holding the wheel before him. He felt funny. Jinny had her part. His own hope was denied. But—"She'll never make an actress in a million years!"—Margot Huntington had said that. He knew it was she, and it should have pleased him. But it didn't. Jinny shouldn't be hurt! She shouldn't fail!

Suddenly he felt old and unselfish and very tired. He drove soberly back to the Inn, deliberately leaving Jinny to a triumph which shut him out; knowing what he knew, but honestly hoping that she wouldn't find it out.

This, he told himself as he went to sleep, was the way you felt when you really loved somebody. Noble.

But it is hard to be noble when you are badly neglected. You get sorry for yourself. You get edgy. Tim found that out.

Jinny was ecstatic when he saw her the next day as she came from the School.

"Darling!" she cried. She jumped into the car beside him. "I got it! I got the part, Timmy. You'll see me on Saturday night, playing with Margot Huntington."

He said, "Great!" as if he didn't know it already.

Her time for him grew less instead of more. She was absorbed. She talked about cues and diction and exits and business—nonsense like that—until his head ached. He saw her at meals, briefly, in the crowded dining-room. He taxied her back and forth, from the School to the Theater.

It couldn't go on. Tim grew grumpy. His face, which had been so fresh and eager, looked peevish. Jinny began to be strained and jumpy, too. Something had to happen. . . .

IT HAPPENED on a bright morning when he had been there five days. The inevitable rehearsal waited for Jinny, but he persuaded her to take a little walk with him before he drove her to the Theater. They went out on the headland, away from the house, and stood there on the short turf. The water was very blue. You could smell salt in the breeze. She said:

"I'm scared, Timmy."

He caught his breath.

"Why?" he asked gruffly.

"I don't seem to do it right—this part. Miss Huntington's marvelous. She helps me, and I'm thrilled to go on with her. But it's awfully different from just the School. Johnny Thomas is so cross when he directs. He scolds me."

Looking down at her curly head and remembering what he had heard, Tim's heart swelled so that he could hardly speak.

"Buck up!" he managed. "Just get in there and fight, Jinny. You'll knock 'em dead."

She nodded, frowning faintly. She let him put his arm around her for a minute. It was the closest they had been for days. Then she spoiled it all. She straightened.

"I'm silly," she said. "I didn't mean that. Forget it, Tim. Come on, now. Get going. Drive me over—and step on it, too!"

She was covering up. She was proud. He knew that, but it was so abrupt after their moment of softness that his temper flared.

"For Pete's sake!" he snapped. "Come off it!"

She had a temper, too.

"*What* did you say?"

"Come off it. D'you think you're royalty, ordering me around? Don't be so doggone upstage!"

She looked at him coldly. Her cheeks were scarlet.

"Really, Tim, you're out of your depth. Stick to your old collegiate slang, if you want to be nasty. 'Upstage' means toward the back of the stage."

SHE turned and walked rapidly away from him. It was as quick as that! He watched her.

"I said upstage!" he called to her stiff back. "And I meant upstage!"

Let her go, he thought furiously, not moving. Let her bum a ride to her darn' rehearsal! He'd stood enough!

But he was sorry, afterwards. Behind him he heard cars drive away from the School and knew that Jinny had gone off in one of them. His anger died down. She was scared, and he was scared for her, and he hadn't meant to get mad. There was an ache in him. Listlessly he went down to the little rocky beach beside the School and sat there. He moped.

After a while—

"Do I intrude?" somebody asked.

He knew that silver voice before he turned. Margot Huntington smiled at him. She asked again:

"Do I intrude? Are you composing a sonnet? Or maybe writing a play?"

"Good gosh, no!" he blurted. "I don't do that stuff!"

She chuckled.

"Well, no offense! May I sit down?" And she did, beside him, checking his movement to rise. "I know you," she went on, leaning back on her hands. "You're Timothy Marsh, aren't you? And you're visiting little Jinny Wallace."

He was surprised and flattered, but he growled:

"Yeah. I'm *supposed* to be visiting her!"

She looked away, squinting against the glare. She wasn't pretty. She was tall, and her mouth was too big. He supposed she might be as old as thirty, though you couldn't tell. But she had something. It was in her beautiful voice, and the way she moved, and her level eyes. It drew you. It made you warm and relaxed and perfectly at your ease. Tim felt better than he had for days. He added:

"Jinny's crazy for you, Miss Huntington. She thinks you're wonderful."

Margot Huntington smiled.

"She's rather nice, herself, Jinny is."

"You're telling me!" Then his face darkened again. "But that's all washed up now."

"Oh? All washed up? What does that mean? Have you been fighting—you two?"

Tim nodded sadly.

"She got mad because I tried to tell her not to treat me like a fifth wheel. She's gone gaga over this acting business. She's got no time for me." He paused, looking down. He began to dig a hole in the sand between his knees. "Look," he said hesitantly, "I heard you, the other night. I was sitting in my car when you came out of the School, and I heard what you said to Mr. Thomas. You said Jinny'd never make an actress in a million years. Look—tell me—is that straight?"

She made a small regretful sound.

"Oh, dear, I'm sorry you heard me!" She paused, looking down at her slender, linked hands. "But—yes, I'm afraid it is straight. It's too bad. She's so patient and willing and anxious to learn. It's just—it simply isn't there—the spark."

He did not question it. She ought to know, this actress.

"The deuce!" he groaned. "It's a mess!"

She turned toward him. There was something very nice about the way she looked at him—something warm but not prying. She asked softly:

"What's the trouble?"

He told her. She was nice—and he was full of it. All about Jinny and the swell times they used to have. About her suddenly setting up as an actress, and the way she treated him, and his new fear of losing her. And how, in spite of that, he didn't want her to fail, to be hurt. He told it haltingly, trying very hard to make sense.

SHE listened. When he finished she was looking at him, smiling without any ridicule.

"I think I see," she said. "You'd like her to bring down the house—I mean, give a good performance on Saturday night. And yet you'd like her to give up the theater and play with you again."

"That's it," he said glumly.

She murmured: "It's complicated."

She lay down flat beside him and was silent for a long time. Tim dug forlornly at his hole in the sand. It was complicated, all right! It was hopeless. After a while the quiet figure beside him said:

"I wonder—" and broke off.

"You wonder what?"

"I was just wondering if there wasn't a way we might fix it. Two birds with one stone, you know."

He flung himself around on his elbow, facing her.

"You mean we could? You mean there's something we could do—you and I—to snap Jinny out of this? What? Tell me?"

"Well—it might not work. It would be tricky. It might be even a little dangerous."

"Tell me!" he begged again.

But she sat up.

"No. I guess not. I'll tell you later, maybe. Tomorrow some time. Not now."

And she stuck to it. He pleaded with her. But she only shook her head.

"Talk to me about yourself, Tim."

Somehow he was helpless against her. Somehow he found himself—rather in-

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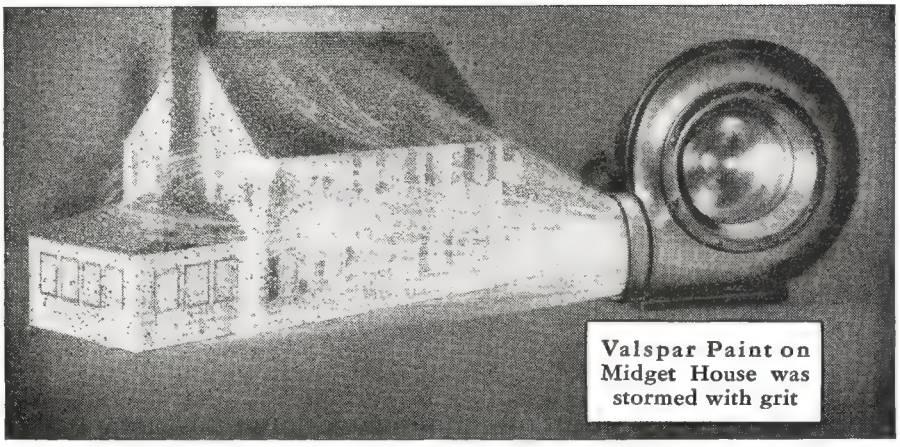

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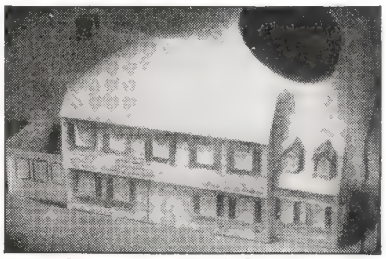

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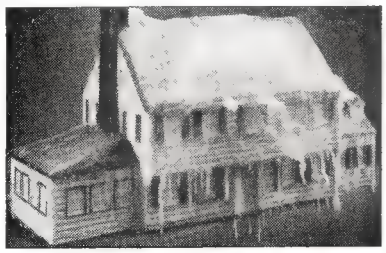

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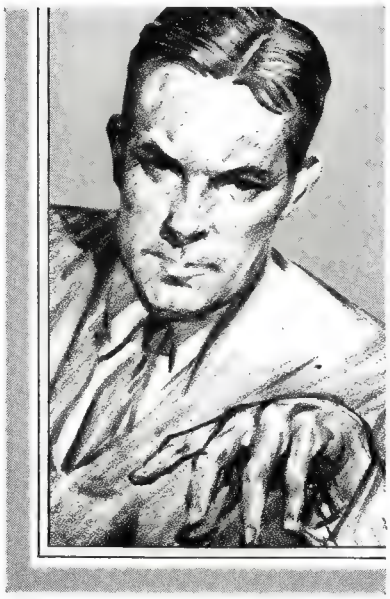

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Maybe you'll call me hide-bound to stick all these years to Quaker State. But there are things I'd rather experiment with than *my car.* And when my friends can prove to me from *their own experience* that there's a better kind of oil on the market, you'll find me using it.

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coherent but enjoying it—doing as she asked. Time passed. He heard the cars return, bringing Jinny and the others from their rehearsal. After a while he said awkwardly:

"I eat at the School. I'd better go up for lunch."

She said:

"I'll eat there, too, today. Miss Seton's asked me a dozen times. Wait for me. I've sand in my shoes."

She kept him there. They were late for lunch. Just outside the noisy dining-room she put her hand on his arm, detaining him for a moment. She ordered sternly:

"Call me Margot!"

They went through the door. Everyone looked up. Tim's companion turned smiling toward a seat at Miss Seton's table. She said—and her famous voice rang in the little silence—

"Such a grand talk, Tim! I loved it. Let's have lots more, shall we?"

He stammered:

"Okay, M-Margot."

Then he was in his own chair, and conversation rose again and Jinny was looking at him queerly.

"Well," she said. "Well, Timmy."

He apologized quickly, to get it over.

"I'm sorry, too," she admitted. "I was mean. . . . Did you have a nice morning?"

"Swell."

"I saw you on the beach. You looked awfully clubby. I didn't know you knew Miss Huntington."

She was friendly again! He felt so good that he boasted mildly:

"Who, Margot? I didn't know her, but I do now. She just came down and started talking to me." He grinned. "Maybe she liked my looks."

Jinny looked at her plate.

"Maybe," she said.

But Tim glanced across at the vivid figure in the window. She was talking to Miss Seton, graceful, unaffected, dominating the room. He felt like an old friend. She hadn't told him her plan—how they could manage a success for Jinny, yet wean her away from the theater. It didn't sound possible, but he'd better hear about it. Only two days before Saturday. He must find out.

He tried. After lunch he left Jinny for a moment and pushed through the staring, excited School to Miss Huntington's side.

"Look," he said to her. "I want to know—I want to ask you—"

Her eyes were dancing.

"And I want to ask you! They're doing the second act curtain this afternoon, and I'm not on for it. It's my free day. Let's go canoeing."

THEY went canoeing. Tim was never quite sure how it happened, for he had intended to drive Jinny to the Theater. But Jinny, when he came to look for her, had disappeared. He found himself, presently, paddling a red canoe through the still water behind the headland, and Margot Huntington reclined against the forward thwart, facing him.

She was very nice to him. She said:

"I'm glad I found you, Tim. I think we'll see a lot of each other, these days while I'm here."

He said he hoped so.

Yes, she was very nice to him. Very flattering. She was older, of course, and a famous personage, but he couldn't help seeing that she liked him a good deal.

She did not tell him her plan for transforming Jinny. He asked, but she never told him. Things worked out differently. . . .

Two days before Saturday. They were hectic days. Tim saw even less of Jinny than before. She was white and jumpy and a little cool, he thought. He hung about and talked to her when he could, and hated the whole business. Once he even thought he would leave. But Margot wouldn't let him.

"No," she said. "Stay, Tim."

"But—"

"I hear they're having a party at the School, after the show. That should be fun. Stay for that."

"Heck! What do I—?"

"Tim! Stay for me!"

So he stayed. If she wanted him, if she liked him so much, he might as well. He was often with her after that. Why not? He was lonely, and it seemed to give her pleasure.

Saturday came at last. There was no work that day, but the dress rehearsal last night had been terrible, and its shadow stalked everywhere. The School seethed. The three who were playing seemed not to breathe.

Then disaster struck.

IT STRUCK in the afternoon. He had dragged Jinny out, across to a little bluff above the beach. They sat together on its rim, swinging their heels over the water. Jinny looked like a hunted rabbit.

Tim tried to reason with her:

"Heck, Jinny! It's only a play—practically a school play. It's not so important. Laugh it off."

She flared up.

"Laugh it off!" she echoed. "It's not important, isn't it? Well, I guess it's pretty important when it may affect my whole life—when maybe my whole career depends on doing well tonight."

He was only trying to buck her up, and he kept on. He meant well.

"Nerts!" he said cheerfully. "You think that now, but don't let it get you down. Tomorrow night nobody'll care what happened tonight."

"Oh?" she said dangerously, looking away from him. "Well, I can see *you* don't care. I can see that, all right."

"Now," he began, "don't go—"

But her voice rose, startling him.

"You shut up, Tim Marsh! Coming around trying to high-hat me, when everybody knows you're making a fool of yourself over somebody old enough to be your mother!"

It was so unexpected and so unfair that he cried hotly:

"I am *not!* She's swell, Margot is—and don't you go getting catty!"

Jinny stood up. She was white.

"I guess I can be any way I like! You needn't think you can be so superior."

That did it. Tim saw red. He forgot everything but his own hurt and his outraged pride and this week of misery. He stood up, too.

"Superior? Me, superior? I like that! Why, ever since I got here you've been so darn' upstage—"

"I told you not to say that! I told you it means—"

"You told me it means toward the back of the stage. Well, that's what *I* mean. You're 'way at the back of the stage and you'll never—"

He stopped. It was mean and cruel—and Jinny slapped his face. They stood rigid, staring at each other. Tim heard the echo of his own words and felt a slow horror. He was sunk. He knew it. He said woodenly:

"I guess that's all, isn't it? I guess this makes it all over between us, doesn't it?'

"Yes," Jinny said. She looked at him and her eyes looked blind. She added, "I hope you'll always remember what you've done—insulting me at a time like this. I hope you'll—"

Her voice cracked. She turned and ran away from him toward the School.

"I hope you'll remember what you've done!"

Oh, if she'd only said that sooner! If she'd only reminded him that she needed humoring and protection, not rage and abuse! It was true. He had dealt her the one sure blow that would crack her nerve. Little Jinny, who was so scared.

Tim groaned. He sat down again on the edge of the bluff and stared away from the setting sun with eyes that ached. It was all over. He was sunk. . . .

A LONG time afterwards, he stirred. There was a moon in the sky now, instead of the sun. He was stiff and mussed and he had had no dinner. But a thought kept pounding in his head, louder and louder. The pale dial of his wrist watch said eight o'clock. He left the bluff and went back to his car and got in. He headed for the Theater, driving fast. He could find Jinny, he thought, and tell her he was sorry; tell her he hadn't meant what he said. He could do that much. It wouldn't bring her back to him, but it might help. She might feel better—braver.

The Theater blazed with lights. Cars were parked densely all around it. Tim stopped, as near to the building as he could get. He walked straight to the stage door, and through it. Nobody stopped him.

It was confusing, inside. He blundered along a passage lined with idle scenery, and down some steps. The passage skirted some pots of flowers and a suit of armor and led up to a closed door marked, "Dressing Room—Women." This must be it. She must be here. Tim didn't dare knock, but he backed into a corner and waited.

A man shouted suddenly:

"Five minutes! Curtain in five minutes!"

Tim stiffened. . . . Come out, Jinny! Hurry! I want to tell you—

The door opened. It opened and closed again, and someone stood before him. But it wasn't Jinny.

"Oh," he gulped. "Hello."

Margot Huntington laughed. Her make-up was dazzling, somehow, so near. She said:

"Tim! Did you come to wish me luck?"

"No," he said flatly. "I want to see—"

She seemed not to hear him.

"You're sweet! Just for that you may kiss me. Careful, now! Don't smear me."

Tim pulled away. There was a stir behind the door. The knob turned. Margot put her arms around him suddenly, urgently. She put her lips against his and held him so, helpless, for a moment.

And behind her Jinny stood in the doorway. Tim looked straight into her eyes.

He never knew how he got out of the theater. He felt a gentle push. He turned, stumbled. Then he was outdoors, and the moon was swimming above him, blank, like a plate. When he heard a burst of applause come from the darkened theater, he turned toward it. He marched into the box office and bought a ticket. He pushed through the entrance and stood in the crowd at the back of the house.

Day After Tomorrow unrolled its three fine acts on the lighted stage.

Tim did not see it. When it was over he had no memory of it as a play. But he did see Margot Huntington. He watched her dazedly—beautiful up there beyond the lights, compelling, playing upon the audience so that you could feel them swaying all around you, like a cornfield. She had kissed him, that glamorous creature. He supposed it meant she loved him. Women sometimes did love younger men, he knew. Maybe, he thought soberly, maybe, without meaning to, he had been trifling with her affections. But it didn't seem to matter. Nothing mattered. Nothing except—

Then his heart turned over. Jinny came onto the stage.

After the first shock of shrinking and fear for her, Tim had only one emotion. It was shame. He stood hidden in the crowd, watching her, and he felt such a flood of remorse and humility that he ached with it. For she was lovely. It was a sad, defeated little part, and she played it so, twisting his heart—twisting everyone's heart until there were sniffles all over the house. At the end she was alone on the set—a little figure, jilted and deserted, and not knowing why. She put up her hands. She said:

"Oh, my darling, I'm so lonely! Where are you, my darling? Please come back."

The curtain came down. There was a silence, then a long, repeated crash of clapping and cheering. Tim went out.

SO SHE could act, after all. She was wonderful. She'd probably be a great actress and travel everywhere and have the world at her feet. And he hadn't known it. He wanted to keep her for himself. He had a nerve! He crawled into his car and sat there miserably, hiding.

The crowd went away, laughing and noisy. He heard snatches of talk, all praise:

"Isn't Huntington marvelous?"

"Isn't she? But, my dear, that little Wallace girl! She had me all undone."

The theater lights blinked out. The company began to straggle from the stage door. Tim didn't move. After a while someone peered in at him.

"Hello," Margot Huntington said. "Going to the party?"

He sat up. He supposed he could please her, anyway.

"Want a ride?" he asked dully.

"No, thanks. Johnny's taking me. But you might bring someone else. Look. Here comes Jinny, absolutely done up."

And before he knew it the slight figure was bundled into his car and he was driving out through the gates.

They were silent. The moon almost drowned out the headlights. A rabbit shot across the road and into the ragged woods. Jinny was huddled down in her seat. Tim

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stared before him, getting up his nerve.

"Look, Jinny," he said at last, unsteadily. "I want to apologize. I owe you an apology. Oh, not for just this afternoon. I was mad then. I didn't mean what I said, and I'm terribly sorry. I guess you know that, anyway. . . . But I want to apologize for not knowing you could act. For being so smart-aleck. For—you know—belittling."

She ignored it. She said:

"I saw you kissing Huntington."

"She kissed me!" he said.

It wasn't very chivalrous, but he had to tell her the truth.

"I don't know," he went on slowly, honestly, "I don't know if she's sort of keen about me, or what. But I never thought of kissing her. I think she's swell, but I don't love her." He added, "Like I do you."

Jinny sat up straighter.

"Do you love me, Timmy?"

"Of course I do! You know that. Only, I see now that I've got no right to. I mean, there's your Work—like you said. You're going to be a great actress. I get it now. Why, after the way you acted tonight—!"

She was quite straight beside him.

"I wasn't acting, Timmy. It was real."

"I know, but—"

"No, you don't know. I can't act. I thought it would be nice to—romantic and exciting. But I can't do it. I was terrible at rehearsals. I got worse and worse, and scareder and scareder, and I thought it was hopeless then, really. Now I'm sure—after tonight. I'm through, Timmy."

"But—but—"

"Don't you see? I wasn't acting. I was unhappy and lonely and—oh, terribly sad! It just came out of me, on the stage. I couldn't ever do it again."

Tim choked suddenly. He stammered:

"Why? Why did you feel like that?"

"Because I thought I'd lost you," she said.

He stopped the car so short that the engine stalled. He reached out for her. . . .

THEY were very late for the party. They were so late that they did not go in to it at all. But they crept up on the porch and peered through the lighted window at the crowd inside. They were all there, excited and jabbering and dressed up. Somebody had just proposed a toast to Margot Huntington, and they drank it standing, shouting at her. She smiled and raised her glass and said something. The two outside could not hear her, but Jinny said softly:

"Isn't she lovely? She's got everything!" Then she slid her hand confidingly into Tim's pocket. "But she didn't get you, did she? Poor thing!"

He nodded soberly, watching the bright figure in there. He liked her. He hoped she wasn't going to be hurt by this. He hoped he hadn't, in the bad state he was in, led her on. It came to him suddenly that she had never told him that scheme of hers, which was to have worked such wonders.

They turned away from the window. They went and sat on the steps, close together, the fair, curly head just under Tim's chin. He sighed contentedly. They were all right, he and Jinny. They had worked through to this happy ending by themselves, without any help from Margot Huntington. He was glad.

Recovery Key

(*Continued from page 46*)

Stone could spend on work relief, at so much per hour, was limited. Many of those who wanted to repair their houses had no money. The biggest hotel in town was closed and showed no signs of reopening. There were all sorts of tasks for which relief labor was unsuitable.

Was the dream to fade so soon?

STONE took the Key Westers into his confidence and asked their help. They responded in a way which is one of the stirring pages of the history of the depression.

They volunteered to work free, to turn their hands to anything. Not just a few came forward, not sporadic bunches from mass meetings—but *the whole town!*

Only adults were allowed to sign up, but the children caught the spirit, too, and demanded to be allowed to pull weeds or paint a fence. The relief workers, allowed three days a week of work on pay, volunteered to work the extra days free.

The twenty-nine nuns at the Convent of Mary Immaculate volunteered. They could sew, they could grow lovely flowers and plants in their garden to be transplanted to beautify the new parks.

Bob Hamilton, 102-year-old ship's cook, carpenter, and fisherman, hobbled briskly into the FERA, demanding work to do. "Never had trouble finding work from the age of eleven to a hundred," said Bob. "But these last two years there's no work nowhere, and I'm restless. Folks die from settin' down too much."

I called on Old Bob the other day. "Not enough work yet," he complained. "'Course, I've cleaned up some yards, and carpentered my house and made it neat. I've took my old bucksaw and sawed down some dead trees. But I'm still restless. Wish you'd tell those FERA folks to give me some work to get up a real sweat."

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Lowe own one of the largest and most beautiful old houses in town. Mr. Lowe, who is in his sixties, is very frail, and has been warned by doctors to take the best care of himself.

Naturally, then, when Ileen Williams, able and energetic local woman who is head of the FERA Housing Division, ap-

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proached him and suggested that he give up his comfortable home and rent it to the FERA, he was rather aghast. He did not need money. Why should he give up the residence of his forefathers?

Miss Williams explained that the FERA needed just such a place as an official guest house, where visiting officials could be entertained to the best advantage. Mr. Lowe shook his head. . . . But a few days later he saw Miss Williams again. "Everybody else is doing something," he said, "and I suppose the best thing I can do is to turn over my house." He refurnished and repaired the house, and he and Mrs. Lowe moved into a small apartment.

There were some Cubans—couldn't think of much work they could do, except play their musical instruments. Fine. Bands were organized. Now, when the train or plane or boat comes in, there's always a band to greet the visitors.

The Negroes, too, formed bands. You can hear them playing in the park of a balmy evening.

The volunteers have a formal enlistment card, which they display with a natural pride: "I, John Jones, hereby volunteer to contribute 18 hours a week over a period of six months under the supervision of the FERA as my contribution to the rehabilitation program of Key West. (*Signed*) John Jones." Every certificate is countersigned by Governor Sholtz and Julius Stone.

The volunteering is not just a gesture. Every hour of volunteer work served is checked up and recorded in a special file.

NOW, to be honest, not every person on the list is doing his or her full quota of work. Some are slackers, some are sick, some are careless, some are just bums. Key Westers are human. On the other side of the ledger, many a one who signed on for 18 hours a week is doing 20 or 25.

The net result of it all, however, was to give the rehabilitation program undreamed-of speed and drive.

The beaches were cleaned of seaweed, and neat cabañas of frame and palm leaves went up (all rented to date). Parks, tennis courts, shuffleboards, diamond ball fields were built. Then 1,100 benches were made and painted for the shady and sunny rest places of the town. Shrubs and flowers were planted. Houses were painted, plumbed, reroofed. The old golf course was put in shape.

Along with all this obvious groundwork went a lot of subtle maneuvering and necessary wangling.

For example: The once commercial citizens of Key West were not interested in sports clothes or bicycles. Julius Stone and his slim, blond wife bought bicycles and rode to the beach in bathing suits and shorts. Reaction: Politely suppressed giggles and guffaws. But when I arrived not long ago there were hundreds of new bicycles in use, with the riders in the gayest and lightest of sports clothes.

When the FERA came in, hundreds of gaunt stray dogs hung about the streets. Something had to be done. An order was issued that all dogs without licenses would be netted, taken to the pound, and, if unclaimed, asphyxiated.

The fishermen value their dogs, and need them, but doggoned if they would pay dog taxes. So the fishermen rigged up nets like the dogcatchers' and beat their dogs with them until those dogs were scared to death of that kind of net. From that time on, the dogcatchers could never catch a fisherman's dog.

At other times there was more cooperation. Once it was too enthusiastic. The FERA wanted to set out a landing barge for the new Miami seaplane service.

The man who had his boat tied up at that point was stubborn. He would not move. Word of this got around.

Soon a respectful delegation waited on M. E. Gilfond, acting administrator.

"Hear you've been worrying about that boat where the barge ought to be," said the spokesman. "Just ease your mind, Mr. Gilfond. That boat's going to burn up before you know it."

Gilfond managed to restrain their ardor until he was able to move the boat by more legal means.

WHEN I arrived in Key West I went to a Spanish Restaurant. During my feast of crawfish, turtle steak and other choice local dishes, my eyes wandered to the striking murals which adorned the place. I called over Señor Lopez, the proprietor.

"Where did you get the beautiful murals?" I asked.

"Loaned by the FERA, sir," he said. "They have ten artists here. They do paintings for all Key West, and they are shown in art galleries through America."

And so it is. As Stone told me:

"Anyone who wants tourists must spend money on beauty. It is a necessity, like cosmetics for a woman. So I set out to get the cream of the artists from the Public Works Art Project of last year. With the help of Ned Bruce, the famous landscape artist, I got the ones we have here. They work on salary, and their paintings belong to the government."

The artists are Stanley Wood, Avery Johnson, Adrian Dornbush, Richard Jansen, Peter Rotier, Alfred Crimi, Eric Johan Smith, William Hoffman, Klir Beck, and Towsend Morgan. Besides making their paintings, they are ready to turn a hand to any artistic doings, from helping out with the settings of *The Pirates of Penzance* to painting signposts or mixing a masterly Daiquiri for inquisitive tourist guests.

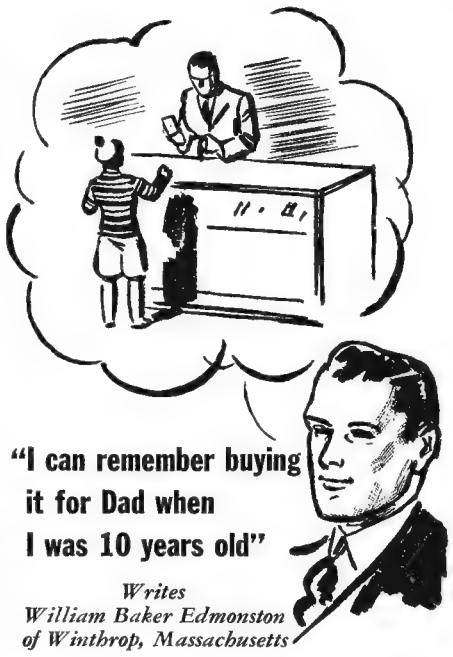
There are so many angles to this Key West revival that I have to skim as I go.

There is, for example, the Rehabilitation Agreement. A local lawyer, Lancelot Lester, counsel to the FERA, devised it. Here's how it works:

Miss X owns two old houses, lovely in architecture, but in abominable disrepair. Miss X has no money to repair them. The FERA says: "We will put your houses in apple-pie order. We will then lease them to winter visitors. We will collect the rents, and apply them to the $500 it cost us to repair the houses. If you are on relief" (many house owners were) "we will give you half the rents and take you off relief. When we get our money back, the houses are yours, in first-class shape."

A curious hybrid of lease, mortgage, and mechanics lien, but it is serving its purpose, and apparently FERA is going to get its money back within one to three years.

When I was there toward the end of the winter season, every one of the refurnished houses was filled. Rentals were running over $2,000 a week. The hotel managers said they were making money. The railroad across the Keys from Miami was



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running crowded week-end excursions. A subsidiary of Pan American Airways was running daily planes from Miami. And in the streets were cars from Iowa, Maine, Maryland, Illinois, and elsewhere.

Nothing so burns up a Key Wester, now, as to see automobilists arriving in town with large reserve supplies of water, gasoline, and food, and saying, "We heard you didn't have any of these things down here."

I found the town and the arrangements delightful. Possibly I am prejudiced by my admiration for the spirit, gumption, ingenuity, and courage shown by all concerned. I swam, bicycled, hung around, talked with everybody, and fell in love with the climate and the people.

Key West is not, in fact, a "tropical paradise." There are days in winter when the thermometer falls into the fifties. The summer, though Key Westers swear by it, is sometimes oppressive to a Northerner.

But it is well on its way to becoming what it wants to be.

The maid problem was quite a serious one at first. The colored women of Key West were not generally accustomed to such work. So the FERA took the colored girls who were on relief and gave them a training course in housework.

But even this wasn't enough. A girl has to work in a real home to get the fine points. So the ladies who have maids volunteered to take the raw recruits into their homes, let them work with their own maids, and finish their training. About a third of the trainees made excellent maids, another third are at least some help around the house, and the last third "just can't git the hang of it" and are back on relief.

The town is by no means out of the woods. It still has an abnormally high percentage on relief, even though it may be constructive work-relief. Stone has even spent money beyond his mere relief allotments, but the excess is in an investment that is already paying back.

And when the overseas highway is completed, cutting out the present ferry rides along the road from Miami, Key West's new tourist industry ought to take another big upward jump.

MURMURS have been heard of "government competition with the private tourist business," but not from anyone acquainted with the desperate human plight of Key West twelve months ago.

If anyone were entitled to complain it would be Miami, but that city has been most generous and its newspapers strong in praise. After all, Key West is near enough to be a kind of added Miami attraction; it is not after the heavy money trade; and, developed, it could be one of Miami's best markets.

I can't attempt to peer into the future. Prosperity may turn Key West's head; there are already alarming whispers of a boom in the air; it may become a hot-cha, roaring whoopee town. If so, all luck to them—certainly that's better than the desolation of 1934.

For my part I like the present. I like the fight they have made. I like the dream of 1935, and the distant music, the faint, joyous singing of children, which I hear through my window as I write these lines.

Opera Hat

(*Continued from page 21*)

preservation of a Great Art. It is sacred. You mustn't think of it in terms of profit and loss."

"Does nobody in Opera think of money? I mean, take Signor Visconti there, the director. Doesn't he think about money? Does he lose money directing? Because, if he doesn't think about money, why is he worrying about renewing his contract? And I hear a lot about opera singers making an awful lot . . ."

THE Signore Visconti leaped to his feet bellowing. He waved his arms, he hammered upon the table, he seemed about to tear himself to bits. Then he stopped suddenly—as if he had been shut off—and turned to his shadowy little interpreter.

"'E say," said the little man, "w'y you make-a thees attack upon heem. 'E say thees is a conspiracy. 'E say eet is the evul, ungrateful, malicious pig of a Gambinosi who 'ave done thees theeng. 'E say Gambinosi weel 'ave him assassinate'. 'E go in fear of hees life. 'E say Gambinosi is not able to direct the show of Punch and Judy at the street fair. 'E say all Americans are cows and sheeps and ignoramuses of music. 'E say he make hees resign and go 'ome to Milano."

"What," asked Longfellow, "has this Gambinosi to do with it? Who is he?"

"No matter," said Mr. Cedar. "He doesn't like Gambinosi."

"I gathered that," said Longfellow, and sighed. "I guess I'll have to study into this subject some. But, to get down to brass tacks—there's a deficit of a hundred and thirty-odd thousand dollars. What about that? How do we make it up?"

"Why," said Mr. Gullible suavely, "for years it has been the custom of Mr. Semple to make up whatever deficit remained."

"You mean he dug down into his own pocket? And you—you directors—expect me to pungle up all that money? My goodness! What for? Why should I?"

"To keep Opera alive for the people."

"I am quite sure," said Mr. Cedar, "that the late Mr. Semple would desire you to continue his custom."

"There's quite a lot of directors," said Longfellow. "Doesn't anybody else help to put up the money?"

"We are all subscribers," said Mr. Gullible.

"I'll have to think it over some," said Longfellow. "It doesn't add up and make

sense so far. I won't say yes and I won't say no, so I think we'd better adjourn."

"We must," said the mustached director, "provide a minimum of fourteen weeks of opera."

"With another deficit?" asked Longfellow.

"Deficit or no deficit."

"It just isn't good business," Longfellow said. He stood up. "The meeting is adjourned. I've got to look into it." . . .

The idea that a poet necessarily is impractical is one which is as common as it is incorrect. Poets have some quite sound and practical notions. Longfellow Deeds belonged to the more efficient school of poets. While his work was sweetly romantic and dealt largely with the Mother, Home, and Heaven motif, he invariably placed the proceeds of his labor in a savings bank.

So now, being in some doubt as to the compelling necessity for the continued existence of that art form known as Grand Opera—at a cost to his newly found fortune of some hundreds of thousands of dollars a year—he determined to find out about it. Not by questioning interested parties; not by reading books; but by actual, first-hand investigation. He had never heard an opera. Therefore, he determined to attend the theater of which he was president, and to attend it alone.

He eluded Mr. Bengold; he eluded various servants, including his chauffeur, and was driven in a common taxicab to the rather unappetizing building where the indispensable art-form flourished. Advertising before the doors informed him that he was to hear the opera *Lakme*. There were no electric lights over the portals, as in the better motion picture houses. The whole effect of the entrance was drab and uninviting. Apparently no effort was made to lure into the theater the passer-by in search of amusement. He made a mental note to speak of this point, for he was a believer in advertising.

He approached the window at which waited a dwindling queue and asked for a seat. He was informed he might enter for the insignificant sum of five dollars and fifty cents, including tax, for he had asked for the best seat at the matinée. He frowned. Five-fifty. Gosh, you ought to make money charging folks that much to see the show! It was more money than he ever had paid to enter a theater, and when he was once inside he thought it a very peculiar theater, indeed.

BUT before he could find an usher he saw coming from a door at his left a young woman whose face was familiar to him, and who recognized him with a smile and a curt nod. It was Miss Simonetta Petersen, secretary to Madame Pomponi.

"Where's the entourage?" she asked briskly.

"The what?"

"The chorus of sycophants yodeling yes. The late Mr. Semple never entered the place without being surrounded by a platoon of the Staff in striped trousers. The secretary, the treasurer, the *direttore*, and so on, hanging on his every word."

"I just came in. I wanted to see what Opera was like."

"Coming back?" she asked.

"Back where?"

"Backstage, of course. Pomponi is singing Lakme this afternoon. If she hears you are here and didn't come back to pay your respects, there'll be didos. Come along; I'll show you."

"Thank you," he said. "I want to see the show. I want to see it as an ordinary spectator."

"Not occupying your box?"

He displayed his coupon. "I'm sitting in a five-dollar-and-fifty-cent seat."

"You mean you *bought* one!"

"Why, yes. And I'd rather you didn't mention to anyone that I'm here. I want to try to find out why Opera is necessary to—er—to the American People. I'm one of them—don't you see?—and I never saw any Opera and I want to find out if it is necessary to me."

"You picked a good one to test yourself," she said.

"Is it a good show?" he asked.

"It depends," she said, "upon what you call a show. How do you like being a millionaire?"

HE CONSIDERED for a moment before replying. "I haven't really got into it yet, I guess," he said, "but it seems to me I had more fun in Mandrake Falls. It seems like everything I want to do there's a reason for not doing."

"Why," she asked, "don't you have a try at doing what you darn' please? It's your money. Who's to stop you?"

"I don't want to do what's not right and—and dignified," he said. "And I don't know what to do. I mean, in Mandrake Falls I had friends, and things happened that I liked, and I went places and had a good time. But here it's kind of lonesome."

"New York," she said, "is practically populated with people who would be tickled to death to help you cure that."

"But I don't know any."

"Wait," she said, "until mammas with lovely daughters commence to bay on your trail! And, from all accounts, your ancestor, or whatever he was—Mr. Semple—did pretty well for himself."

"He made lots of money," said Longfellow.

"That," she said, "was just a side line."

He looked puzzled, but she did not enlighten him further. It was not until time had passed that she realized the depths of his inexperience of the world and his more than girlish modesty.

"Do you know," he said, "this is the first time since I came to New York that I've just talked to somebody. I mean talked back and forth just for fun, as if you were somebody from back home that I know."

Simonetta peered sidewise at him under lowered lids, a wise, humorous, appraising sort of glance. If she was new to his experience he was amazingly new to hers.

"Would that," she asked, "by any chance be a Mandrake Falls line of approach? You wouldn't be making an oblique pass at a young lady, would you?"

"I heard a traveling man say that," he answered simply; "I mean, something about making a pass at a girl. He was the kind of a man who stands in the hotel window and if he don't look out somebody'll punch his nose."

"Slapped down!" she exclaimed, feeling an implied rebuke. "Are all men noble and all women virtuous in Mandrake Falls?"

"We don't call saying something pleasant to a girl making a pass," he said. "Not

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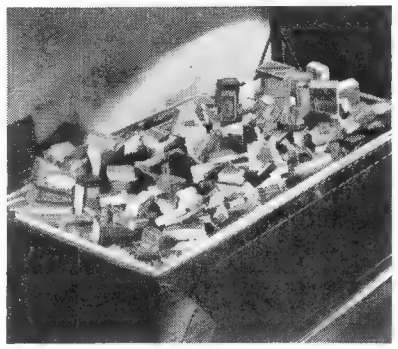

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even asking her to go to the movies."

"But you didn't ask me to go to the movies," she said.

"I'd like to," he said diffidently. "Would it be all right?"

"I'd probably lose my job with Madame Pomponi," she said brightly. "Millionaire patrons of art don't take secretary-accompanists to the movies unless they have ideas. If there are any invitations from millionaires flitting around, Madame wants them."

"Goodness gracious," said Longfellow, aghast. "I wouldn't go to the movies with her for anything in the world. Or anywhere. She's so—so conspicuous!"

"It's a labor of love with her," said Simonetta. "She takes pains over it. She'd rather be conspicuous than president. . . . I've got to get back. Are you asking me to go to the movies with perfectly gentlemanly motives, or not?"

"Would you?"

"I'll try anything once."

"When?"

"Well, King Cophetua, it isn't for the beggar maid to say. But Pomponi's going to a dinner at the Garrisons' tomorrow night, so I'll have the evening free."

"Would—I mean, would it be all right if we went to dinner first? To a hotel or some place?"

"Some place, by preference," she said. . . . "Gosh, I got to skedaddle! If you are on the up-and-up about it, the Cortillon at seven-thirty."

"At seven-thirty," said Longfellow, as she flitted away toward the stage.

He handed his stub to an usher and was shown to his seat. It was a vast auditorium, and unlike any he had ever visited. He stared covertly at the tiers of boxes and the dingy embellishments and took note that the orchestra was bigger even than that in the big movie house in Boston. That was something. It was the first sign of get-up-and-get he had seen.

Then, after considerable music, the stage was revealed, and it was a ruin in a jungle, and an old Hindu was so discontented about something as to be almost savage. Just what his complaint was Longfellow did not understand—but it was clear he was disgruntled. Also, there was a Hindu lady who turned out to be Madame Pomponi, and Longfellow wondered if she were the old Hindu's wife and the reason for his bad disposition. They sang duets, and then a British officer who came almost up to Pomponi's shoulder, but was of equal weight, burst through a fence of rather dubious bamboo and started right in to make what Simonetta had called passes at Madame Pomponi, and almost instantly kindled a passion in all of her bosom. Then he went away, and the old Hindu came back and was very angry.

AFTER a while there came an end of the act. In the second act Longfellow recognized the old Hindu in the rags of a beggar, and Madame was with him, and he had a dagger which, apparently, he was simply perishing to use. And Madame stood up and sang a song that had a lot of runs and trills and things in it. Longfellow enjoyed it and thought Madame could do wonderful tricks with her voice, and paid her the sincere compliment of thinking she would do very well with a piece like that in vaudeville. It was, of course, the *Bell Song*.

The English officer apparently recognized Madame, as who would not, her ensemble being of a character to thwart disguise, and the old Hindu recognized the officer as the one who broke down his fence, though just what Sherlockian methods were employed one would be unable to say. So he stabbed the officer and became quite cheerful for the first time.

As the performance continued obscurely, Madame Pomponi nursed the officer in a hut in the forest, but the wound was not of sufficient severity to interfere with his singing voice, which remained hale and hearty, so he and Madame sang at each other. Then Madame went out for a drink or something, and another Britisher came in, and he and the first one argued in cadenzas, as one might say, but what about was never apparent to Longfellow. Then Madame came back and apparently something got caught crosswise, so she ate a flower, which even Longfellow could see presently was very bad for her, because she died, and for the second time the old Hindu was in a good humor about things. And that was that. There had been a great deal of applause in spots, but this seemed to come from men standing around behind, who kept at it quite industriously when the seated audience appeared ready to subside into lethargy. On the whole, he decided, it was not the kind of show to draw in a great many people.

He walked down the aisle, and as he reached the back he saw Bengold, his secretary, moving as a man moves who has a definite objective, toward the part of the house from which Longfellow guessed one reached the stage. He wondered a little about this, but forgot it as he reached the street and walked northward to look for a drugstore where he might get a soda.

LONGFELLOW found his soda, enjoyed it thoroughly, and strolled up Broadway to look in the windows. It is to be understood that he was not altogether frittering away his time, because as he walked and gazed he was working on a poem suitable for decennial home-comings such as villages throughout the country have each summer. It was going quite well:

Though for years the world I'll roam,
Every ten I'll come back home.
Under childhood's maple trees,
Free of care I'll take my ease.

Before he knew it he was at his own front door, to which he discovered he had no key. It was locked, even in the daytime, so he was compelled to ring the bell. The servant who answered said to him as he entered, "A gentleman is waiting to see you, sir."

"Where?"

"In the reception-room, sir."

He turned to the small formal room at the left, where sat a youngish man, rather handsome in a flamboyant sort of way, and quite evidently of Italian parentage. Someone from the Opera, thought Longfellow. He bowed.

"Mr. Deeds?" asked the stranger.

Again Longfellow bowed. The stranger presented a card, upon which was engraved:

Mario Granzi
Attorney and Counselor at Law

"How do you do, Mr. Granzi?" said Longfellow courteously.

"Very well, indeed. Very well. I have

called, Mr. Deeds, in the interests of a client. The matter is confidential and of great importance, both to my client and to myself. May I suggest that we talk where privacy can be assured?"

"Why, I guess we can be private almost anywhere," said Longfellow. "The library will be all right. Is it something about the Opera?"

"Only incidentally," said Mr. Granzi.

THEY walked up the broad staircase and entered the library, where Longfellow motioned to a seat and himself found a chair.

"Were you," asked Mr. Granzi, "familiar with the habits and personality of the late Victor Semple?"

"Not to speak of," said Longfellow.

"He was, if I may use the term, a man of dual personality. As a business man he deserves nothing but admiration; as a man of culture and taste he deserves nothing but praise; but, I regret to say, Mr. Deeds, he suffered from a weakness of character, of moral fiber."

"Is that so? I never heard about it. What was this weakness?"

"Ladies," said Mr. Granzi succinctly.

"Oh," said Longfellow.

"But it is in only one lady that I am interested. It is only one I represent. It may be you will hear from others. I cannot say. I, myself, represent Mrs. Victor Semple."

"Eh? You mean Mrs. Victor Semple?"

"Precisely. Mr. Victor Semple's wife and the mother of his daughter. A child of some eleven years."

"Well, my goodness, I never knew he had married again."

"It was known to very few persons," said Granzi. "As a matter of fact, it was not exactly a marriage in the commonly accepted meaning of that term. It was a common-law marriage."

"What's that?" asked Longfellow.

"It is a marriage not solemnized before priest, minister, or official empowered to marry. It is a marriage entered into by the consent of the parties and made binding by affirmation. Such marriages are recognized in law, and are as binding as if solemnized by a bishop."

"I never heard of such a thing," said Longfellow. "It doesn't seem right. How does anyone prove they are married that way?"

"A pertinent point. *The* pertinent point. It may be proved by letters. It may be proved by the testimony of individuals. It may be proved by facts which prove the parties lived as man and wife and considered themselves to be such."

"Kind of a careless way, I should think," said Longfellow. "I don't know as I'd take much stock in it. I mean, anybody could claim she was married to anybody if she doesn't have to show any certificate. And anybody could just up and claim he wasn't married at all if the lady didn't have a certificate to prove he was. Like that."

"In this instance," said Mr. Granzi, "ample proof exists. Ample."

"Well, that's good. I mean for her sake, but she was taking an awful chance."

"Doubtless there were sufficient reasons," said Mr. Granzi. "Business and social reasons. But, fortunately, our proofs are conclusive."

"I wouldn't get married that way myself," said Longfellow firmly. "A girl ought not to have to run around to get proof she's married. It isn't fair to her."

"I'm pleased you look at it in that light, Mr. Deeds. It will make our negotiations a simple matter."

"What negotiations?"

"For possession of the estate of the late Victor Semple," said Mr. Granzi.

Longfellow's first emotion was one of embarrassment. Mr. Granzi must think him very dumb not to have seen that point at once—that if Mr. Semple had a wife and daughter then he—a rather distant relation—could not be the heir. In that case all these millions would not belong to him, but to Mrs. Semple and her child! It would put him right back where he was before Mr. Cedar had informed him of his good fortune.

"If," he said presently, "Mrs. Semple is really Mrs. Semple—and there is a child—then there do not have to be any negotiations, do there? I mean it is all hers. She would just take it?"

"Undoubtedly—in the end," said Mr. Granzi. "But you are in possession. The law has recognized you as the heir. It has seemed wiser, therefore, to resort to negotiation rather than to the courts—in the beginning. If we can reach a satisfactory arrangement we need never appeal to the courts."

"You mean if I would just step out and let you have it?"

"Or, let us say, if you would spare my client the embarrassment of flaunting her private affairs before the public—and if you wished to spare the memory of Mr. Semple—if you were to turn over to my client a substantial share of the estate."

"Why," asked Longfellow, "would she take a share when she is entitled to all?"

"It is always wise to avoid litigation," said Mr. Granzi. "And scandal."

ANOTHER point occurred to Longfellow: "Why didn't she say something about this before? I mean right after Mr. Semple died?"

"Unfortunately she was not represented by counsel at that time. She did not know what to do. My client is an impractical person—an artist."

"Opera?" asked Longfellow.

"A ballerina," said Granzi.

"That's a dancer?"

"Yes. Mrs. Semple is a dancer," said Granzi.

"If I were doing it," said Longfellow, "I don't think I would do any compromising. I would say that the estate was mine fair and square, and I wanted it. I would say right out that I was Mrs. Semple, and not just a woman that had lost her honor."

"But she is sensitive. She is an artist."

"Well, what is this lady's idea? I mean, if she doesn't want all of the estate, what does she want?"

"She will be content," said Granzi, "with two million dollars."

"Well," said Longfellow, "she isn't so very impractical after all, is she?"

Granzi opened a brief-case. "You will naturally wish to see some of the proofs upon which our case rests," he said.

"I suppose I might as well," Longfellow said. "I don't know very much about law and proofs. Almost always there are letters, aren't there? It is funny how men write to people they ought not to write to

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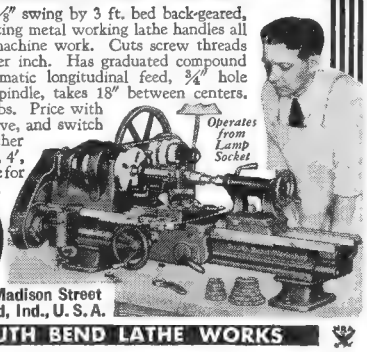

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and always say things that sound funny when they are read to juries."

"It is human nature," said Granzi. "When a man is in love with a woman he wishes to tell her so."

"Maybe," said Longfellow, "but I should think he could wait till he saw her. What is this lady's name?"

"Mrs. Semple, you mean?"

"I guess I won't call her Mrs. Semple yet," said Longfellow.

"Her maiden name," said Granzi, "was Nina Motti."

Longfellow did not want to talk to Mr. Granzi any more. He wanted to think it over by himself.

"I'll tell you how it is," he said. "This is a kind of a surprise. It wants thinking about. I don't want to do anything offhand. I was doing pretty well before I got all this money, and I haven't got used to it yet. Maybe I'll like it better when I do. But, anyhow, if it is mine I shall keep it. On the other hand, if it isn't mine, I don't know whether I would feel very bad or not. I don't know. So you just leave these proofs you claim you have so I can look at them, and go away."

"But I haven't stated our case."

"You don't need to—not to me. You've come out with the main facts. I don't mind telling you they look fishy to me. And if I was a jury I would look at you, Mr. Granzi, and I would ask myself if a man that looked like you do would be apt to put up a job on anybody. Lots of times you can tell just by looking at a person. And you look to me like a man that would put up a job. You look kind of sleek."

"Young man," said Granzi ominously, "you are doing yourself no good by being insulting."

"Oh, I didn't mean to be insulting," said Longfellow. "I was just thinking out loud. Now, maybe this lady is all you say and just happened to pick a lawyer like you. If she is, it's too bad. So I won't make up my mind about whether your claim is all right. I'll just say that on account of you it is apt to be skulduggery. That's fair, isn't it?"

GRANZI leaped to his feet furiously and assumed a mien calculated to cow Longfellow, but the young man seemed quite unconscious of it.

"Anyhow," he said, "I've got some lawyers that cost an awful lot whether they work or not. Their name is Cedar, Cedar, Cedar & McGonigle. And I'll put them to work on this. But, Mr. Granzi, I'll tell you what. You better think it over, too, because if this is a put-up job you're apt to get into trouble."

"Your attorneys," said Granzi, "will advise settlement."

"Maybe. But," said Longfellow firmly, "the law doesn't say I got to take their advice. I've been in business. And my father used to say not to take anybody's advice if it went against your better judgment. So, even if Cedar, Cedar, Cedar & McGonigle advised me to settle, and I thought this was what the papers call a confidence game or something, I would not settle at all. I would tell you to go ahead if you weren't afraid to."

"Surely you wouldn't want to wash all this dirty linen before the public."

Longfellow regarded him gravely. "I don't see why not," he said. "I didn't get any of it dirty." He stood up and rang a bell. "This," he said, "is one nice thing about being rich. I mean, you can ring bells and things happen. Servants come to ask what you want. It is very handy. When this servant comes I am going to tell him to show you the door."

"You will live to regret this day," said Granzi.

"There's this about it," said Longfellow; "I can't be any worse off than I was a month ago. But you can be in prison. Er—Wilson, show Mr. Granzi where the door is."

"Yes, sir. . . . Mrs. Garrison is calling."

"Here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ask her to come right in," said Longfellow. "Good-by, Mr. Granzi."

Granzi, scowling, followed the servant from the room.

MRS. GARRISON appeared in the door.

"My dear Longfellow!" she exclaimed. "I have not been neglecting you. Indeed not! Far, far from it!" Her conversation was in exclamation points. "But one has so much to do. It's much more friendly than telephoning, don't you think? Tomorrow evening at eight."

"Yes, ma'am," said Longfellow. He did not know exactly what sentence of her series of exclamations he was answering, and, realizing this suddenly, considered it wise to ask, "Tomorrow evening at eight—what?"

"Dinner," said Mrs. Garrison. "Just a cozy little dinner of sixteen! People you must know."

"You mean you want me to come to your house to dinner tomorrow night?"

"At eight," said Mrs. Garrison. "I've got to run. At eight."

"But—" said Longfellow.

"White tie," said Mrs. Garrison cryptically.

Longfellow felt of his neckwear. It was not white; it was red and blue striped. "I can't," he said.

She paused and stared. "You can't what?" she asked in astonishment.

"Come to your house to dinner tomorrow night."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because I've got a date. I mean I have a previous engagemen.."

"With whom?" she asked indignantly.

Longfellow batted his eyes. It did not seem to him that she had a right to ask him such a question, but he was unacquainted with the usages of New York society, and it might be eminently correct to do so. "With Miss Petersen," he said.

"I know no Miss Petersen. Call her up and tell her you can't come. She can't matter. At eight o'clock." Again she turned to take her departure.

"I can't," said Longfellow.

"And why not, I should like to know?"

"I promised. I'm—I'm meeting her at the Cortillon. I said I'd be there."

"May I ask where you met this Miss Petersen? May I ask who she is?"

"She is Madame Pomponi's secretary and accompanist."

"Ah," said Mrs. Garrison, studying him with saturnine eye. "Ah. Well, it seems to me you can carry on that sort of affair on an evening when I am not giving a dinner. Is she pretty?"

"She is very nice-looking."

"It seems to run in the blood," said Mrs. Garrison tartly. "Victor Semple was an old roué!"

"I am not a roué!" said Longfellow. "I have the highest respect for Miss Petersen."

Mrs. Garrison raised her brows. But she contented herself by repeating, "Eight o'clock."

"No, ma'am," said Longfellow. "But any other time."

THEN he remembered Granzi and the situation in which he now found himself—a man with his inheritance threatened. It might turn out that he was not a millionaire at all, but only a poet, and that would make a difference. It might make a big difference with Mrs. Garrison.

"Now, I tell you what, Mrs. Garrison," he said, "maybe you better wait. Maybe you better not invite me to dinner till we see how it turns out. Maybe you wouldn't want to bother to invite me to dinner or anything. You better wait and see."

"Wait and see what?"

"Oh, there's a thing that has come up—a kind of a thing that might make a difference."

"You're not going to marry this Petersen person?"

"Goodness, no."

"Then it can't make any difference. Boys will be boys—and my experience is that men will be men. But I hope you use more brains than Victor Semple did. His women cost him plenty. He never used any judgment."

"Yes'm," said Longfellow.

"You're adamant?"

"I got to be," said Longfellow.

"Well, I hope it doesn't cost you much."

She was gone, and Longfellow picked up the telephone to speak to Mr. Cedar, but Mr. Cedar was in Washington and would not return for twenty-four hours.

"I'll wait till he gets back," Longfellow said. "I guess nothing will happen till then."

He picked up a newspaper and glanced at the first page. Then he turned to another page, where there was a column which told Where One Should Dine. He read this and learned that at Le Lapin Rouge one was likely to meet the élite of the literary and intellectual world. One might sit at a table and hear poets and authors and composers and essayists and manufacturers of *belles lettres* clinking their knives and forks. This aroused his keen interest. He looked at his watch and found it to be seven-thirty o'clock. And then a servant appeared in the door and announced that dinner was served.

Longfellow stood up; then he sat down again. He wanted to dine at Le Lapin Rouge. Of a sudden he determined he would dine at Le Lapin Rouge, come what might. He fixed the servant with a determined look.

"I'm going out some place to eat," he said firmly.

"Yes, sir," said the servant.

It was as easy as that! He arose, descended the stairs, procured his hat, opened the front door, and stepped out into the street. He strolled down the Avenue to Sixty-second Street, where he turned toward the east, and presently found himself under an orange canopy upon which was painted the name of the literary restaurant which was his objective. He entered.

Longfellow was somewhat disappointed. Somehow, the place did not have what he considered a literary atmosphere. He found himself in a long, narrow room which resembled remotely a Pullman car with little tables in compartments where the berths should be. A waiter conducted him to a seat. The waiter placed a card before him, but Longfellow did not give it his attention.

"Good evening," said Longfellow.

"Good evening," said the waiter.

"I read in the paper," Longfellow said confidentially, "that a good many poets and authors and people like that came to this place. So I thought I would come. I am a poet myself," he said diffidently, "and that is why I am interested. I live in New York now. I would be very much obliged to you if you would kind of point out some famous people and tell me who they are. It would be a great favor."

"We get 'em all," said the waiter. "Sure, I'll point 'em out."

"I'm not the kind of poet that has them printed in bound volumes nor in magazines," Longfellow said confidentially. "I write most of the ones you see on post cards."

"Is zat so!" exclaimed the waiter admiringly. "What you going to have?"

"I think I shall have some lamb chops and potatoes, and some coffee. Are there any famous people here now?"

"The place is crawlin' with 'em," said the waiter. "See that big lummox across there? Well, that's Percival Dide, and the skirt with him just won some kind of a prize with a book. Her name's Zinzer."

"Goodness! I've read Mr. Dide's stories in the magazines, but I never thought he looked like that. And—and Miss Zinzer just won the Pulitzer Prize. Goodness! Are there any poets?"

"We don't get many. I figger they don't eat much. Them two in the next stall is the editor of a magazine and a funny man that writes pieces for him. Name's Ted Santer. . . . Say, I seen your picture in the paper. I didn't make you at first. You're Mr. Deeds, ain't you?"

"Why, yes," said Longfellow.

"It was your mentionin' them post-card poems that made me spot you," the waiter said. Then he went away to fill Longfellow's order.

He reappeared from the kitchen and paused at Dide's table and said something. Dide and his companion glanced across at Longfellow. The waiter passed on to Santer's table, and, after a word, Santer and his friend turned and stared. Longfellow, unconscious of the interest he generated, sat back and sharpened his ears in the hope of catching some fragments of the conversation of these dwellers upon Olympus.

THEN, suddenly, astoundingly, the great Percival Dide arose and walked to Longfellow's table; his enormous heavy face was solemn, but his little, shrewd eyes were trying to conceal hopeful laughter.

"Mr. Deeds, isn't it?" he asked. "My name is Dide. We're all friendly and informal here. Know each other pretty well. Why don't you uproot yourself and come across and put on the nose bag with Miss Zinzer and me?"

Longfellow beamed. He had not dreamed of meeting such neighborliness in New

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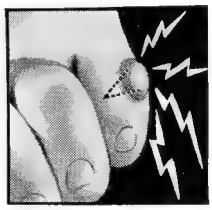

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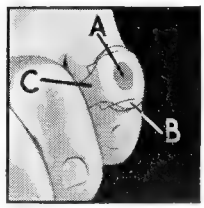

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York, and especially from an Immortal. He flushed with embarrassment.

"Why—why, I'd like to awfully well," he said. "I—when I came it was just to—you know—to look at people—famous people like you. I didn't have any idea of speaking to you."

"I speak to policemen," said Dide solemnly, "and milkmen. Democratic—that's me."

"Thank you—very much," said Longfellow, and he got up and accompanied the hugeness of the author to the table where Miss Zinzer sat. He was presented, but before he could sit down Santer's head appeared over the partition.

"I want in," he said plaintively. "Bill and I want in."

"Go peddle your tripe," said Dide. "This is a literary table."

"Come on, Bill," Santer said. "They want us." He fixed Longfellow with a sad eye. "My name's Santer. I can write swell obituaries. I know half a dozen I could turn out masterpieces with if they would only die. This is Bill. He picks my brains."

"Must use a jeweler's microscope," said Miss Zinzer tartly.

"She was just a publicity woman and a wisecracker until she assembled all the bright things she'd heard me say and put them in a novel."

IT WAS now a party of five. Santer turned to Longfellow. "What," he asked, "are your views upon the future of Opera in America?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand about Opera very well," Longfellow said simply. "I went to see one this afternoon for the first time. I—the way it struck me was that they won't get many people to come to see that kind of a show. I couldn't make any head or tail to it."

"Maybe you just don't like music," suggested Miss Zinzer.

"Oh, yes. I like music. And I play the tuba in our band."

"What more can you ask!" said Santer. "The Opera is in safe hands. Tell me, Mr. Deeds, you are a poet as well as a musician?"

"A kind of a poet," Longfellow said. "I write poems for post cards."

"For post cards. Think of that!" Santer said admiringly. "You wouldn't have one in your pocket, would you? I mean a card with one of your poems on it. I've got a lot of autographs of famous people, and if I could get you to write your name on one of your own post cards—"

"I have all of them in a scrapbook at home," Longfellow said.

"Um. . . . Now, about the Opera. I gather you have some doubts."

"I just don't understand about it."

"You mean because it is sung in foreign languages?"

"I guess that's part of it. But I guess it would be a good idea if I didn't say anything at all until I've had a chance to study it more."

"Mr. Deeds," said Santer, "I've an idea. I think it is a splendid idea. The Opera certainly needs something. And I think the time is ripe. I think you are the very man to save it; to give it new life—perhaps new form. As I understand it, you are practically in control of the situation."

"I guess I am," said Longfellow.

"Then," said Santer, "why don't you write a new opera? In English. You are a poet. You could bring to the task a wealth of ability and experience. A man who can, as you do, go straight to the throbbing heart of the people with poems on any given subject, should have the ability, the art, the inspiration, to reach straight to the throbbing heart of the nation with a great, ringing, tear-compelling, emotion-stirring opera which even a child on the street could understand and love. Do you get the idea? Something with Home, and Mother, and all the deep and sacred things in it. Do you follow me, Mr. Deeds?"

Longfellow looked at Santer; he regarded Dide and Miss Zinzer and the editor Bill, and his eyes were hurt, as are the eyes of a friendly dog who is kicked when he has reason to expect nothing but a return of his friendliness.

"I guess I get the idea, Mr. Santer. That's your name, isn't it? I guess I follow you. I guess, Mr. Dide, I know why it was you invited me to come over to your table. I guess I understand it, and everything. It was to make fun of me."

"Oh, now—" commenced Santer.

"You will please not say anything more," said Longfellow, "and I will not say much of anything myself, only that it isn't the kind of a thing I would do if I was a celebrated person."

He paused and got to his feet. "Maybe you would be a joke in Mandrake Falls, but I don't believe anybody there would try to make you look ridiculous if you minded your own business and tried to be pleasant to people. We would overlook how funny you were, and we would have good manners enough to treat you decently."

He stopped again. "I never noticed," he said, "that it was comical to write poems for post cards—not until folks here in New York said some things that showed what they thought. But I wrote the best poems I could, and made a pretty good living, and people at home were kind of proud of me. So I'll be going now, and I've learned to keep away from famous people. I am sorry, because I admired you a good deal, and I am disappointed."

THERE was a silence as he turned away and walked toward the door; Dide, his broad face expressionless, craned his bull's neck to watch Longfellow take his hat. Then the big man shoved the table violently from him and surged to his feet.

"To hell with you," he said, "and with me, too."

He ploughed down the aisle, snatched his hat, and wallowed after Longfellow, whom he caught a few yards from the door, and his great ham of a hand dropped on the young man's shoulder.

"Say, you!" he said.

Longfellow turned, not without a certain dignity. Dide pointed to his own chin, which he thrust forward.

"Sock it, kid, if it'll do you any good," he said. "The difference between me and them is I know when I'm a louse. And say, kid, if I ever get in a jam like that I hope I handle myself like you did. You're regular. You're in. You belong. I don't give a damn if you paint portraits on shingles. Come on to a newsstand and I'll eat a peck of post cards raw. I got to get a binge and have a fight with a cop before I'll feel white again. If you're man's size

and don't hold a grudge, come on and help me."

Longfellow's face softened, became boyish, even wistful. "I guess I am comical," he said. "I guess you're a pretty swell person. I guess—I guess—Mr. Dide, I never got a binge."

"You probably won't like it, and my friends call me Mike because my name is Percival. What's yours?"

"Longfellow."

"It's a good name, Hank," said Dide. "We will now look upon life in the raw." He looked over Longfellow's shoulder and turned savage of a sudden. "Say, mug, what's the idea?" he asked of one of two men who seemed to be loitering within earshot. "Whose pet gorilla are you, and why? Never step on the heels of a hippopotamus, and thank you for coming."

VERY unexpectedly, he smacked the stranger with such vigor that the man sprawled on the sidewalk, and his companion took to his heels. Dide dusted off his knuckles and grinned; then he peered with sudden gravity at Longfellow.

"I guess you'd better look out a little bit, Hank. Those lads were tailing you."

"Why?"

"Well," said Dide, "seeing as you're a billionaire it might be they had an idea of inviting you to go for a buggy ride."

"You don't mean kidnapping!"

"It could be," said Dide.

"Gosh," said Longfellow, "I got troubles enough without that."

"Why take a chance?" said Dide. "Now, maybe they just wanted to sneak up and slip a gold watch in your pocket. But, on the other hand— Anyhow, business is closed for the evening. But tomorrow is another day."

"You kind of surprise me," said Longfellow. "I've read your stories and they're—they're kind of romantic and—and tender and lovely. They're like that."

"They are my true self," said Dide solemnly. "It's realizing it that makes it highly essential for me to drown it all in hooch once a week. And tonight's the night."

"Must I get—get a binge?" asked Longfellow.

"Tell me," said Dide, "are you in love?"

"No."

"A good many people are," said Dide.

"Are you?" asked Longfellow.

"No. I fight with policemen. We'll ask this doorman what is his favorite color."

This was a bit bewildering.

"What," asked Dide of the functionary, "is your favorite color?"

The man, evidently accustomed to the vagaries of customers, considered the matter and answered, "Blue."

"Wrong," said Dide. "Meet my friend, Mr. Deeds. We are not coming in."

"Yes, sir," said the doorman.

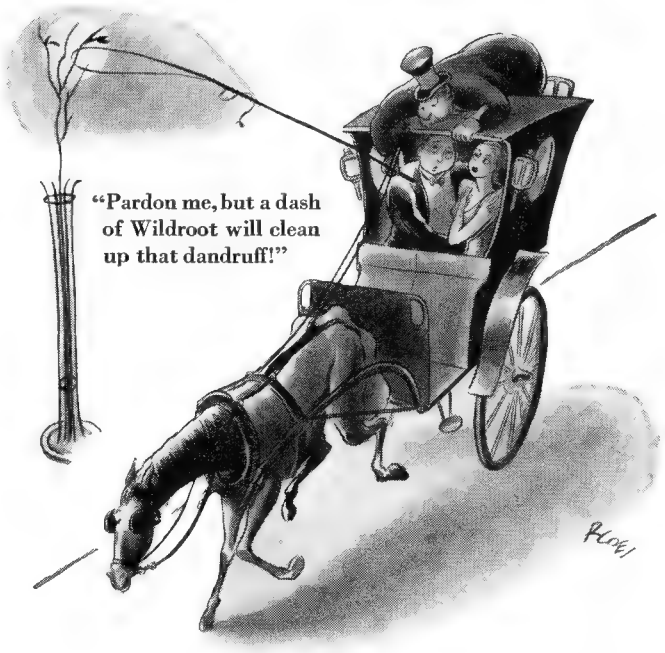
"Probably," said Dide, "you will see a piece about us in the morning papers. My friend is a Vestal Virgin. He is about to meet Bacchus. I know a street cleaner whose name is Pilch. Want to go to the opera, Hank?"

"No."

"So do I," said Dide.

They passed on down the street unconscious that they were followed by four men who scattered along the block behind them—one with a sore jaw.

(*To be continued*)



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Worth the mending

(*Continued from page 35*)

she heard every night at home—whenever she was at home. "And now," she said, in concert with the announcer, from memory, "write in for your copy of these famous beauty secrets which have revolutionized the lives of thousands of women—" And she thought, "I ought to send for the book and be revolutionized. My life could do with a few revolutions."

"It's a national hookup," said Clay; "same program you get in New York but at a different time."

Chloe stood there and absorbed the crickets' cry into her nerves. She let the cool wind ruffle her hair; Ferdinand's best work seemed inconsequential here.

IT WAS as she turned back into the room to dance again, it was as the radio drifted into the slow strains of the year's best waltz, that she looked involuntarily into the thoughtful gray eyes of Gavin Scott.

"Hello, Clay," said the man, thrusting out his slender, bony hand for the fraternity grip.

Clay introduced them: "Mrs. Sargent—Mr. Scott."

"Gavin Scott," added the man. "I've wanted to meet you."

Chloe appraised Gavin Scott in a glance before they danced, a slender young man, medium height, fine, sensitive face, serious eyes, firm lips. She had met that type before; they liked to talk about life, they had ideals and, in falling in love with you, they said they were putting you on a pedestal, and if it were to fall all their dreams would crumble, too. . . . But Gavin Scott had a gleam of humor in his eye, and he was looking at her intently, searchingly. Chloe felt a call to battle. Her débutante training pulled her forward as the alarm pulls an old fire horse.

She said, "That's sweet of you. Am I a terrible disappointment?"

"You are what I thought you would be."

"Oh, a confident young man," said Chloe lightly, "with strong opinions. . . . You dance rather well, you know, without being collegiate."

"I'm a graduate student. One puts away childish things—"

"What degree?" asked Chloe, because it was indicated.

"Theology. I get it this week."

Something in Chloe crumpled with disappointment. Of all the men at Marytown the most interesting had to be a theolog.

"Oh, have you gotten your church for next year?" she asked weakly.

"Yes," said Gavin Scott. Then, abruptly, "I've wanted to meet you. Not for any of the obvious reasons—that you are young and lovely and—"

"Thank you, sir, she said prettily," said Chloe fliply.

"But because you look like one of the unhappiest persons I've ever met," continued Gavin Scott steadily.

"Oh!" Chloe felt intrigued and taken aback. She hesitated, and said, "Dear, dear, and does it show like that?"

"It shows," said the young man briefly.

"But we needn't get off to a bad start talking about it, need we?" laughed Chloe, and her laughter sounded thin and brittle to her own ears.

They talked about everything else, sitting on the side lines. Chloe took an excursion into the depth and clarity of Gavin Scott's mind. In twenty minutes she was pitying him.

"Gavin Scott," she said, "you could be anything, make anything of yourself—lawyer, rich man, merchant, chief. Why, oh, why, be a minister?"

He smiled. "You don't know many ministers, do you?"

"I've been baptized, confirmed, married—by dear, white-haired old gentlemen. And my husband and I go to St. Thomas's on Easter Sunday. We've skipped only one, and that was because it rained and I couldn't wear my new bonnet."

Gavin Scott's smile deepened, but it was a sober smile. "I see," he said.

"No, you don't see. The Church hasn't anything to offer, has it? You'll never make much money, and you *could* be a success at other useful professions. You have brains and charm. Oh, you have, really. I know a lot about charm and I always get taken in by it . . ."

But Gavin rose and swung her off into a faster rhythm. "If you want to know the other viewpoint—the viewpoint exactly opposite to anything you believe or your world believes—" he said earnestly, "may I see you tomorrow? May I take you on one of the most famous walks in Marytown and talk you to death?"

Chloe looked levelly into the gray eyes parallel to her own. Over Gavin's shoulder she saw Clay's friend, Eddie, about to cut in.

"Yes," she whispered, "yes, Gavin Scott." . . .

IT WAS a week of youth, and no one can breathe youth, eat, talk, and dance with youth without feeling young. Chloe let the past four years fall away from her like scales, one by one. She even felt a stir of old professional pride as her number of cut-ins grew. "I'll be a Merry Widow, anyway," she observed ironically to herself. She even felt a vague gratitude toward Clay Wyatt for falling in love with her. Clay had a girl up for Prom, a small blond girl with a bang and moist, parted lips. She came from Vicksburg, and she had a line. She was very, very dumb, with the bland, innocently amusing dumbness of a small child. She was—had been—a panic with the stag line. The boys called her, not without tenderness, "Little Fool." She was seventeen.

Clay said harshly, "Listen, Chloe, Little Fool's my date. She came on my bid, and I've got to drag her. But look—

Gavin can take you and we'll go foursome. You'll dance with me most, won't you?"

Absurd to feel that small surge of feminine triumph, absurd to laugh deliciously into Clay's warm, bewildered gaze. She explained it best to Gavin Scott on one of their long, sunlit morning walks:

"Strange to feel time rolling back like this. I might be any age, Gavin. I might never have grown up and married and—and be about to be divorced."

Gavin Scott was sitting near the cannon that had been poised on the edge of the plateau since Civil War days. His eyes, which had been looking off down the mountain, came back to Chloe. She wore a simple sports suit: a white blouse over a blue skirt, a red scarf at the neck. Ferdinand's swirl had left her coppery hair. It sprang back from its parting in two little wings.

Gavin was thinking, "So young, so dear—her sweet, petulant mouth. The bewildered eyes. The uncomprehending soul of her."

He said gently, "And must you be divorced, Chloe? Doesn't your marriage mean anything to you?"

"It means— You wouldn't understand, Gavin, unless you lived in New York. If you lived on our street, in our little crowd, doing the things we do . . . Tim likes to play polo, he vanishes to Long Island every week-end all summer. I like Connecticut. We have the money to build a country house but we don't because we can't agree on the site, with Tim hating Connecticut and my hating Long Island. I hate the polo most, I think. . . . So we stay in town and we get away week-ends—Tim to his friends, Chloe to hers. . . . That's all, I guess. We sit in the same box at theater parties, and we're listed together in the *Social Register*—'Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Sargent (Chloe Temple),' with our clubs. That's funny, isn't it? When really it's all over, done with, ended. . . ." Chloe's voice rose shrilly and trembled in the middle like a taut violin string.

"One person liking Long Island and the other liking Connecticut. . . . It seems so unimportant, such a little, little thing to break a marriage, Chloe."

"It seems little to you."

"It is little," he insisted.

CHLOE smiled abruptly and laid her hand on the thin fingers near her. She remembered what Gavin Scott had told her that first morning about why he had chosen the ministry:

"Not for money, because there's a bare living in it. Not for fame, because the finest clergymen throughout the country never get into the newspapers. Not even, wholly, to talk about God, Chloe, because God is too great to need a poor human interpreter. . . . But have you heard of social service? Have you heard of working among human hearts and souls as the doctor works among bodies? That's what the ministry means to me.

"I've had to work hard for my education, Chloe. That's why it means something to me. Anything important has to be suffered for. . . . Think of that some time when you're alone."

"Yes," said Chloe, "but it's almost lunchtime."

They picked up her dark sunglasses and sketch book and started back to the inn.

"I like you, Gavin—someone to talk to, say what you think to. . . . And it's fun flirting with Clay and the boys."

"I'm not a boy, I suppose," Gavin smiled.

"No." She did not smile. "You're a man, Gavin—not because you're twenty-seven years old, but because you're completely adult and completely wise."

They walked in silence the rest of the stony road. Gavin left her on the inn steps and went to his own dormitory, where, forgetting to eat lunch, he sat a long time at his battered desk making absent-minded little marks on the blotter with a pencil.

THE Judge chattered garrulously to Chloe during lunch. Later she understood his nervousness, but at the time she thought with amusement that so many pretty girls arriving hourly had gone to his head. "Fifty-odd is a very dangerous age, darling," she told him soberly.

Tonight was Senior Prom night, and Chloe went up early to dress. She surveyed the pale yellow dress which was so of-and-for a Prom that she had not been able to resist buying it in one of the towns in the valley the other day.

The colored maid knocked on the door and said Mr. Scott would like to see her downstairs at once, if possible.

"I'm not dressed," she told the maid. "Tell him to wait."

She hurried then, ruining a pair of chiffon stockings, so that she left them off and perversely stuck her slippers on stockingless feet. She had started on her hair when there was another knock.

"Mercy! What now? Come in," she called impatiently.

The girl came in timidly, already dressed for Prom in a pink linen frock with stiffened shoulder wings. She looked rather like a lost angel, with a drooping mouth and with tears in the round eyes. It was Little Fool.

"I—I don't mean to intrude," she faltered.

"It's quite all right," said Chloe, and waited. Then, to her amazed annoyance, Little Fool sat on the bed's edge and buried her face in her hands.

"You don't need him," she sobbed pitifully; "you could have anyone else you wanted—but I love him so, and now he's sorry he asked me here—"

"Who on earth?" said Chloe, but she felt a nasty twinge of conscience.

"Clay—" Little Fool went on crying, helplessly, hopelessly.

"Now, look here, Little Fool," began Chloe briskly, "I'm sorry. I haven't heard your right name."

"It's Mary-Edna, but everyone calls me the other for fun, and, anyway, I am a fool, I guess," continued the soft drawl.

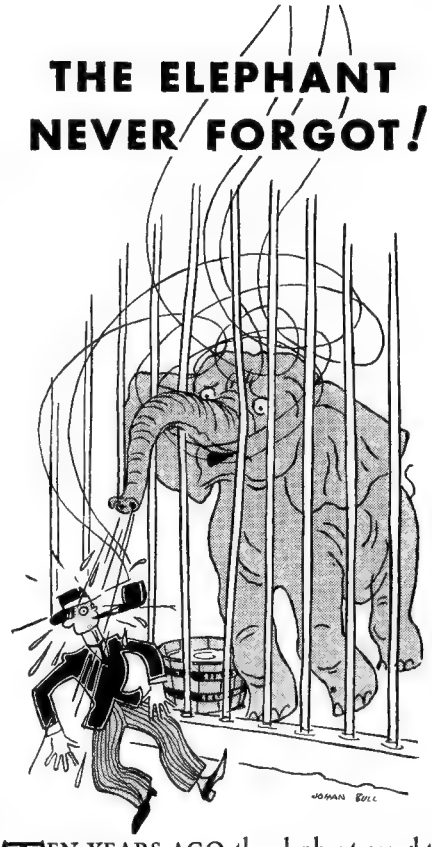
"Nonsense; of course you aren't," Chloe sat down, her arm around the slight shoulders. "Mary-Edna, truly I'm not interested in Clay . . ."

"You are! Everybody is. Down home the girls all try to get him away from me, but no one ever did, not since I was fifteen—until you . . ." said Little Fool drearily.

Chloe thought fast. She said, "But, baby, I have a husband—"

"Divorced or something," sobbed the girl.

"Nonsense, not divorced at all. A real, live, jealous husband who may be coming down here to get me any minute," lied Chloe reassuringly. "Why, I've only been



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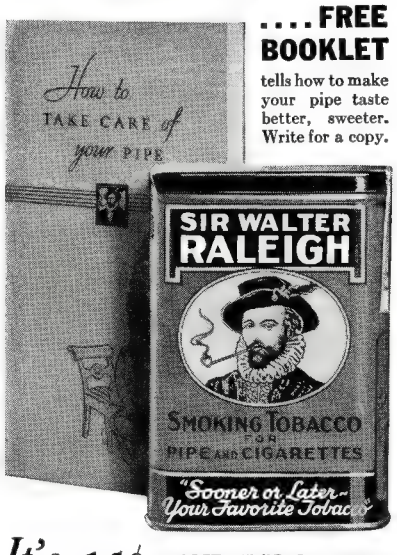

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having fun. Your Clay is a sweet boy but—he's too young for me, Mary-Edna. I didn't know; I thought you and Clay were only friends—" she halted lamely.

"I have his fraternity pin; look," said Little Fool proudly, sobs ceased.

"You keep it, dear. Clay will forget all about me. He only wanted to try his hand at amusing a married woman—to prove he could, you see. But I know Clay is devoted to you. Aren't you going to Prom with him tonight?"

"Ye-es."

"There, you see—and I'm going with someone else—Gavin Scott. And Clay might cut in on me once or twice, just to be polite, but you wouldn't mind that?"

"No," faltered Little Fool.

"Now, come in my bathroom and we'll do your face over."

PRESENTLY they descended the staircase. Chloe left Little Fool—tremulous and excited and remembering to turn on her line again—with Clay, and went off to find Gavin Scott.

He rose abruptly from a chair on the veranda.

"Chloe, I had to see you. Now, before dinner. I'm not coming after you for Prom, but someone else is. The Judge didn't want to tell you—we said we wouldn't. Oh, but, Chloe, it seems only sporting to let you know a little ahead. You ought to know—you need to be collected and ready—"

Chloe's lips moved and said nothing, barely forming the word "Tim."

"Yes—Chloe, I hadn't any right in this world. I wanted to help you. It was the only way I knew. Please believe that—"

His face was white in the dusk. There were myriads of glowworms on the lawn. Chloe divided her eyes between them and Gavin's white face.

"You sent for Tim? Oh, but he wouldn't come," she quavered. "He'd be busy."

"I didn't wire him myself, but I told the Judge to—Oh, Chloe, forgive me for not telling you about it this morning. The Judge wired and—there was an answer. Your husband's coming in time to take you to Prom—he's flying, Chloe."

"Uncle told him I was very ill, I suppose," said Chloe with deadly calm. "He had no right to say that to get Tim here. Where is my uncle?"

"The stag dinner for the trustees. I don't know what he said in the wire. Don't look like that—"

He led her to the swing and made her sit down. He held her limp right hand and said, "Hush, dear Chloe," when she cried, with her other hand over her eyes, sobbing over and over, "What will he think when he finds me here, perfectly well, ready for a dance? When he finds it's a wild-goose chase and turns on his heel to go back."

"Come eat your dinner, Chloe."

"I don't want any. Let me sit here alone, Gavin—and think what to do and what to say." She was calmer now.

"Can you forgive me?"

She said wearily, "Yes, because it doesn't matter. Not really. Tim will laugh a little and then go—or maybe he'll stay long enough to arrange things definitely—so I can go West from here."

"Promise I'll see you at Prom tonight."

She looked up, touched by the urgency in his voice.

"I'm sure you were in good faith, Gavin," she said gently, "and it's been a happy week, hasn't it? The long walks and talks and the understanding. . . . Kiss me, Gavin."

On an impulse of loneliness and forlornness she lifted her mouth to him. But he stooped and kissed the place on her temple where the small blue veins threaded it with a childlike, vulnerable delicacy. "Thank you, Chloe," he said in a smothered voice, and was gone.

Hearing the voices of the people at dinner as in a dream, she stayed out in the swing. The porch light went on when it grew quite dark, and still she stayed. She had expected the taxi for a long time when it came, and she had heard in her mind the chug of tires on the drive and the slamming of the door—before the sounds occurred. So that they were no surprise. And she had called to mind Tim's sportsmanlike good looks—the sunburned face with the very blue eyes looking cheerfully out of it, the firm, full-lipped young mouth, the brown column of throat . . . so that the sight of Tim would be no surprise, either.

But there was the frightened leap of her heart. . . . She stood under the porch light, a slender, proud figure. She watched Tim jump out of the taxi with his pigskin bag, pay the driver. She saw him take the three steps at a stride and stop abruptly, catching sight of her.

Then, because she was frightened and caught in a mesh of sudden, strange emotion, she held out her hand to him and said lightly, casually, "Hello, Tim."

He took the hand, staring at her, his face breaking slowly into its wide, amused grin. "Hello, Chloe."

That was their meeting. Chloe led him into the inn, sat with him while he ate, and, because the hostess wasn't around to arrange his room that night, took him up to her own room to change.

"You see," she explained casually, "it seems we're going to the local Prom tonight."

"Oh," said Tim, "commencement week on the mountaintop. That should be fun. You *did* have fun, didn't you?" The grin froze and he rummaged in his bag.

"Oh, lots, thanks. You can't imagine what a belle I am!"

"Yes, I can," grimly.

"Thank you, Tim."

"You're welcome."

CHLOE waited for him downstairs. She put on her long taffeta wrap, and he joined her, handsome and poised in his mess jacket, hair brushed smooth and face cleanly shaven. She remembered poignantly how proud she used to be, starting off for a dance with Tim—how conscious of the envy in other girls' eyes. . . . Absent-mindedly she slipped her hand through his arm.

"You're looking blooming," he said.

She bit her lip. She had no intention of explaining the Judge's wire, of apologizing for not being sick. Let Tim figure it out for himself.

"I'm feeling rested."

She was glad when they went into the huge gymnasium, decorated with crêpe paper and flags. The music buoyed her up, sustained her with gay, intangible fingers.

"Dance this?"

She drifted with him, her feet following

Tim's feet and her body following his body with gracile precision. She looked up into his eyes.

"Your dancing always gets me," he said, smiling.

Clay Wyatt cut, then Eddie, and Tim cut back with that little mocking smile on his lips which had once made Chloe shiver with delight.

"Quite the Southern belle, aren't you?"

"Oh, sir!" she said demurely.

It went on like that. The seniors watched Tim carefully to see if they were succeeding in making him jealous. But, for half the evening, Tim did his chain-smoking on the side lines and persistently cut back.

"This grows amusing," he commented, "when a man can't dance with his own wife. Only, you don't look like my wife"—his blue eyes went grave. "You look like a prom girl, like little Chloe Temple, say, all dressed up for Princeton commencement, 1929 model."

"I feel like Chloe Temple," she said.

It was true. Something of the old magic seeped back into her veins. She looked across the room at Little Fool, a blissful smile on her parted lips, a dimpled arm halfway around Clay Wyatt's shoulders.

"There's Little Fool," she murmured.

"Little what?"

"Little Fool—who loves her senior, wears his fraternity pin. . . . It's a girl from Vicksburg." After a moment she said ruefully, "I remember feeling like that."

"Do you? I've often wondered—" Tim's voice was grim. "Let's sit this out. I want to talk to you, Chloe."

IT HAD come now and there was no escape. Tim was going to ask for the showdown, make her tell him what she meant to do and when she meant to do it. Maybe Tim wanted to be free, maybe there was someone else by now.

Her hands icy, she let Tim take her through the gym doors and out into the deceptive fragrance of the Tennessee night. There was a stone parapet overlooking the athletic field, and Tim led her to it. Presently he would say, "Look here, Chloe, why are we playing games and going to infant parties? That isn't planning our big, bright future." And she would say, "I'm with you, darling, and what do we do first? Do I label you a great brute and show some bruises—or do we let it go at 'incompatible'?"

Chloe did not say that or anything. Moved by a powerful nostalgia, she crept closer to Tim. She looked up at him with desperate, misted eyes—speaking to him in the wordless language that had come suddenly into her heart.

Tim leaned to her, gathered her in his arms—stamped on her lips the unforgettable feel of his mouth. . . .

"Does it matter who likes Connecticut and who likes Long Island?" she sobbed to his supporting shoulder. "Isn't that a little, little thing to break a marriage?"

"I'll live anywhere," said Tim huskily.

"Long Island—I want to live on Long Island with you," she whimpered ecstatically.

"Connecticut," he corrected. After a while he said quietly, "Then you did remember?"

"I've always remembered."

"The gardenias—the things we laughed

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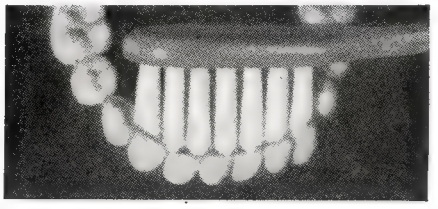

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at—the night we went and asked Dad for a job for me?"

"Everything. Oh, my Tim—"

"Chloe—" He liked her name, he liked to say it over and over. She clung to him, clasped her hands on the two arms which circled her, while he said "Chloe" like that. . . .

Forgetful of the Prom or whether or not it was over, they strolled along the path to the Inn. Chloe surrendered her wrap.

The hostess was rocking on the veranda. Chloe introduced her husband.

"I know you're filled up, but he'll stay with me," she said. "We're flying back tomorrow."

Chloe felt suddenly glad that the hostess didn't know that she and Tim were used to separate rooms with a long corridor between in the Park Avenue apartment.

THEY went inside, and Chloe saw that Gavin Scott was sitting in the drawing-room, flipping over the pages of magazines.

"Go on up, darling. I'll come in a minute."

Tim stole a kiss and took the stairs two at a time.

Chloe paused by Gavin's chair. "Gavin," she said softly.

"I've worried," he said simply.

"I know. It's all right."

He stood and looked keenly at her, at the ruffled yellow dress, at the soft hair like wings against her face, at the radiance in her eyes. He looked with a slow, absorbing gaze and said, "Then you're happy, Chloe?"

"So happy."

"I've been sitting here, wondering if I was wrong, thinking—" He broke off, "I waited for the Judge. I found out what was in the wire. You wanted to know—"

"Yes," said Chloe.

"It was: I THINK CHLOE WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU. Only that."

"And he came," she said, as though she were speaking of miracles. "He flew."

"Yes— Oh, Chloe, I've wanted to believe I was right to send for him. I knew you loved him. I was taking a chance on his loving you—as any man would be bound to love— Do you see? If you're happy now, if I helped you to be happy"—Gavin's thin face was lighted from within—"I shall have succeeded. I shall have crossed the first milestone—"

"Oh, Gavin—" There were tears in her eyes. "You were meant to be a minister, weren't you, my dear?"

"I think I was."

They stood in silence in the room, with its one lighted lamp, and Chloe said gently, "Thank you, Gavin—and good night. Tomorrow you must meet Tim."

"Good night, Chloe. God bless you."

Chloe slipped through the room and out into the hall. She paused on the first step, looking back. She knew that Gavin was happy, with a strange, exalted happiness, a happiness that had nothing of self in its crystal-clear sphere. She knew that Gavin felt that this week had been important to him, had marked the first small credit on the endless white book of his service to his fellows. What she was never to know was that Gavin Scott's eyes followed her all the way up the stairs and blessed her flight; that Gavin Scott, in the deepest part of his being and with the sturdy courage which was its strongest root, loved her and would love her forever. "The soul of her," said Gavin; "so young, so dear, so worth the mending. . . ."

The Clock Strikes

(*Continued from page 15*)

woman flyer and Thomas Pomeroy's niece, had also had a narrow squeak. The plane that Colonel Primrose had seen on Friday had crashed aflame into a marsh eight miles south of Bordentown.

Colonel Primrose looked again at the broad morning-coated back in front of him and glanced up at the clock. It was 12:40. The plaintiff—i. e., the Burton-Savage Steel Company—had been allowed one hour to speak. Two women farther along on the bench began to edge towards the end of it. The hands of the clock moved slowly. It was 12:41. The two women edged farther along and made a dash for it. Sergeant Buck heaved a vast sigh and looked ostentatiously at the gigantic silver watch he carried in his vest pocket. Colonel Primrose smiled slightly. It was 12:42.

Colonel Primrose often thought later of those last few minutes. He remembered glancing at the girl to his left and seeing that the young man with the light hair and the slow, cheerful grin had joined her. He remembered looking back, then, towards the marshal's door, to his right, and seeing that the short, thick-set young man was still sitting there. And he remembered glancing up a last time at the clock in the gallery railing. It was 12:44, and the minute hand of the clock was inexorably moving, not figuratively, but literally and actually, towards sudden death.

Then it happened, suddenly and simply. There was a deafening report, a spurt of flame from the center of the gallery. A circling cloud of bluish smoke rolled gently up to the ceiling. A woman screamed. Sergeant Buck sprang to his feet, and Colonel Primrose, rising slowly, saw Thomas Pomeroy clutch both hands to his heart, lurch forward onto the desk, and slide heavily off it to the floor.

BEFORE the instant of appalled and deadly silence had come to an end Colonel Primrose was halfway to the bench.

"The gallery, Buck!" he said sharply. "The stairs through that door!"

As Sergeant Buck disappeared through the marshal's door in four giant strides Colonel Primrose turned to the bench.

"Keep back, gentlemen!" he said. "Keep underneath the gallery—that shot came from there."

The silence came abruptly to an end as the clamor of excited and frightened voices broke out.

The chief justice rose from his chair. "Order, order!" he said curtly. "Sit down, please. Keep your places!"

Colonel Primrose's sharp black eyes went from one end of the gallery to the other. There was no movement there. He saw Mr. Justice Pettijohn lean over and speak hurriedly to the chief justice. Then someone pushed past him. It was the girl with the blue dress. She knelt down by the inert form on the floor. The man with the fine, sharply drawn face, Jerome Givler, rose suddenly, as if he had been released by her act from the spell cast by the incredible event, and knelt down also.

"Keep your places, please!" the chief justice said evenly. He was still standing. "Colonel Primrose, Mr. Pettijohn has told me who you are. You will take charge, please."

THE door at the right end of the gallery burst open. Sergeant Buck strode through it and stopped dead in his tracks. Colonel Primrose waited, wondering.

"There's nobody here, sir!" Buck said. He took two strides into the center of the gallery, and bent down to the clock. Then Colonel Primrose understood.

"Don't touch it, Buck!" he said sharply. He turned quickly. Garrow, the court secret service man, was standing by the main entrance, staring open-mouthed.

"Lock that door," Colonel Primrose said. "Mr. Marshal, see that no one goes out of this room. Call the Capitol police at once, and have them close the entire building. Call Captain Brady of the Metropolitan Police. Get hold of a doctor."

He went towards the bench and stared up to the left of the clock on the gallery rail. He was looking up at the cold blue muzzle of a revolver, visible through the decorative iron ring in the railing, still pointing with deadly accuracy at a spot just above the counsel's table, and at the exact middle of the speaker's desk—where Thomas Pomeroy's heart had been two minutes before. Colonel Primrose looked down to the floor. For days the wide, tragic eyes of the girl in the blue dress haunted him.

He knelt beside the lawyer's body. The marshal took his fingers off the limp pulse and shook his head. Colonel Primrose looked around. The court detective was keeping back the young man who had been sitting with the girl. Colonel Primrose beckoned to him and motioned towards the girl. He nodded, bent down, and lifted her gently to her feet. She let him lead her out of the silent room.

Five minutes later the justices had filed out of the room as they had come, Captain May of the Capitol police had closed all doors of the National Capitol, the marshal of the Supreme Court had stationed men at all the entrances to the chamber. Colonel Primrose looked about. Sergeant Buck was still waiting rigidly in the low gallery, the attendants and spectators were in their places. Colonel Primrose looked puzzled. There were two changes in the order of the room, apart from the justices;

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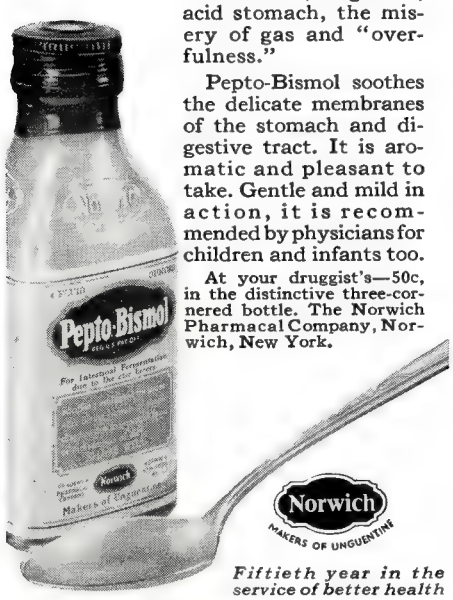

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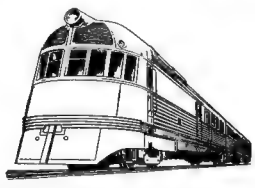

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and for a moment he could not think what one of them was. The girl, of course—Pomeroy's daughter—was not in her seat. Suddenly Colonel Primrose remembered. The leather-cushioned niche to the left of the main entrance was now empty. When Colonel Primrose had come in, it was occupied by the dark, foreign-looking man in the corduroy Norfolk suit.

He turned to Captain May.

"When I came in here," he said, "there was a man sitting there. He left shortly before the shot was fired, or after it."

He gave Captain May a description.

"Now I want you to get all these people out of the room. Take 'em across the corridor, put 'em in somewhere, take their names and addresses. And don't let anybody get up in that gallery."

When the room was empty except for the court attendants Colonel Primrose turned to the marshal. "I wish you'd help the Capitol police to see that no one leaves, and no one goes into the gallery. There's only the one exit from it, of course?"

The marshal nodded. "Just the staircase coming down in the hall there."

CAPTAIN BRADY of the Metropolitan Police came in, followed by four or five men in plain clothes. He was stocky, thick-shouldered, and bald-headed, with a red face and bushy eyebrows.

"What's up, Colonel?" he said gruffly.

There was no need for Colonel Primrose to point down to the body lying on the floor. He pointed up to the revolver muzzle and explained briefly what had happened. Brady whistled softly.

"For gosh sake!" he said simply.

The police surgeon rose. "Got him straight through the heart," he said. "Death was instantaneous. Pretty heavy shot."

Colonel Primrose nodded.

"The revolver is secured up in the railing," he said. "The counsel speaking has to stand here—you see the chairs on either side of him. He can't stand or move anywhere else. Somebody must have known just when he'd be standing there. The revolver is probably timed by that clock, with an electric device to fire it."

Captain Brady looked down and up. He took a piece of chalk out of his pocket and outlined the inert, huddled figure on the red and green carpet.

"Get a shot of the whole works," he said to his photographer. "Then you boys get him out of here. On the quiet—see? . . . Let's have a look, Colonel," he said.

They crossed the room and went through the double door at the right into a narrow curved passage. It led at the left to a room that Colonel Primrose knew was the office of the attorney general. At the right end was a lavatory and toilet, and the foot of a narrow flight of iron steps running to the gallery. Across the passage was the marshal's room and its outer office.

They went along the hall and mounted the iron steps. On a landing at the top, littered with stacks of dusty pamphlets, a Capitol policeman was standing guard. They passed him. Colonel Primrose, opening the door, was startled to see that the marshal had preceded them. He was looking silently down with Sergeant Buck at the railing by the clock. Colonel Primrose looked about. The gallery was quite narrow. Cheap wood chairs with straw seats were stacked against the gallery rail. There was a door at the opposite end.

The four men looked silently down for an instant at the ingenious and deadly mechanism in front of them. The back of the clock was pried open half an inch. A tiny wire ran from inside it to a small coil neatly tied to the leg of a chair. A second wire ran from the coil to the trigger of a .45 automatic, wedged in between two chairs and firmly secured with ordinary staple wire. A weight dangled towards the carpet, from the trigger. The shank of the revolver extended downwards, the muzzle still resting, as Colonel Primrose had seen from below, in an iron ring of the railing.

"Neat," said Captain Brady. "The hand of the clock completes the circuit and releases the weight. The weight pulls the trigger any time you want it to."

"Most ingenious," said the marshal.

"Well," Captain Brady said, "one thing's sure. The man we're looking for is a mechanic, and a good one. Buck, go down, will you, and bring McLaren up."

He turned to the marshal:

"Who can get up here? I mean, who do you allow up here?"

"The personnel of the Court only," said the marshal promptly.

"Yeah? Who's that?"

"That includes myself and the deputy marshal, the clerk and the deputy clerk, the librarian, Mr. Tupper, the secretarial force, the messengers and other court attendants, and of course the justices."

Captain Brady shook his head ironically.

"Nobody but just them," he said heavily. "Just a crowd of a hundred or so, eh?"

"Not actually, as it works out. You see, the court chamber is locked at 4:30, and opened at 9:00 in the morning. There are always several messengers in the office downstairs. Anyone coming in and going out would be under observation."

"You mean," Brady demanded, "that nobody could get up those stairs without being seen?"

"Precisely. I don't see how it would be possible."

"Well," Brady said shortly, "I'd like to hear you explain all this contraption." He pointed down at the revolver. "An expert mechanic would take an hour to fix this."

The marshal shrugged his shoulders. "I can't explain it, Captain. But I know this: There are invariably three or four of the court attendants in that hall, or in my outer office, through the whole day."

"In other words, Mr. Marshal," Colonel Primrose said, "whoever came up here must have been so well known to the court attendants that they didn't think anything at all about it."

THE marshal met his gaze steadily. "That is simply unthinkable."

Colonel Primrose nodded. "I suppose it is," he said slowly. "And yet . . . There's another point, too. Even an expert mechanic could not do this job in a few minutes. Is there any time of the day in which somebody could be sure he wouldn't be interrupted here, for half an hour, say?"

The marshal shook his head decidedly. "It's utterly impossible, sir. Even when the court is not sitting, there are always people down there. It's quite inconceivable."

"Well," Captain Brady said, "it's certain somebody did it some time. Is that the only way you can get up here?"

"That's the only way."

Brady pointed to the door at the left.

"That's the cedar closet, Captain," said the marshal.

Brady strode over and flung the door open. The small room was empty.

Garrow's voice came up from below: "The chief justice wants to see you, Colonel, as soon as you can come."

Brady said, "I'll look around, and I'll see the people who were here."

Colonel Primrose nodded and went out. The guard sitting on a pile of pamphlets tied together with a cord got to his feet.

"I understood your orders were not to let anybody up here?" Colonel Primrose said politely.

"Yes, sir. I haven't let anybody up."

Colonel Primrose smiled and went on down the stairway.

Garrow was waiting for him in the chamber. "They're in the robing room."

THE chief justice and the associate justices were seated at the long table at the end of the narrow room. Colonel Primrose took the chair indicated by the chief justice.

"Mr. Pomeroy was shot by a revolver wired to the gallery railing and timed, by a connection with the clock, to fire at 12:45, sir," he said.

Colonel Primrose smiled a little at the look of incredulity on the faces of the nine justices before him.

"It is obviously a very unusual affair," he said. "Of course, the first question is, why was Pomeroy killed in the Supreme Court chamber, in such a complicated way, when normally it would have been so much easier to do elsewhere?"

Mr. Justice Eldon leaned forward. "We may take it that the bullet was not intended for any member of the court?"

Colonel Primrose shook his head.

"To all appearances it was intended for someone at the counsel's desk, sir. If an attack on the Court was intended, it would have been equally simple for the criminal to have put a bomb in the gallery."

"What do the police think?" Mr. Justice Field asked. His voice crackled.

"No conclusion yet, sir. It's an incredible affair, really. There seem to be no fingerprints or footprints. The mystery, of course, is how anyone could have got up there, unnoticed, and had the time, uninterrupted, to install the revolver."

He turned to the chief justice.

"You gentlemen were facing the courtroom, sir," he said. "Did any of you notice anything unusual?"

Mr. Justice Taggert, at the end of the table, leaned forward.

"It was my impression that Pomeroy seemed nervous," he said slowly.

Mr. Justice Eldon smiled faintly. "I was under the impression," he said, "that Pomeroy was exceptionally composed—particularly when compared to last Friday."

Mr. Justice Horton spoke. "I agree with Mr. Taggert," he said. "I thought, furthermore, that Givler was quite unlike himself. In fact, I recall thinking they both were upset, as if they had quarreled." He smiled at Mr. Justice Eldon. "I also recall seeing the man sitting at the right center, by the entrance, leave the room hastily, just after the shot. I also saw a very pretty girl in the audience—which is certainly a deviation from the normal."

Mr. Justice Maybin smiled. "It is," he said. "At least, it is unusual for them to

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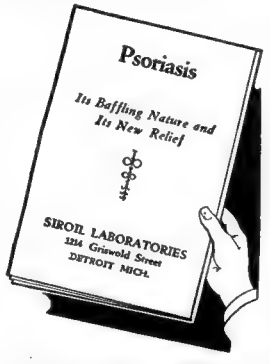

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remain any time. But . . ." He turned to Mr. Justice Horton. "But as I recall it, the man in the niche by the entrance surely left the Court *before* the shot."

Colonel Primrose turned to Mr. Justice Oneal, who shook his fine head. "I remember the girl," he said slowly. "I don't recall seeing anyone leave the Court, near the time of the shot."

Mr. Justice Pettijohn nodded. "I saw the girl, too," he said. "My secretary, John Herrick, was with her."

Mr. Justice Pettijohn smiled dryly. "It was my impression that Givler was decidedly nervous, and that Pomeroy was almost unusually composed."

"And the man by the entrance, sir?"

Mr. Justice Pettijohn shook his head. "I didn't notice the man."

Colonel Primrose bowed and turned to the chief justice.

"And you, sir?"

Mr. Chief Justice Randolph shook his head. "I saw the man leave," he said. "I have no idea whether it was before or after the shot."

COLONEL PRIMROSE looked from one end of the table to the other. He chuckled a little. The chief justice's fine eyes lighted.

"We have the nine justices of the Supreme Court as eyewitnesses of a murder," he said. "And the only point on which they agree is that there was a pretty girl in the room. I am afraid, Colonel Primrose, that we are poor witnesses."

Colonel Primrose's eyes twinkled. "There probably wasn't much to witness, sir," he said politely. "I doubt, as a matter of fact, if the man who went out had any connection."

Mr. Justice Horton nodded. "Doesn't the fact that the revolver was so placed and timed indicate that probably the murderer was not present at all?"

Colonel Primrose nodded. "Very likely, sir. But for that very reason it would be a smart thing for him to be there. Or . . . of course, he may have had to be there."

"In any case," Mr. Justice Maybin said gently, "a very accurate knowledge of the Court procedure is indicated?"

Colonel Primrose nodded again. "Our field is narrowed by that and other points," he said. "We already know a good deal about the murderer: 1. He had access to the gallery. That in itself should narrow the field greatly. 2. He had enough knowledge of mechanics and electricity to attach the revolver in the gallery. 3. For some reason, he had the time to do it in. 4. He had an intimate enough knowledge of the Supreme Court procedure to know that his victim would be standing on that spot at that time. Even with a substantial field of error, that bullet would still have been fatal. Now, Pomeroy, I should think, is an unusually tall man. That seems to me to point to the fact that Pomeroy was certainly the intended victim. For instance, the shot could hardly have been intended for Givler."

Mr. Justice Oneal spoke up:

"I think you are right, Colonel Primrose. I know Jerome Givler a little. You may not have noticed that his legs are grotesquely short. The top of his head would not come to Pomeroy's shoulder."

"Could the murderer have aimed at Givler's head?" the chief justice asked.

"I think you can count that out, sir. The chances of missing would be too great. A counsel's body hardly moves as he stands there, but his head does. He looks from side to side, he looks down at his notes, perhaps."

Colonel Primrose lapsed into silence for a moment. He came to with a little start.

"I *beg* your pardon, sir," he said apologetically. "I just thought of something."

He got to his feet.

"We shall expect you to follow through," Mr. Chief Justice Randolph said. He rose and held out his hand. . . .

Sergeant Buck was waiting in the hall.

"Miss Pomeroy's downstairs, sir. They tell me she won't go till she sees you."

Anne Pomeroy was standing in the library of the Supreme Court. The dark young man with the suave manner and the blue-shaven cheeks was with her. He came forward as Colonel Primrose and Sergeant Buck entered.

"Conrad's my name," he said. There was a slight touch of arrogance in his manner that Colonel Primrose instantly disliked. "I'm Mr. Justice Taggert's secretary, and Miss Pomeroy's an old friend of mine. Anne, this is Colonel Primrose."

Colonel Primrose took the girl's hand.

"Why didn't you go to your hotel?" he asked gently.

"I had to know about Dad," she said.

A quiet, compelling voice behind them made Colonel Primrose turn quickly. "It was an accident, Anne," the voice said. Thomas Pomeroy's partner was standing in the door. The man had the head and torso of a six-footer on legs so unequal to them that he must have been a full three inches shorter than Colonel Primrose, and Colonel Primrose's figure was less than average height.

Under Jerome Givler's thatch of hair and shaggy brows a pair of gray eyes as sharp as steel were fixed on the girl.

"There's no reason whatever to think otherwise," he added quietly.

ANNE POMEROY shrank unconsciously as she turned questioning, bewildered eyes up to Colonel Primrose.

"That's possible," he said. "But I'm afraid what little evidence we have seems to point to a deliberate plot against your father's life."

Givler sat down.

"You'll see how absurd that is, Colonel, when I tell you that it was definitely understood by everybody concerned that *I* was to open the case this morning—not Pomeroy. I had expected to do so until eleven o'clock. If that shot was meant for anyone, it was meant for me."

Colonel Primrose was about to speak, when voices sounded outside.

"It's all right, Mr. Tupper," a man's voice said breezily. "This is Miss Pomeroy's cousin."

Colonel Primrose felt a sudden tensing of the atmosphere. Conrad moved away from Anne Pomeroy. Jerome Givler's piercing eyes lighted. Anne looked away, suddenly tired and shadowy. Colonel Primrose watched her.

A slim, lovely woman in a smart tweed suit and suède hat swept lightly into the room and took the girl in her arms. "Oh, Anne dear!" she said softly. For a moment Anne Pomeroy's head drooped on Hilda Ellis's shoulder; then she turned away quickly and stared out the window. Mrs. Ellis turned, her soft dark eyes wet

with tears. Colonel Primrose, who had seen the famous woman flyer in a hundred newspaper pictures, had never realized that she was also a beautiful woman.

"This is Mrs. Ellis, Colonel Primrose," John Herrick, who accompanied her, said proudly. "Hilda Ellis, you know."

Colonel Primrose took the cool brown hand and looked curiously into the delicately live face of the celebrated aviatrix, whose plans to fly to Tokyo via the North Pole were already on the front pages. He could readily understand the quickening light in Jerome Givler's eyes and Anne Pomeroy's suddenly flagging spirits. John Herrick's infatuation was distressingly obvious. It was Conrad he could not make out. He was so concerned with the business of lighting a cigarette that he had hardly nodded, and as Mrs. Ellis moved away from Anne Pomeroy he went closer to her. Colonel Primrose heard him say, "Steady, old girl!" and saw her quick, grateful smile.

"Can't she go now?" Hilda Ellis said.

Anne spoke: "I'm staying, Hilda. Until I find out what's happened."

"Anne, I told you it was an accident," Givler said, with a sort of sharp patience.

"But I . . . oh, don't you see? So many things have happened . . . I feel . . ." She stopped.

"WHAT do you mean, Miss Pomeroy?" Colonel Primrose asked.

"She doesn't mean anything," Givler said coldly. "She's upset—was already, when she came here this morning."

He cast a glance of cold resentment at John Herrick.

"This has just been too much for her. I'm her guardian until she's twenty-one. I demand that she be allowed to go."

Mrs. Ellis smiled coolly.

"She's not a child," she said. "She has a right to stay. After all, this isn't very usual, Jerome. I'll take the responsibility."

Givler's eyes flickered angrily.

"*Please*, my dear!" Mrs. Ellis said softly. "Don't make it so hard for everybody."

He bowed. "I'm sorry," he said.

Colonel Primrose's black eyes shone with interest. It was a scene after his own heart. Professionally considered, it was in such scenes, alive with cross-purposes and submerged passions, that the dark backgrounds of such affairs came to light.

"When did Mr. Pomeroy come to Washington?" he asked.

"Thursday on the Limited," Mrs. Ellis said. "We were going to take the Thompson line plane down. It was the one that crashed. We just missed it."

Her clear face clouded.

"That's what you meant, honey?"

Anne nodded.

John Herrick interrupted. "Listen, Anne!" he said urgently. "It was just an accident."

Conrad spoke suddenly.

"Does it seem quite intelligent," he said, "to assume that somebody planted a timed gun up there just for fun, with nobody particularly in mind?"

Herrick flushed again. "You know, yourself, Sterrett, that nobody can time anything in the Supreme Court."

"Why not?" said Colonel Primrose.

"Because it just wouldn't work. This is Monday, and Monday is opinion day. The Court sits at twelve, the new lawyers are sworn in, the opinions are read. Nobody

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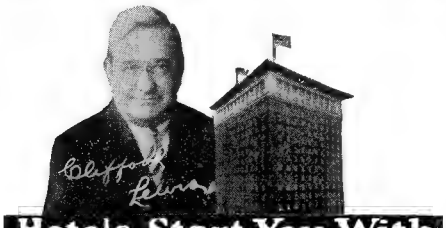

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"How long do those preliminaries usually take?" Colonel Primrose asked.

"Oh, fifteen minutes to swear in the new talent. The opinions depend. Just now the reports made up in the summer have been done and there aren't any new ones."

"Which nearly everyone knows," Colonel Primrose said quietly. "And the present case *was* held over from last Friday. Furthermore, the plaintiff had been allowed one hour. Wouldn't it seem to you, therefore, that anyone familiar with the procedure of the Court would naturally figure out 12:45 as a pretty sure time to have the man who opened that case standing there at counsel's table?"

HERRICK looked silently at him. Then he nodded. "You're right," he said.

"Then let's get on," said Colonel Primrose. "Who, for instance, did you understand would open the case?"

"Oh, Pomeroy, of course," Herrick said. "He always opens such cases. And he told me he was going to, last night."

Jerome Givler spoke up sharply. "You must have misunderstood," he said. "It was definitely agreed that I was to open. You remember yesterday afternoon, Hilda, when I left you upstairs, I told you that?"

"I remember it, Jerome," she said. "And you remember I told you that I had to go to the White House."

She shrugged her slim shoulders.

"And, anyway, I spent so many centuries in that room, when I was a child, listening to my father talking about meat packers and antitrust laws, that I don't think I'll ever be able to bear it again."

Colonel Primrose gave her a nod. His own father had been a clergyman.

"Of course, I hadn't realized that," Givler said stiffly. He turned abruptly to Herrick. His eyes gleamed furiously.

"I presume you got your information from Mr. Pomeroy last night?"

"Yes."

"I presume further that you would prefer to skip the rest of that interview?"

Herrick flushed angrily. "It happens that it's nobody else's business."

"Yes?" Givler said. "I should think Colonel Primrose might be interested in knowing that Pomeroy regarded your behavior as insulting, and withdrew our offer of a position in the firm."

"That's . . . not true," said Herrick coolly. He hesitated a moment and glanced at Anne Pomeroy. "I told him I wouldn't go into your firm if he made me senior partner."

Mrs. Ellis's cool voice cut in gently. "Now, now," she said. "Please!"

The two men stared silently at each other across the table.

"What can you tell us, Mrs. Ellis?" Colonel Primrose asked pleasantly.

She shook her head. "I've known my uncle only a short time." She smiled suddenly. "In fact, only since I've been on the front page, to be exact."

"That's not quite fair, Hilda," Jerome Givler said quickly. "You never gave anyone a chance to know you."

"I gave Uncle Tom a beautiful chance, Jerome. I gave him the chance to lend me a thousand dollars my last year in college. He declined. It wasn't till I got my name in the papers that he remembered I was the only daughter of his only brother."

Colonel Primrose got up.

"Well, that's all now," he said. "You might stay a moment, Mr. Givler."

"I will return after I've taken Mrs Ellis and Miss Pomeroy to their hotel," Givler said stiffly.

"Don't bother," John Herrick said cheerfully. "I've got my car outside."

Givler's face turned a sullen red. When they had gone he turned to Colonel Primrose.

"He hasn't left her alone five minutes since she came, Thursday," he said in a choked voice. "I don't see how she can endure it."

"He seems to be a rather attractive young fellow," Colonel Primrose said.

"Young enough to be her son. At least, there's a large difference in their ages. She's thirty-five."

John Herrick, Colonel Primrose reflected, must be all of twenty-eight.

"Tell me about Pomeroy," he said. "Was he a wealthy man?"

"He was worth eight hundred thousand dollars," said Givler. "Free of encumbrance. It goes entirely to his daughter, under my guardianship and trusteeship until she is twenty-one. She is nineteen."

Colonel Primrose looked at him for a moment. Then he took a shot in the dark:

"Is it true, Mr. Givler, that your relations with Pomeroy have been badly strained recently?"

Givler looked at him. "I am not a man to bluff, Colonel Primrose," he said stiffly. He hesitated a moment. "But I think in this case the truth will be the safest." . . .

SOME minutes later the burly form of Sergeant Buck loomed heavily in the doorway. Colonel Primrose got up. "Thank you," he said. "I'll see you again."

He went outside with Buck.

"The captain's in the marshal's office, sir. He says they've got the guy."

"*Have* they?" Colonel Primrose said. His eyes twinkled. "Well, let's see him."

They went upstairs.

Knowing Brady, Colonel Primrose was fully prepared for the scene before him. Brady sat, tight-lipped and iron-jawed, at a table with Captain May of the Capitol Police. Across from them was a cadaverous man with unkempt black hair, wearing a soiled gray flannel shirt and a brown corduroy suit. He was the man who had sat in the niche to Colonel Primrose's right, and who had slipped out of the chamber either before or after the shot was fired. And he was terrified.

"You say your name is Heinrich Flack?"

The man nodded.

"Your occupation?"

He hesitated and shook his head. "*Nicht verstehe.*"

"You're German? Deutsch?"

"*Ja.* I speak no English."

"Let's see your passport."

Heinrich Flack looked blank.

Colonel Primrose made the request in German. The man shrugged and made a sullen reply in that language.

"Unfortunately," Colonel Primrose translated, "he has lost his passport."

"Yeah?" said Captain Brady. "Isn't that interesting? Ask him what he does for a living, Colonel."

Colonel Primrose did so.

"*Mechaniker,*" said Flack simply.

There was no need to translate that.

"You're a mechanic, are you?" Brady said. His eyes caught Colonel Primrose's in the mirror over the marshal's fireplace. Colonel Primrose shook his head a little. Brady turned to the detective standing at the door.

"Take him to Headquarters," he said. "Hold him as an undesirable alien."

Colonel Primrose slipped through the door into the outer office. There was no use, he thought, in arguing now with Brady that the shooting of Thomas Pomeroy was the work not only of someone familiar with mechanics, but also of someone thoroughly familiar with the operation of the Supreme Court.

He turned into the Supreme Court chamber. His chief concern for the time being was sorting out and getting clearly in mind what he had learned during the half-hour spent with Anne Pomeroy and the others. He had two sets of information, one arrived at by means of his eyes and his ears, the other learned from Jerome Givler. The first set included:

1. Jerome Givler was passionately in love with Hilda Ellis, the airwoman.
2. John Herrick was in the same condition already, or was rapidly becoming so.
3. Mrs. Ellis was not in love with either of them.
4. Anne Pomeroy was in love with Herrick.
5. Givler had, or pretended to have, some idea the shot was intended for him.
6. Pomeroy and John Herrick had quarreled about something so serious as to make Herrick give up a berth that most young lawyers would have jumped at.
7. Givler was a vain and conceited man, and a quick-tempered man.

In the second set Colonel Primrose put the information, true or false, that he had got from Givler after the others had left.

1. Pomeroy was worth, roughly, $800,000.
2. It was left entirely to his daughter.
3. It was left in trust until her twenty-first birthday. She was now nineteen. Givler was both trustee and guardian.
4. Pomeroy had been in trouble in 1929 through personally diverting a fund of $90,000 placed in his care. He had recovered his losses and restored the fund, narrowly escaping jail.
5. Givler was the only person who knew.
6. Givler had expected to open their case in the Supreme Court, until eleven o'clock Monday morning, when Pomeroy had calmly told him that he would do it.
7. They had several times recently considered dissolving the partnership.

Colonel Primrose thought it over until Sergeant Buck, standing rigidly behind him, coughed significantly. Colonel Primrose looked around.

"You want action, Buck, don't you?" he said. "Well, let's see Brady again."

"He's gone back to the station, sir."

"Right. Let's go there ourselves." . . .

AT THE door of the Indiana Avenue station Colonel Primrose hesitated.

"Buck," he said, "go to the Ritz. Ask Mrs. Ellis if she can leave Miss Pomeroy long enough to dine with us tonight."

Sergeant Buck's iron lips tightened.

"At home, sir?"

"I think it will be all right, Buck—just this once."

"Right, sir."

Colonel Primrose watched him go down to the car, the ramrod down his back more inflexible than he had ever seen it.

"Odd how Buck manages to make me feel like an old roué," he said to Brady when he had gone up in the rickety elevator to the office. "All in the line of duty, too. Well, what do you think?"

"It's a mystery to me, Colonel. McLaren says that job—planting the gun there that way—would take a pretty good mechanic more than half an hour. It'd take an amateur mechanic, say, more like an hour. He'd need some wire, a pair of pliers, the coil, the gun, a dry cell, and a weight. They're all easy to get anywhere."

Colonel Primrose had thought of that.

"We've questioned everybody in the Capitol. Nobody's seen anything. The Supreme Court was locked 4:30 Friday. Saturday the bar was put up so people could look in, but there was a guard in the corridor all day. The marshal's staff was on duty same as ever."

"What about your foreigner?"

"We'll see. Pomeroy was counsel to the Alien Deportation Commission last year."

Colonel Primrose shook his head. "It's going to be harder than that, Brady," he said. "For instance: Givler himself tells me that up to eleven o'clock Monday it was planned that he'd open the case."

CAPTAIN BRADY was silent a moment. "Who knew they'd made the change?"

"Herrick, for one. We'll have to find out who else. But, above all, Brady, we've got to get at the motive here—and the matter of opportunity."

Brady groaned. "Nobody could possibly have got up there, and stayed up there all that time without being seen. It's downright impossible, Colonel!"

Colonel Primrose smiled grimly. "This noon, when I came out of that gallery I asked the guard there if his orders weren't to let nobody up. He said they were and he hadn't. *But he had, Brady. He'd let the marshal up.*"

Captain Brady scowled. "So what?"

"Simply this," Colonel Primrose said gravely. "Those people are all so accustomed to seeing each other all over the court that they just don't notice each other, or even remember afterwards."

Brady pushed back his chair. "I get you," he said. "Colonel, I'd hate to find out the chief justice was apprenticed to an electrician when he was a boy."

Colonel Primrose chuckled.

"Did McLaren say anything about the time the gun was set up?"

"Any time after 12:45 last night," Brady said moodily. "The hour hand getting there completed the circuit. So that puts it between nine and twelve this morning. The place is locked till then."

Colonel Primrose looked at him a moment. "I suppose you're right," he said. He reached for his hat.

"Who is the president of the Women's Defense League?" he asked.

"I think it's Mrs. Pettijohn."

Colonel Primrose took the morning paper from the desk and turned to the second section.

"Society page, Colonel?" Brady asked.

"Exactly. Here we are: 'Society turned out yesterday to the annual meeting of the W. D. L.' And so on. 'Most brilliant meeting ever held under the Capitol dome,' Brady. H-m. Ever been to one of these

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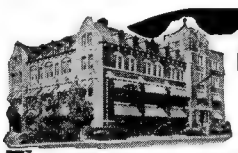

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shindigs? They lock the common herd out and turn over the works to the girls, and they make speeches and make an educational tour of the Capitol Building. They take in the House, Senate, Supreme Court chamber, and the view from the dome. Let's see. 'Among those present' . . . and so on and so on.

"Here we are, Brady: 'Mr. Justice Pettijohn and Mrs. Pettijohn, president of the society. Thomas Pomeroy, of New York and Southampton, whose niece is the famous airwoman, Hilda Pomeroy Ellis. Mrs. Ellis was awarded the Society's medal for the most distinguished contribution to female aviation.'"

Captain Brady grunted. "All that get you anywhere, Colonel?"

"Probably not," Colonel Primrose said. . . .

SOME minutes later he lifted the polished brass knocker on the wide white door of Mr. Justice Pettijohn's Georgetown home. A bald-headed old Negro opened the door. In a moment Colonel Primrose was waiting in a room that looked, as apparently the whole house did, completely and uncompromisingly mid-Victorian. In another moment he heard the deep and lordly voice of the president of the Women's Defense League.

"How d'ye do, Colonel Primrose?"

A large woman with piled snow-white hair and a Back Bay nose held out a strong bejeweled claw.

"Sit down. Heard of you. What do you want?"

He sat down. "I want a list of the guests who attended your meeting in the Capitol yesterday," he explained.

"Want to sell 'em anything?" Mrs. Pettijohn demanded curtly.

Colonel Primrose chuckled. "No. I'm just trying to find out who was there."

"None of my business, I suppose." Mrs. Pettijohn reached for the petit-point bell-pull and yanked it vigorously. The old darky appeared.

"Penrose, look on my secretary. Bring the typed lists of names under the blotter."

Penrose hobbled off.

"Pettijohn was speaking about you. Some nonsense about you going up to investigate the wreck Julian Black was in."

"Yes. It was carrying mail. The Post Office looks into everything of the kind. Largely a formality. General Black was interested in women in aviation, I believe?"

"In women, anyway."

"I met Mrs. Ellis today."

"Nice person," said Mrs. Pettijohn. "But they'll run her to death. Had to leave before tea yesterday to get to some place or another, and today she's giving an exhibition at the Women Pilots' meeting at Bladensburg. Crash the first thing she knows."

She took the typed sheets from the old darky's silver tray.

"Here you are. Want to take 'em along?"

Colonel Primrose looked down the 200 selected names. Mr. Justice Pettijohn was included. Jerome Givler was not; John Herrick had been present with his mother. There were only a few names that Colonel Primrose did not recognize.

He returned the list and rose. "Thank you," he said. "I won't need it further."

Colonel Primrose got painfully on his feet as Mrs. Ellis came radiantly into his library. He felt a vague sense of uneasiness. For one thing, Sergeant Buck's almost unctuous "Let me take your cape, ma'am," out in the hall, had indicated his complete surrender. In fact, for the first time in his life, Sergeant Buck noticed with disapproval that the room was reeking with smoke, Scotch whisky, and the smell of old books. Mrs. Ellis, in a black velvet dinner gown with long sleeves, seemed to Buck a water lily in the middle of a brewery swamp.

"I trust Mr. Givler didn't mind your coming?" Colonel Primrose said.

Hilda Ellis laughed outright.

"I'm afraid I didn't mention it to him."

"And Mr. Herrick?"

She looked at him inquiringly.

"Don't tell me you haven't noticed his dumb devotion?"

The smile in her dark eyes died abruptly.

"Oh, that's absurd. I never saw Mr. Herrick until last Thursday night, when he came to meet Anne at the station."

"Perhaps I shouldn't have said that," Colonel Primrose said.

"But I'm glad you did. It makes several things clear to me. That . . . accounts for Anne's complete smashup. I'm sure it never occurred to me that the sweet child thought I wanted her beau. And that probably accounts for the odd way Mr. Givler's been acting."

Colonel Primrose hesitated.

"I wonder if it would be very rude of me to ask if you're going to marry Mr. Givler?" he said.

"It just happens that I'm not going to marry him, or anybody else. I've had one husband, and I was devoted to him. He taught me how to fly, and he crashed—as all flyers must, some time, I suppose."

THEY were silent a moment. Colonel Primrose was thinking about the wrecked and blackened fragments he had seen in the New Jersey marsh.

"Won't you tell me something about Mr. Givler and your uncle?" he asked.

They were seated at the table, with Sergeant Buck hovering solid and gigantic in the background. Colonel Primrose noticed that they were using his great-great-grandmother's Waterford set. It put Mrs. Ellis in a class with the wife of the commander-in-chief of the United States Army, who had once lunched with them.

Mrs. Ellis looked at him through the forest of silver and flame-tipped wax. "Many people have entertained me as a flyer, and a few as a woman, but I don't think I've ever been entertained as a witness before," she said laughingly. "But seriously, I can't tell you. You know almost as much about them as I do. I've seen something of Mr. Givler. He's offered to finance flights for me. But that's a case of a rose by any other name smelling as bad—if that makes sense."

"It doesn't," said Colonel Primrose. "But—forgive me—I understood Black was financing your big Tokyo flight?"

"That's a totally different matter."

Colonel Primrose smiled. "Why?"

"General Black is . . . was a professional backer, so to speak. He backed lots of people. He expects to be paid back, but not to be married . . . or anything else. It was a business proposition."

Mrs. Ellis laughed softly. "You know, a woman flyer is dreadfully handicapped, Colonel Primrose. I mean, no matter how good you are, nobody thinks you're good

enough to pilot passengers or mail planes."

She smiled up at Sergeant Buck passing the soft hot rolls with crisp, melting crust.

"Now, I make my living flying, but it's mostly exhibition stuff, which is dangerous. I can't teach flying, because women would rather be taught by a third-rate man than a first-rate woman."

Mrs. Ellis's tone was charmingly and humorously casual.

"In fact, like all professions for women, the essential thing is a wealthy husband," she sighed.

"Which brings us back," Colonel Primrose said, with a smile, "to Mr. Givler."

"How, for heaven's sake?"

"He's probably wealthy."

"I suppose so. But he's poisonous."

"He is? Well, what about your uncle?"

Mrs. Ellis shrugged lightly.

"My uncle's dead."

"What about the will?"

SHE smiled quickly. "That hardly concerns me."

Colonel Primrose nodded.

"How did your uncle and Givler get on?"

"They didn't."

"Did the business of Givler's insisting he was supposed to open their case this morning strike you as odd?"

Hilda Ellis shook her head.

"No. That was rather like my uncle. When Mr. Givler said yesterday that he was opening, and hoped I'd be there, my uncle winked at me, and when Mr. Givler went he said, 'That's what *he* thinks; but we're not taking any chances tomorrow.'"

Colonel Primrose looked at her for a moment. He took another shot in the dark:

"Why was your uncle opposed to a marriage between you and Mr. Givler?"

"Did he tell you that?"

Colonel Primrose shook his head. "It's true, though?"

She nodded.

"I don't know why. He'd never say. It might be because Givler hadn't any connections. I sometimes wondered if Uncle Tom thought he'd leave his money to Anne. But I don't know."

Colonel Primrose shook his head again, wondering a little. And when they were back in front of the fire, sipping Lafayette's fragrant coffee, he decided to give up the subject.

"I saw Mrs. Pettijohn today," he said. "She says you skipped out on them yesterday afternoon."

Mrs. Ellis flushed.

"I . . . I lied to her," she said contritely. "Don't tell on me. I was flying this morning at the Bladensburg exhibition and I had to have some sleep. I sneaked away before tea and went home; and I steadfastly refused to answer phone calls or anything else. Colonel Primrose, I simply *couldn't* show up at that club and talk about woman's place in the next war."

Somewhere in the deep recesses of the old house an old-fashioned bell tinkled.

For no reason that he could have named Colonel Primrose felt a sudden tenseness. He listened intently to Sergeant Buck's heavy tread in the hall. The door opened, and a voice spoke outside.

"No, sir," Sergeant Buck said. "She ain't here. . . . Yes, she was here to dinner, but she's gone. Half an hour ago. . . . No, he ain't here, either."

Colonel Primrose heard the door close. Sergeant Buck came to the library door.

"A gentleman was looking for you, ma'am," he said. "Givler was the name. Said he didn't have time to come in."

Mrs. Ellis put her handkerchief suddenly to her lips. Colonel Primrose's eyes twinkled.

"Perhaps in that case Mrs. Ellis will have another cup of coffee, Buck," he said.

Mrs. Ellis smiled. Colonel Primrose's gaze rested on her for an instant, and suddenly flashed past her to the garden window.

"Buck!" he said quietly.

Sergeant Buck put down the tray and turned without seeming to move. A hand on the window ledge shifted. Two eyes glittering white in the light from the room sank back into the night. Colonel Primrose struggled to rise; Sergeant Buck took one swift, gigantic step towards the door, covering the girl with his great body, just as the sharp report of a shot, the splintering crack of the window pane, and the crash of the Chippendale mirror over the mantel sounded together in the quiet night. Sergeant Buck burst through the door; Colonel Primrose hobbled to the wall and switched off the light.

He waited a moment until he heard Buck in the garden. He snapped the light on and turned to Mrs. Ellis.

"You're not hurt?" he said quickly.

She shook her head. She was sitting quietly in the chair.

Sergeant Buck appeared in the doorway. The sleeve of his coat was torn and blood trickled slowly down his arm. Mrs. Ellis rose quickly.

"It ain't anything, ma'am," Sergeant Buck said. "He just scratched me. He got over the wall, sir. Maybe we could get him in Q Street if you want."

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Ellis cried quickly. "Please! Let him go—I just shouldn't have come. And I'd better go now."

Colonel Primrose got up. Buck shook his head firmly. "I'll take her, sir."

For a moment Colonel Primrose hesitated. "She'll be safer, sir," Buck added.

Colonel Primrose smiled a little sadly. "Right, Buck," he said.

HE STOOD in the door a moment, watching the sergeant and Hilda Ellis go down the steps and get into the car. Then he went back to his fire and sat there.

Some minutes later the telephone jangled. Colonel Primrose looked up, the same irrational tenseness at his heart.

He took up the receiver.

"Brady speaking," said the telephone. "For God's sake, Colonel, what's going on here?"

"What do you mean?" said Colonel Primrose quickly.

"Givler's here," Captain Brady barked. "He's killed Hilda Ellis."

A sinking nausea came over Colonel Primrose.

"What did you say?" he shouted, knowing well what Captain Brady had said. "Where was Buck?"

There was a moment's astounded silence.

"*Buck?*" said Captain Brady.

"He was with her. . . ."

"Colonel, you've lost your mind! She was with you—in your parlor!"

A great wave of relief flowed over Colonel Primrose.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Well, he didn't kill

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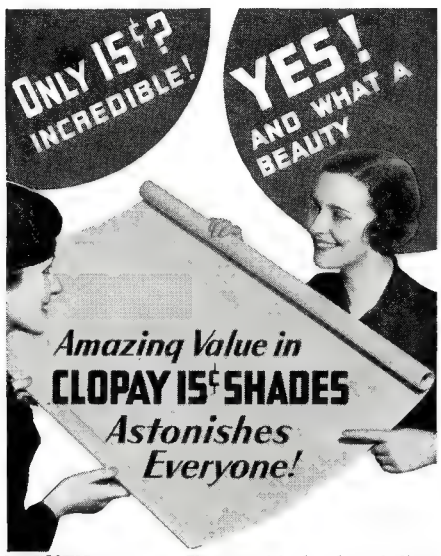

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her. But don't tell him. I'll be over." . . .

Mr. Jerome Givler was sitting hunched down in a chair in Brady's office. Captain Brady was standing by the window.

Colonel Primrose nodded to him. "Why did you do it?" he asked Givler quietly.

Givler sat there, painful breaths that were almost sobs breaking from his lips.

"Why did you do it?"

"I lost my head." Givler rubbed his forehead with his clenched fists as if trying to clear his brain. "I thought you . . She's driven me almost crazy—it's one man after another. First Black, then this young fool Herrick, now you."

"But Pomeroy wouldn't let her marry you," Colonel Primrose said quietly.

Givler recoiled as if he had been struck.

"The ———!" he said savagely. "He poisoned her mind against me. He couldn't stand to think she'd marry me. He said I was a dwarf. It's always been that way. He poisoned his wife's mind against me!"

GIVLER crumpled into a heap on Captain Brady's desk, his great shoulders shaken with sobs.

Colonel Primrose broke the silence.

"Did you kill Thomas Pomeroy?"

There was no reply for a moment. Then Givler raised his head. "I wish I had."

Colonel Primrose hesitated, thought a moment, and got up. Captain Brady followed him out of the office.

"He came here to give himself up?"

Brady nodded.

Colonel Primrose thought a moment.

"This is getting complicated," he said. He hesitated. "I don't think I'd hold him. Tell him he didn't hurt anybody, and let him go. Hold his gun and keep a couple of men looking after him."

"All right, Colonel. Your funeral."

Colonel Primrose looked at his watch.

"I'll meet you at the Capitol in half an hour, Brady," he said. "I want to look around there again."

Colonel Primrose smiled pleasantly to himself as he entered the basement door by the law library of the Congress. He nodded to the guard and went up the curving marble staircase. A man was sitting in the marshal's outer office. It was Mr. Tupper, the Supreme Court librarian. He got up as Colonel Primrose came in and shook his head sadly.

"It gets worse and worse, Colonel," he said.

Colonel Primrose stared.

"It does?" he said. "How does it?"

"You'd think a murder was enough. But they've taken some of the reports away, and I'm responsible for them."

Colonel Primrose was keenly interested.

"What reports?" he said. "Where?"

"Proceedings of the Court from October 1st to November 15th, 1923."

"You mean they were taken from the Supreme Court chamber, the day of the murder?"

Mr. Tupper nodded ruefully. "From the gallery stairs, Colonel Primrose."

Colonel Primrose thought hard. "What cases did they cover? Is there any connection . . . ?"

The librarian shook his head. "The marshal has two men looking the cases up, to see if Mr. Pomeroy was concerned. But, even then, I can't see the least point in taking them. There are other records. What would be the point?"

Colonel Primrose shook his head.

"Were they on the landing, just below the gallery?" he asked. He remembered the guard sitting on a pile of pamphlets.

The librarian nodded.

"Let's have a look."

Mr. Tupper led the way. On the landing he stopped and pointed to the pamphlets stacked on the iron floor.

"We haven't much room to put things in until we move," he said.

Colonel Primrose looked down silently at them. The tops of the stacks were quite dusty, except one; and that, he remembered, was the one on which the guard had been sitting.

"You can see for yourself," said Mr. Tupper. He bent down and touched the center pile. "Somebody has untied them and taken out about twenty of them, and tied the pile up again."

Colonel Primrose looked. "I wonder," he said slowly, "where they are now."

Mr. Tupper stared at him as if he had quite lost what little reason he had ever possessed. Colonel Primrose continued.

"Don't you see," he said, "that the murderer, who undoubtedly took these, had no use at all for them, except to . . . ? I mean, they certainly are somewhere in the building. Will you get a couple of the messengers and find them?"

The librarian looked at him in silent stupefaction for a moment, then turned and went hastily down the stairs. Colonel Primrose smiled a little, and sat down on the remaining pamphlets.

He was still sitting there when Captain Brady came up the iron stairs. Colonel Primrose nodded abstractedly and got up.

"Let's get one or two things straight," he said. "The first point about this job, Brady, is that the man who did it knew the courtroom, knew Pomeroy was opening the case, knew he had a whole hour to speak in, knew he'd be speaking at 12:45."

"Provided," Captain Brady said, "that it was Pomeroy he meant to kill."

COLONEL PRIMROSE nodded.

"I think you can count on that," he said. "Now, here we come to the hardest part of all: He knew enough about how things go on around here to come up into this gallery and fix up a deadly device without being noticed. That's just on the verge of the impossible, Brady."

Captain Brady nodded glumly.

"Because," Colonel Primrose went on methodically, "this chamber is locked and double-locked until nine o'clock in the morning. After that everyone connected with the Court can come in. I'm not talking about their being able to fix up that revolver, but just about their being around here. Now, whom does that include?"

"The justices," said Brady sardonically.

Colonel Primrose nodded. "The marshal, the deputy marshal, the librarian, the secretaries, the stenographers, the attorney general's staff, the messengers, and the pages. That's the lot. We start off looking for somebody who's familiar with this Court; and we add that he's familiar with firearms and mechanics. Now, if you were fixing up a revolver in that way, what would you have to bring into this gallery?"

"A gun," said Brady. "A coil, a dry cell, some wire, a weight, and a pair of pliers."

Colonel Primrose nodded.

"What would you bring them in?"

Brady stared suddenly. "By gosh,

Colonel, you've got it! A brief-case, of course!"

Colonel Primrose nodded again.

"That could do it," he said. "In a place like this what would be less noticed? Everyone carries one. Now, let's say it was a brief-case. Suppose you'd been up here for an hour—and how you could do it I can't tell you to save my life, but suppose you had—and you didn't want anyone to realize it when you came down. What would you do?"

BRADY stared at him for a moment. Then he said, "I'd carry something out that made it seem as if I'd come up for it."

Colonel Primrose pointed to the stack of pamphlets.

"Fifteen or so of these documents are missing," he said. "The murderer fixed his trap here, tucked the Court records from October 1st to November 15th, 1923, under his arm, taking the intelligent pains to get them from the middle so there'd still be dust on the top, and calmly walked out with them. And nobody noticed him at all."

Brady chewed his cigar.

"Narrows it down, Colonel."

Colonel Primrose looked soberly at him. "Does it, or doesn't it?" he said. "Well, what you've got to do is this: Take everybody around this place, find out if they know anything about electricity and mechanics, get their pictures, and take them around to every electrical shop in Washington. And what about the gun?"

"It's an old Army type. Thousands of 'em around."

"What about Givler's gun?"

"He bought it this afternoon, to protect himself from his enemies—or that's his story. He ought to know plenty about guns, Colonel. He's a member of the Westchester Trapshooters' Association."

Colonel Primrose looked up at him. "He is?" he said. He was a little puzzled. "He missed that girl at fifteen feet."

"I guess his nerves were all shot."

Colonel Primrose sat down on the pile of pamphlets and was silent for a moment.

"Well, let's get along," he said.

At the foot of the stairs they met the marshal coming out of his anteroom.

"Ah," Colonel Primrose said. "Can you let us into the chamber for a moment?"

In the Supreme Court room he wandered off by himself towards the gallery, behind the justices' bench. He was vaguely disturbed, as people are when something lies at the back of their heads, refusing to take shape and clarify itself. . . .

It was shortly after nine the next morning that Sergeant Buck presented himself in the library doorway. He cleared his throat nervously, and Colonel Primrose shot him an irritated glance. Then he put down his pen.

"Well, Buck!" he said. "A wedding, or a White House reception?"

Sergeant Buck's granite face flushed sheepishly. He smoothed down his best suit and brushed a highly imaginary speck from the maroon band of his dove-gray hat. He cleared his throat again.

"If it's all right with you, sir," he said formally, "I'd thought I'd shoffer Mrs. Ellis around this morning, in case that guy starts shooting again. I mean, she's got to go to a couple of places this morning, and if you wasn't using the car, and it was all right with you, I just thought, if it was all right . . ."

"It is," said Colonel Primrose. "Be careful, Buck."

Sergeant Buck's face flushed still more deeply. "I don't know what you're driving at, sir."

Colonel Primrose chuckled.

"I mean, be careful somebody doesn't take another shot at you."

He turned back to his work, smiling a little as he thought how much he would like to see Hilda Ellis's face when she saw Sergeant Buck in his best suit.

It was shortly after eleven when he got out of a taxi at the Ritz. On the sixth floor he knocked at the door of the Pomeroys' suite. Sterrett Conrad opened the door.

"Come in, sir," he said.

Anne Pomeroy was sitting curled up at an end of the deep sofa. She smiled at him and got up. "Hello," she said. "Sterrett, you'd better come back later."

Mr. Conrad looked from one to the other. There was a little air of possessive arrogance about him.

"O.K.," Conrad said.

Colonel Primrose sat down.

"What's happened about my father?" she said quietly.

Colonel Primrose shook his head. "We're making some progress, Miss Pomeroy. It's slow work."

"You know, I've been trying so hard to think of anything that might help you."

"What about Mr. Givler and your father?"

She shook her head. "That's out. Jerome Givler couldn't possibly have had anything to do with it. You see, Dad himself used to say he was the brains of the firm."

COLONEL PRIMROSE wondered if she realized, as apparently she did not, how little "out" that seemed to make Mr. Givler.

"Dad was the contact man. You'd be surprised to hear that Mr. Givler always did the criminal pleading, too. Dad used to say that if it hadn't been for his legs—they're terribly short—he could have been the greatest actor of the day. It's really incredible to see how juries do just anything he wants them to do."

"He never married?"

"No. I guess there was some sort of tragedy. I think he was in love with Mother."

"What about Mrs. Ellis?"

Anne Pomeroy looked away quickly.

"Oh, she's marvelous, isn't she? Men always fall for her like . . ." She looked up at him quickly. "Oh, I'm not jealous . . . at least, not very."

"You shouldn't be," Colonel Primrose said gently.

"Oh, I know. I'm being perfectly horrid. And she's swell. Do you know what she did?"

"What?"

"You know, she hasn't any money except what she makes. Well, Mr. Givler told us about Dad's will, and he'd left her ten thousand dollars."

"Oh?" said Colonel Primrose. "She didn't tell me that."

"No, because she won't take it."

Colonel Primrose, who was very practical in such matters, would have put Hilda Ellis down as more practical still, and was very much surprised. "Why not?"

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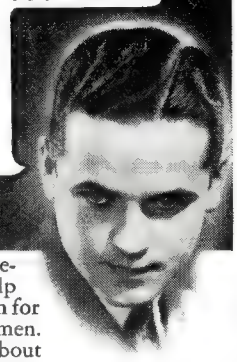

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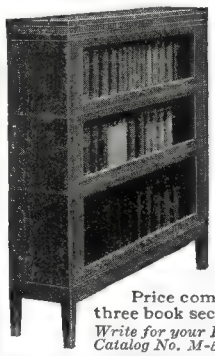

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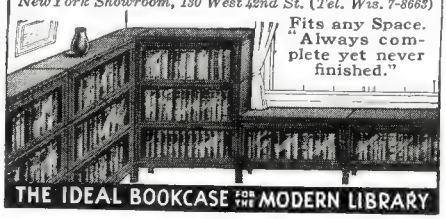

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said it was a matter of principle. Dad wouldn't lend her money when she needed it badly, and now when she doesn't need it she won't take it. And she won't marry Mr. Givler, and he's got pots of money."

Colonel Primrose nodded.

"Do you know, Miss Pomeroy," he said, "whether there was any serious disagreement between your father and Mr. Herrick, on Sunday evening?"

She nodded. "That was my fault."

"Will you tell me about it?"

"Oh, it's not anything, really. Only . . . I was a jealous little fool. You see . . . John was at our place in Connecticut this summer, and I thought he was swell, and I got Father to bring me down with him this time, because, well . . . John's been writing to me, and—oh, well, you see what I mean. Anyway, I was all wet, and when we got off the train and I introduced him to Hilda, he said, 'Not *the* Hilda Ellis!' and he didn't even *see* me. Then Hilda wasn't staying here, not until yesterday; she had rates or something at another hotel because she was famous, and John just took charge of her. He was showing Hilda the town."

She tried to smile, without much luck. "And Dad found it out, because I was blubbering like an idiot."

Colonel Primrose watched her slim fingers pleat and unpleat a handkerchief.

"It's funny how things work out, isn't it?" she said suddenly. "I never thought I'd marry Sterrett Conrad."

Colonel Primrose looked at her for a long time. "You're not going to marry Conrad," he said. "And you don't think, for a moment, that your cousin is really interested in John Herrick. She's not."

She shook her head. "You don't understand, Colonel Primrose," she said wistfully. "You see, Dad lost his head and practically told him he had to marry me to get in the firm. So of course John got mad and refused. He had to."

She turned her head to hide the quick, hot tears. "Oh, I wish Dad was here!" she cried suddenly, and crumpled into a wretched little heap at the end of the sofa.

COLONEL PRIMROSE hesitated a moment, decided that such tears might easily take the place of a hasty marriage, wandered over to the window, and looked down on 16th Street. A bright pearl-gray hat was getting out of a familiar car. He waited for Buck to open the door and Hilda Ellis to step out.

"There's no reason why I should stay in Washington, is there, Colonel Primrose?"

He turned. Anne Pomeroy was sitting up, the damage of a storm of tears repaired.

"None that I know of," he said. "I'll ask Captain Brady."

"I'd like to get back to New York. So much has happened. I think I almost wish we'd caught that plane that crashed."

"How did you miss it?" Colonel Primrose inquired casually.

"Oh, just an accident. Hilda got caught in a traffic jam on 42nd Street, and the time she took to get to a phone and tell us not to wait was just enough to save all three of us, as it turned out."

"Did Mr. Givler plan to come with you?"

"No. He won't fly. He thinks it's dangerous."

The door of the side bedroom opened and Hilda Ellis came in, smiling. "Guess whom I saw sitting downstairs as if he didn't have a thing in the world to do?"

Colonel Primrose caught the quickening light in Anne's face, and saw it fade when Mrs. Ellis said, "Sterrett Conrad. He said he was waiting for Colonel Primrose to go, so he could see you again."

She smiled at Anne. "You ought to be nicer to him, darling. The breed's scarcer every year, from what I hear."

"Colonel Primrose says he thinks it'll be all right for us to go, Hilda," Anne said.

Colonel Primrose nodded. "I'll see Brady and phone you."

"He was here this morning," Mrs. Ellis said. "He asked us questions for an hour. Colonel, your Sergeant Buck has been wonderful. You don't want to sell him, do you? He's priceless, of course."

"He *is* priceless," said Colonel Primrose. "No, Buck's more likely to be selling me, some day."

HE GOT up. "Thank you, Miss Pomeroy, for our talk. If you can leave here, when would you like to go?"

"Tomorrow."

"What train?"

"Oh, we'll fly, won't we, Hilda?"

"I'd rather, of course. There's a plane at noon from the Thompson Airdrome in Bladensburg."

As Colonel Primrose reached the door it opened, and John Herrick stood there. "Hullo!" he said. Anne got up quickly.

"If you'll wait, Colonel Primrose, I'll go down with you. Sterrett's waiting in the lobby for me."

She ran into her bedroom.

Mrs. Ellis got quickly to her feet and picked up her gloves. "You wait here, John," she said coolly. "I'm going with Colonel Primrose myself."

Outside in the hall she smiled at him. "I can't bear for that child to think I want her John," she said. "Do you mind?"

"Oh, not at all," Colonel Primrose said. "How about some lunch?"

"Elegant." . . .

"Has Givler given you an explanation of his rather unusual conduct last night?" Colonel Primrose asked when the waiter had disappeared with their order.

She nodded. "He's very contrite, and he's going to reimburse you handsomely for any damage he did."

She paused. "He's a curious man."

Colonel Primrose looked across the table into her dark eyes. The laughter had gone out of them. He saw a different woman behind them, keenly alive and shrewd.

"I understood him to say yesterday that when he left you at the Capitol Sunday he wanted you to hear him opening the case?"

She nodded.

"You see, he wasn't invited to the party, Sunday afternoon, but they let him in with Uncle Tom and me. He stayed until it was almost over and then left. He didn't want to do the 'tour.' He's morbidly sensitive about walking around with people."

Colonel Primrose listened intently.

"Have you any idea why Pomeroy didn't let him open the case?"

She shook her head. "Except that Uncle Tom always argued that sort of case. Givler's theatrical. That doesn't go in the Supreme Court."

Colonel Primrose smiled a little. "You know," he said, "as far as I can make out, the only other person who knew positively that Pomeroy was going to open was . . . John Herrick."

Mrs. Ellis was silent for a moment. She shook her head. "That's perfectly inconceivable, Colonel Primrose."

"It would certainly appear so," Colonel Primrose admitted cheerfully. "Well, what about Givler, then? Do you think he had any hand in Pomeroy's death?"

Mrs. Ellis stirred her coffee. Finally she shook her head. "I don't think so."

There was a little silence. Mrs. Ellis said, "You won't forget to find out from Captain Brady if we can go back?"

"I won't," said Colonel Primrose. "You'll fly up in the morning?"

"If my throat isn't worse. I've been gargling all day to catch it before it gets me down."

After he had put Mrs. Ellis on the elevator Colonel Primrose went to a telephone booth, put in a call for Captain Brady, and made his request about Mrs. Ellis and Anne Pomeroy.

Captain Brady's voice came shockingly clear over the wire. Colonel Primrose listened calmly to at least thirty seconds of violent profanity.

"*Yes!*" said Captain Brady. "Listen, Colonel! You're the fourth person that's called me up in the last hour to ask that! Herrick, Conrad, and Givler. They can go whenever they feel like it! *It's O.K. with me!*"

"That's dandy," said Colonel Primrose. "I take it they really want to go."

Captain Brady's reply was legally untransmissible.

"How are things going?"

"Rotten. They've found those pamphlets, though. Stacked in a pile in the hall in the basement. Coming over?"

"Right away, Brady. And maybe I'll tell you how Pomeroy was killed."

"That'll be great," said Captain Brady ironically. "Oh, wait a minute, Colonel. There's a call here from the Post Office. Anderson wants to see you. Army and Navy Club at two."

"Thanks," Colonel Primrose said. He pulled his watch out of his pocket. It was nearly quarter to two. Colonel Primrose got his overcoat and went out into 16th Street. Sergeant Buck stepped up.

"The car's here, sir."

"Good," said Colonel Primrose. "I wondered if you'd get back by this time."

Sergeant Buck had changed to his less striking raiment of gray tweeds.

"Let's go round to the Club. Did you have a good time this morning?"

SERGEANT BUCK started the engine. "Yes, sir. I took her all over. Down on Pennsylvania Avenue to a Chink joint to get a present, and lots of places. She got a thing she called a 'vawz' but it looked like a vase to me, sir. Wasn't big enough to hold anything, as I told her, but she just laughed. She's a mighty nice lady."

Buck's mahogany face corrugated with thought.

"If a man ever *was* to marry," he said tentatively, "that's the kind of a lady that wouldn't be no trouble in the house."

"You suggested that to her, Buck?"

"Not in them words." Sergeant Buck narrowly missed a taxi. "No, I just said you never married because you never found the right girl."

"*Me?*" said Colonel Primrose. He cocked his head down and glared.

Sergeant Buck stared back in bewilderment. "Who else did you think, sir?" He jumped out to open the door.

Colonel Primrose went on into the club, found his friend, R. M. Anderson, postal inspector, in a corner of the bar, ordered two Scotch and sodas, and sat down by him. He felt rather like a balloon with the air sharply let out of it.

Anderson looked at him curiously. "I didn't want to call you, Colonel," he said. "But it seems you left word you wanted to hear about it as soon as the examination was finished."

"I did," said Colonel Primrose.

Anderson glanced around him.

"Following your report," he said quietly, "we continued investigation. You were right. There's no doubt the plane was blown up from the inside by an explosive in the mail compartment."

Colonel Primrose's black eyes shone.

"What are you doing?" he said.

"We're keeping it quiet. We're looking for a man known to have had a grudge against Gearing, the pilot. This fellow was fired, and Gearing got his job."

Colonel Primrose nodded abstractedly.

"I think you're wasting your time," he said after a moment.

Mr. Anderson finished his drink.

"So long."

Colonel Primrose did not answer. He sat in his chair staring for some minutes directly through a variety of very intimate friends who went by. It was nearly half past three o'clock when he came to with a start and realized where he was. He scrambled hastily to his feet. . . .

THE hands of the gallery clock in the Supreme Court chamber stood at 4:30. The marshal struck the gavel down on his desk, the Court rose. Nine black-robed justices filed impressively out. The room emptied rapidly.

Captain Brady and Colonel Primrose came in the main entrance. They were talking earnestly. Behind them and above was Sergeant Buck's grim face.

"I can't tell you all of it till I'm absolutely certain," Colonel Primrose was saying. "But these are the facts: The shooting of Pomeroy was the *second* attempt at his life. I *know* that to be true."

He stopped at the expression on Captain Brady's face.

"Now, Colonel!" Brady said. "I'm not that dumb. You think I don't know what you went up to New Jersey for, Thursday, or how you just happened to be in the Supreme Court here Monday morning? Why, you hadn't been in the Supreme Court for thirty years!"

Colonel Primrose's black old eyes sparkled. "Score one for you, Brady," he said. "Listen. That plane was blown up. It wasn't done to kill any pilot. It was done to kill Thomas Pomeroy. When it failed, this business here was set off. Mrs. Ellis got held up in a traffic jam, and was late calling up and telling them not to wait for her. They missed the plane, too. If Pomeroy had gone down in that plane . . ."

"Colonel," said Brady doggedly, "this doesn't make *sense*. Mrs. Ellis was in that plane too, as far as he knew. He didn't want to kill her. Look at the way he went to pieces last night, when he thought he'd done it."

Colonel Primrose continued to look down. He shook his head a little.

"You don't understand," he said. "We'll

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skip the business of Mrs. Ellis being on the plane, for the time being, and even the fact that General Black, whose help Mrs. Ellis had accepted after she'd turned Givler down, was on there too. Let's consider the rest of it. For instance, the shot he fired from my garden. Brady, that man's a trapshooter. He couldn't have missed at that distance."

Captain Brady stared.

"But why, in heaven's name, Colonel?"

"Wait a minute. Let me point out to you the case against Jerome Givler. Givler tells one or two people that he was opening the case. Say that was nonsense. Mrs. Ellis told me that Pomeroy *always* argued such cases—Givler's forte was jury pleading. All right. Givler failed in his plot to kill Pomeroy by bombing the mail plane he was going to travel on. He then comes down here and rigs up his murder device in that gallery over your head. I'll tell you in a minute how that was really done. He then comes out and fires a revolver through my window, never planning to hit anybody. He goes to your office and gives himself up, with a cock-and-bull story of having killed Mrs. Ellis—*whom he doesn't really care about.* What are we going to say about that? We're going to say just exactly what we did say. This couldn't be the man who rigged up that murder trap in the gallery. It isn't his temperament. He's a wild man, and so morbidly jealous of Hilda Ellis that he'll kill her just to see nobody else gets her. So, we're going to think just exactly what he wants us to think: that he did try to kill Mrs. Ellis, and that consequently he's certainly not the man who killed Thomas Pomeroy."

Captain Brady shook his head.

"Listen, Colonel. I've questioned every living soul who was here Monday morning. I tell you that if Givler or anybody else tried to put that gun up there, he'd have been caught red-handed."

Colonel Primrose nodded. "You're right, as far as you go," he said simply. "You remember yesterday when we were here I said that to have fixed that gun up there Monday morning, when everybody was about, verged on the impossible. *It was impossible.* It simply could not have been done. And the attaching of the gun to the clock had to be done after 12:45 at night. What does that leave us?"

COLONEL PRIMROSE smiled a little at the expression on Captain Brady's face.

"I'm not crazy," he said. "Look here. Sunday afternoon the Women's Defense League met under the dome to hand out tea and medals, and to make a tour of the Capitol. They visited the House, the Supreme Court, the Senate, the whole works. Pomeroy was here—Givler was not invited, but he was here just the same. And Givler left early."

"You don't mean . . ." Brady began.

Colonel Primrose nodded.

"I do mean," he said soberly. "And it's the only conceivable way it could have been done. The murderer came in here with that crowd of people on the tour of the Capitol. The murderer calmly waited until they were about to go, and stayed here. Stayed here behind those hangings, or behind the screen there, until they'd locked the doors. Stayed here, Brady, until 12:45 Monday morning. And then the murderer went up to the gallery, with all night to work in—and fixed up the revolver, the wires, and the weight."

"What about the knowledge of mechanics?"

Colonel Primrose stopped dead and looked curiously at him.

"It didn't take any very complicated knowledge of mechanics, for one thing. Any schoolboy could have done it. But let's go on. The murderer waits until morning—and the court attendants begin to roam about in here. Then it's easy to step out, with those pamphlets picked up from the gallery landing up there, and just walk out of the chamber."

It was exactly at that moment that the colored messenger appeared in the marshal's door.

"Telephone, sir," he said to Brady. "Mr. Hansen."

"He's the guy I've got watching Givler," Brady said. He strode through the door into the marshal's office. Colonel Primrose and Buck followed. Brady put down the phone without having said a word.

"Lost him twenty minutes ago," he said.

"Let's get over to the Ritz," Colonel Primrose said. . . .

COLONEL PRIMROSE stepped out of the elevator and ran as fast as his knee allowed to the door of the Pomeroy suite. The door was ajar and the room empty. He went quickly across to the bedroom door. A maid was making the bed.

"Where's Mrs. Ellis?" he said.

The maid stared stupidly. "You mean the lady that was here? She's gone."

He turned back to Captain Brady. "Call the desk," he said curtly. "Find out when they left, and where they've gone."

He went on into the bathroom. The maid had flung the used towels in a heap by the door. A little pile of débris was swept up beside them: a cardboard box that a tube of tooth paste had come in; a drugstore carton of potassium chlorate, with typed directions to gargle twice daily.

Colonel Primrose turned without a word and went back to the drawing-room.

Brady put down the phone. "They checked out half an hour ago," he said. "They got tickets on the five o'clock plane from Bladensburg."

Colonel Primrose reached for the telephone with his left hand and for his watch with his right. A bell somewhere struck five.

"Connect me with the Thompson Airdrome, Bladensburg," he said. "Hurry, please! This is a matter of life or death."

Sergeant Buck spoke crisply, his hand on the door. "Shall I get the car, sir?"

"No. Get on another phone and get a police car. Hello!"

"Thompson Airdrome—good evening!"

Behind and beyond the young woman's voice speaking to him Colonel Primrose could hear the roar of a huge plane.

"*Stop the five o'clock plane!*" he said. His voice was cold with command and urgency. "*Police Department speaking!*"

The languid voice changed instantly:

"Sorry—it's just taken off."

"Wireless it. Order it back. *It's got to be stopped! This is a matter of life or death!*"

"Right. I'll get in touch at once."

The phone clicked. Colonel Primrose put down the receiver. Brady appeared in the door. "The car'll be here in two minutes, Colonel," he said.

Colonel Primrose started towards the door. He came back quickly and took up the receiver.

"Thompson Airdrome again," he said. "Quick! . . . Hello! Thompson Airdrome? Police Department speaking. Have your fastest plane ready."

He turned to Brady.

"The wireless will be disconnected," he said. "Hurry up, man."

Colonel Primrose will never forget that ride through the streets of Washington, swarming with the hordes of government employees on their way home from work, or the speed and precision of the traffic police clearing the way as the black car hurtled along the empty gray ribbon between crowds of frightened, excited people, the siren screaming. The speedometer reached sixty as they came out of Mount Vernon Place into New York Avenue, and eighty as they tore through the red light on Florida Avenue and onto the Viaduct. And always the radio on the dash sounded its even note of warning:

"Calling all cars. Calling all cars. Clear all traffic New York Avenue, Maryland Avenue, to Thompson Avenue."

They turned into Maryland Avenue at seventy miles an hour and went under the bridge at ninety; past orange stalls into Cottage City. As they came to a great white cross where the road turned, the speedometer stood at ninety-five.

"Calling all cars. Calling all cars. Resume normal traffic."

They turned into the airfield and came to a grinding stop ten feet from a small plane with engine roaring. It was an army pursuit plane, two-seater, open cockpit. The pilot in it waved a hand and shouted something no one could hear. From somewhere Colonel Primrose could hear a woman screaming at him as he clambered up behind the pilot. He caught the word "Wireless," but he had known that the wireless would not work. The plane moved slowly, then faster, then hurtled along the grass and rose with a long, zooming flow into the air.

Colonel Primrose fastened the belt around him, and took up the charting board at his feet. He turned it to the blackboard side, took the piece of white chalk from the holder between the boards, and printed in as large letters as he could:

DUMP THE MAIL! QUICK! POLICE!!!

He held it on his lap and shouted at the pilot: "How fast do we go?"

The pilot turned and grinned at him.

"Two twenty-five!" he roared back. "They make a hundred and fifty."

Colonel Primrose sat quietly there. He closed his eyes. "Save her!" he said. "Save her! I must save her! God help me to save her!"

THE minutes dragged. The needle on the dashboard moved steadily up: 200; 215. The needle found its mark: 225.

The pilot turned. "Twenty minutes more!" he roared.

Colonel Primrose closed his eyes again. He had waited for the zero hour before, with Sergeant Buck not far away; but never at a time of more wanton slaughter than now. Anne Pomeroy's face kept coming before him . . . and Hilda Ellis's. They were flying peacefully, having tea possibly, or reading, never dreaming that suddenly, and at what time Colonel Prim-

rose did not know, death would suddenly burst on them and their plane go hurtling, shattered, a living spear of fire, down towards the earth.

The pilot shouted something. Colonel Primrose opened his eyes. Somewhere far ahead of him there was a tiny red glow on a tiny dark spot; and while he drew a deep, bursting breath they gained on it. Faster.

Colonel Primrose grasped his board firmly. The tiny plane roared. They were close now, and in an instant they had come up, alongside, twenty feet distant. Colonel Primrose waved one hand, as he held up his board, and shouted, knowing well that in the roar of those great engines forty men could have shouted unheard. Then they were past, far into space, banking, turning back.

Colonel Primrose's pilot turned back. "She's slowing up!" he roared. A wave of relief so great that it was almost nauseating swept over Colonel Primrose. They were coming together again, now.

"*Dump the mail!*" Colonel Primrose shouted. Then he remembered, and raised his blackboard, waving his hand.

He could see the staring face of the pilot now. His plane sheered off, turned, banked; and Colonel Primrose, looking desperately back, suddenly shouted with joy. The mail plane was slowly turning, circling back towards them.

AS HE looked, peering into the growing dusk, his heart a cold, leaden weight, the last scene in the grisly tragedy of murder played in the family of Thomas Pomeroy took place. His eyes were on the great ship banking, circling—cruelly slow—back towards them. As he gazed, praying desperately that her pilot would understand before it was too late, a dark hole appeared sharply in the silver surface. The door of the after compartment had opened. A figure which Colonel Primrose could hardly see stood there for an instant, coolly poised, then leaped out and plunged down towards the earth.

Colonel Primrose stared, fascinated and helpless, down at the dark figure on its mad, hurtling rush towards the ground. As he did so, a tiny white cloud suddenly appeared above it and spread slowly out into a glistening white circle. The hurtling rush stopped. Colonel Primrose knew that he was looking down on a parachute, and that under it, shielded from his sight, the murderer of Thomas Pomeroy was gliding safely and deliberately to the ground.

The two planes, the great silver passenger ship and the tiny dragonfly pursuit plane, were side by side again. Colonel Primrose held out his message, shouting, gesticulating. The pilot waved his hand. Colonel Primrose saw the great passenger ship lurch and the shining bottom of the nose fall open. Two striped mailbags plunged out and shot down into space.

Colonel Primrose put the charting board carefully down, leaned back for an instant and wiped the freezing sweat from his forehead. He leaned over and peered down again. He spotted the white cloud of the parachute, sailing lazily down.

Suddenly he gripped the cockpit and leaned hastily out. It had just come to his mind, intent before on getting the mailbags out before this plane met the same fate as the other one, that the great plane had circled far back after the parachute jumper had left it. He peered down

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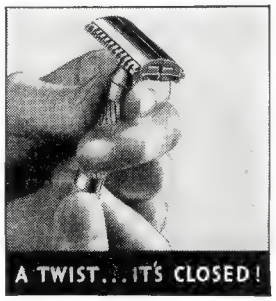

through the beginning dusk. Near the white cloud, almost directly over it, two black specks, revolving, plunged steadily downward; and then, while he stared fascinated, one of the black specks suddenly disappeared. Far down in space, where it had been an instant before, he could see the flash of the explosion that had torn the mailbag to invisible bits. At the same instant the delicate, floating white cloud of the parachute, torn and shredded by flying fragments from the detonation, streamed up towards him in a thin, useless line. And Hilda Ellis hurtled down, with increasing and relentless speed, to destruction. . . .

CAPTAIN BRADY and Sergeant Buck stood looking into the fire. John Herrick, sitting on the Chippendale sofa, looked silently down at the floor. Colonel Primrose, wrapped in a llama-wool bathrobe, sipped a hot toddy in front of the fire in his library.

"*But you said it was Givler!*" Brady said.

Colonel Primrose shook his head.

"No," he said. "*You* said it was Givler. I thought it might be Hilda Ellis from the first—or almost. Then I became pretty certain it was she, and when we went to the hotel I knew it was. She was too much in the picture from the beginning. The delay in New York, for instance, so that she couldn't possibly have caught the plane, while Pomeroy and Anne missed it by the skin of their teeth. I wondered about that the first time I heard it. Then everything fitted in. The familiarity with the Supreme Court, for instance. She'd not only been there with Herrick constantly for three days, but she'd spent hours—centuries, she said—sitting in the chamber listening to her father, no doubt staring up at that gallery clock. Then the knowledge of electricity and mechanics, the nerve and daring—she had all that. Givler didn't have it. No one else in the picture had. The knowledge, too, that Givler would never in the world open such a case, and wasn't going to. She even told me that herself.

"Then the other points. Why was the murder committed in the Supreme Court? Simply because everything pointed to somebody who had a vast familiarity with the Court and was well known there—as I thought for a while, myself; and Hilda Ellis had no slightest connection with it. I suddenly realized that that could be the answer there, before I'd met her. And the pamphlets, too. The murderer carried them out, not because she was well known there, but because she wasn't known at all. Yet her face was vaguely familiar, at least, to nearly everybody. Hence, with the pamphlets, nearly everyone was likely just to think she was somebody else's secretary that he'd seen dozens of times.

"Well, I gave you a true account, Brady, of how it was done—only, it was Mrs. Ellis who dropped out of the patriotic tour of the Capitol and stayed in the Supreme Court room, and not Givler. She waited in the chamber until it was locked up. She had the necessary stuff in her handbag. She carries an unusually large one. A woman's bag is even less noticeable than a lawyer's brief-case. No one missed her that night because she was staying alone in a hotel. She didn't move to the Ritz until the next day."

Captain Brady shook his head.

"I still don't see how you got onto it, Colonel."

Colonel Primrose did not answer for some time. "It was all these points together," he said then. "And Buck's gallantry helped a bit."

He cocked his head down and smiled up at the stiff-backed figure standing at attention against the hall door. Sergeant Buck's face turned a hot, dusty red.

"Buck told me he'd taken her, among other places, to one of those Oriental bazaars down on Pennsylvania Avenue. She bought a small cloisonné jar as a gift for someone. I wondered at the time about that, having it already in my mind that Mrs. Ellis had been doing some queer things. That seemed a very strange thing to do. It's not the sort of gift you'd think she'd get for anybody, and she was just going to New York, where they have very elaborate shops. Well, there's always one thing you can do with that sort of ware, and that's what she wanted it for.

"When I saw the rooms she had just left, when she'd got Anne Pomeroy to take an earlier plane so they wouldn't be stopped, I knew it was a matter of life or death to stop that plane. On the floor was an empty packet of potassium chlorate. It had directions on it for use as a gargle. She'd told me she had a sore throat, and that was another point, for I remembered thinking at the time how well she looked. At that time, also, for some reason or another, it flashed into my mind that I'd heard her say, the first time I saw her, that she was the only child of Pomeroy's only brother.

"Potassium chlorate isn't used much as a gargle nowadays, though you can buy it at any drugstore. But if you powder it up and mix it with a little powdered sulphur, or some red phosphorus, you've got a mighty dangerous explosive; and if you then pack your mixture gently in a good, stout cloisonné vase, put a resistance wire through it, plug the vase with a wooden plug, connect up the wire with a cell and a clock so that the hands complete a circuit when you want it . . ."

Colonel Primrose sipped his toddy.

"It was all neat and simple. All she had to do was wrap it up and mail it at three o'clock marked for the five o'clock plane. There wasn't a chance in the world of anything going wrong. Then all she had to do was get on the plane with those other doomed passengers and wait. At the right time I suppose she went to the washroom, put on the parachute she'd brought in her overnight bag, and just jumped out. When the plane crashed, she could simply say she'd warned the pilot that the engines were missing, or something of the sort. What could anybody prove to the contrary? And for a woman of her training to throw the wireless off was child's play. I've no doubt she went into the control-room, as one flyer to another, and simply slipped one hand under the dash and disconnected a terminal. It wouldn't be noticed immediately on a short run."

JOHN HERRICK got up suddenly.

"But why did she do it?"

"She did it for eight hundred thousand dollars, free of encumbrance," said Colonel Primrose. "If Thomas and Anne Pomeroy died, Mrs. Ellis was next in line to inherit."

"But she'd refused ten thousand!"

"She could well afford to. Ten thousand was nothing to what she was playing for. But that was a very bad mistake. That was one of the chief things I wondered about. She needed money badly for her Tokyo flight. Several people told me that General Black was backing her, but I fancy she was the one who told them that. According to Mrs. Pettijohn, Black was more interested in women than in women flyers. Anyway, Black was dead—I imagine it was accidental; he just happened to be on that plane.

"So I couldn't see any good reason for Mrs. Ellis's not taking that ten thousand, except as a blind.

"Well, that's it," he said. "When she jumped, the mail plane was circling back to see what it was all about, and they cut it mighty fine as far as dumping the mail was concerned. When they finally got the idea, and did dump it, the mail went down faster than *she* was going, of course, with that parachute. The plane had circled back somewhere above her, and the bomb just went off too close. They found a little jagged bit of cloisonné caught in the parachute, and other bits must have gone through it. You know, only one rent in a parachute is plenty. The air just rips it open, and there's nothing you can do."

Sergeant Buck shook his head.

"That's fate, sir," he said solemnly.

Captain Brady shook his head too. "But what about Givler?"

"Givler?" Colonel Primrose said. "Givler hated Pomeroy, and he was—is—madly in love with Hilda Ellis. When he shot at her, he really wanted to kill her rather than see her in love with another man. And he missed, probably, because of nerves. He was just about insane with jealousy."

CAPTAIN BRADY got up, put on his overcoat, and took his hat. "Well," he said gruffly, "it all goes to show you never can tell. Colonel, this is another one up for you."

As Sergeant Buck went out into the hall with him the telephone rang. Colonel Primrose took down the receiver.

"Hello," he said. . . . "Yes, Colonel Primrose speaking. . . . Oh, hello! You got through all right? . . . Sorry it had to happen that way. I hope it wasn't too big a shock. . . . Yes, certainly I'll give him a message—but why don't you give it to him yourself? He's right here."

He handed the receiver to John Herrick.

Colonel Primrose watched his face with a little twinkle in his eyes.

"Oh, Anne!" he said. "Darling! Where are you? . . . Anne, can you . . . will you forgive me? I love you! I . . . What? . . . Yes! Yes! Anne, wait a minute—make it Philadelphia, it's closer! . . . Good-by, darling!"

Colonel Primrose sat back in his chair. Sergeant Buck came in.

"Somebody left the front door open," he said.

"That was Herrick," Colonel Primrose said. "I fancy he was in a hurry."

"I was just telling Judge Adams next door about Pomeroy," Sergeant Buck remarked. "All he said was, he guessed it wouldn't be the first time they'd got away with murder in the Supreme Court."

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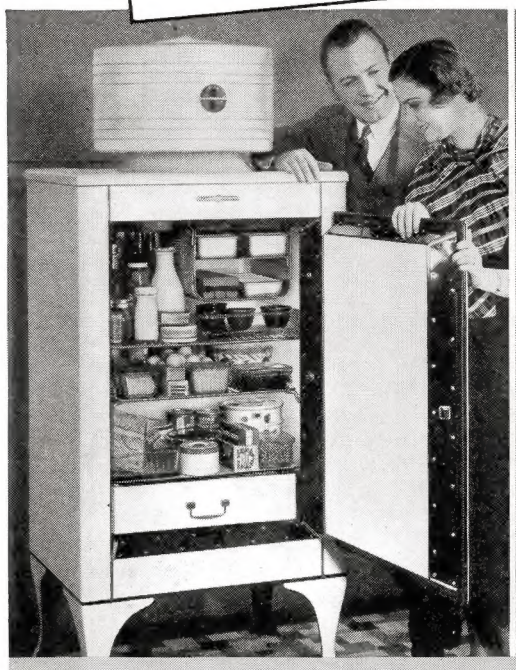

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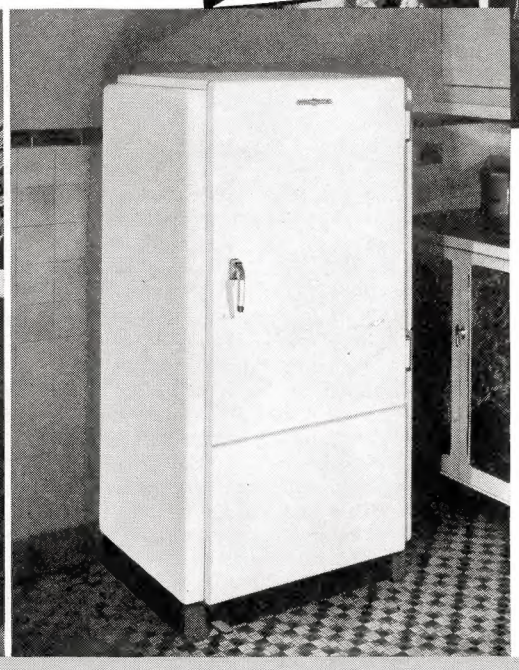

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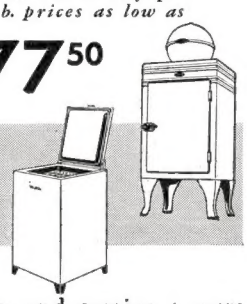

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What the Readers Say

Unsung?

MEADVILLE, Pa.—Interesting people! How true! But what about the thousands of seemingly uninteresting people . . . don't you think some praise should go to them? An article about ordinary people who are doing their bit for our country would be appreciated, I am sure, by readers whose names are not in the headlines.—H. D.

We hope you didn't miss "Little Bum and Little Brother" (April, 1935).

Monstrous

MIAMI, Fla.—On page 116 of your February, 1935, issue you have a cartoon which tends to perpetuate the old mistruth that an ostrich sticks his head in the sand when he is afraid. Theodore Roosevelt was the first man to explode this myth. Did you know that if ostriches did this they would long ago have become extinct? They live among carnivorous animals, and what sweeter tidbit would an African lion prefer than the juicy breast of an ostrich, when it is so easily presented as shown in your cartoon? Please aid us to stamp out this monstrous untruth.—J. K. W.

The writer of this letter is J. K. Williams, who signs himself, "President of the Society for the Prevention of the Dissemination of the False Information that an Ostrich Sticks His Head into the Sand When He Gets Scared, Inc." Probably he is right. If you could run at a speed of 60 miles an hour, would you stick your head in the sand, etc.?

Where?

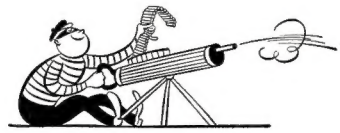
WATERLOO, Iowa—Business today has apparently closed its office door to modern youth. After preparing ourselves, the first thing we are asked when we apply for a position is, "What experience have you had?" Where, I ask, are we to get this experience except in offices and factories?—R. A. C.

A fair question. Now, if someone will just come along with the answer, it will save us all a lot of headaches.

There

EATON RAPIDS, Mich.—Some very strong-minded Miss condemned Tom Sugrue's articles because of their "lack of spirit." Nuts, say I. Sugrue simply wrote what he felt and saw, and wrote it simply. I'm for him every minute. Why not sick him on the American Southwest? Plenty of atmosphere and novel scenery for the Roving Reporter.—L. Y.

The Southwest is exactly where Mr. Sugrue is right now. And he's shooting along some fine stuff. We think you'll enjoy his "Valley of Life" in this issue and his story of the Grand Canyon soon.



Random Shots

Port Townsend, Wash.—A determined, *unpurchasable* bench can clean up crime.—J. T. F.

Cambridge, Mass.—I have been astonished recently at the extent to which THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is read on the Harvard campus.—S. H.

Westfield, N. J.—Please have some more like *Youth Goes into Action*, by Hubert Kelley (Feb., 1935).—Miss M. E. B.

Brooksville, Fla.—Let's have less of this feeling of sorrow for the common man. Let him hustle a little; he will if he has to.—Mrs. A. M. S.

Coalinga, Calif.—If families could pay off their old debts by borrowing from the government, it would do more good than remodeling their houses.—Mrs. M.

Personality

IMPERIAL BEACH, Calif.—I have just finished your most interesting personality test, *As Others See You* (January issue), in which my score was 25! You have lost sight of one thing: the fact that a really intelligent person can make anyone believe that he is the perfect personality kid. For instance, I do not like children, because I am a student and children are noisy. But whenever I am unfortunate enough to be invited out to dinner where there are children, I chuck the little brats under the chin, bring them candy, and generally make them believe that I am Uncle Santa Claus. The mothers usually highly praise my love of children and exhort me to get married. Cold shivers run up and down my spine, but I smile benignly and scamper home to my five cocker spaniels (which don't bark). And Mrs. Lots-of-Kids tells her husband what a swell guy I am.—R. M. K.

He says dogs don't bark. Plain enough; he *does* love children.

Beg Pardon

D. JAMES LA ROCCA, the leader of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, writes us from New Orleans, pointing out that William S. Dutton erred when, in *We've Got Rhythm* (March, 1935), he described the band members as "ebony-hued." Each of the five members of this organization which played such a large part in the popularization of jazz music is white and Caucasian.

KWH

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In *Our $280,000,000 Gamble* (January, 1935), Beverly Smith compares the residential rates for electricity in various cities with the cost of TVA power from Muscle Shoals. He writes: "400 kwh. per month costs $6.50 in Tupelo, Miss. (served by TVA power); $12.85 in Washington, D. C." I wish to point out that the figure for Washington is incorrect—about $4 too high.—R. J. N.

Mr. Smith informs us (with thanks to R. J. N.) that he mistakenly quoted the 1932 figure of rates. Under the so-called "Washington Plan," by which a portion of the profits is turned back to the consumers in lower rates, this figure was reduced by the Potomac Electric Power Company in 1934 to $8.60 for 400 kwh. A most conscientious reporter begs to stand corrected.

Firsts

DETROIT, Mich.—Does an unknown have a chance to break into your magazine? If so, who? If not, how does a beginner get started?—L. F. G.

ANSWER: Seven authors whose first short stories appeared in The American during 1934—David Garth, "Gallant Insults;" Sigman Byrd, "Faith;" Margaret Carpenter, "6 out of 24;" Richard Thruelsen, "The Girl Had Nerve;" James Parker McConnaughey, "Hattie's Railroad;" Mildred Walker, "Comfort Me with Apples;" Martha Hays Weymouth, "Six Days."

Bilbo

NEW ORLEANS, La.—The writer of your article, *Mississippi Pearl* (February, 1935), was all off about the origin of the name Bilbo. He wrote: "A bilbo is a rapier of fine steel from Bilbao, Spain." Any genealogist can tell you that it came originally from the word *bilbo*, which means a little jackal or fox ("Even the foxes and bilboes shall . . ."), less courageous than the dog or wolf. In England at one time it meant, "a sly, cunning fellow."—L. M.

Jerome Beatty, the writer of the article about Senator Bilbo, was correct. In the good old days before sub-machine guns, bilbo blades (used to be spelled bilbow) were "accounted of the best temper" and were "famous over all Europe." Sorry, but we can't find a trace of the little jackal or the quotation. So we'll just come back at you, L. M., with a quotation from old Congreve, 1687: "Bilbo's the word and slaughter will ensue."

Clipped

DAVENPORT, Iowa—A startling brunette on the cover of your March issue. But those long, tinted fingernails! . . . Do you know, I actually poked my shears through the paper cover and cut them off her? How do they get that way?—V. W.

You're asking us. As far as we know, they just grow.

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Easier to operate — more expertly engineered than ever this year, Fisher pioneered-and-perfected No Draft Ventilation literally permits you to control Spring breezes with your finger tips! You will find it on every General Motors car, regardless of price —and on these cars exclusively

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